MEMORIES OF A MUSICIAN

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MEMORIES OF A MUSICIAN

Wilhelm Ganz

MEMORIES OF A MUSICIAN

REMINISCENCES OF SEVENTY YEARS OF MUSICAL LIFE

BY WILHELM GANZ

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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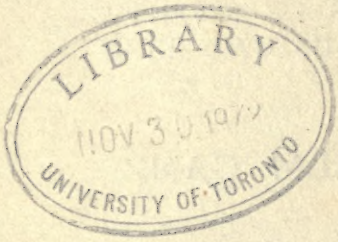

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TO

MY WIFE

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CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

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I HAVE been so often asked by my musical and other friends to write my reminiscences that at last I have made up my mind to do so, and I hope these lines will be of interest to them, as well as to my younger colleagues. Although I am conscious of my literary shortcomings, I think I can speak of many musical facts and

events which have happened during my long career in England that may perhaps prove acceptable to my readers.

I was a boy of fourteen when I came to London with my father in 1848, having been born on November 6th, 1833. My father, Adolph Ganz, had been for more than twenty-five years Kapellmeister at the Opera at Mainz, on the Rhine, and the Grand-duke of Hesse-Darmstadt bestowed on him the title of Grossherzoglicher Hofkapellmeister—Grand Ducal Court Conductor. He brought the opera there to a high pitch of perfection. It was his *forte* that he could conduct most of the classical operas from memory—I mean, without having the score before him—and could also write out each orchestral part from memory. Furthermore, although self-taught, he could play every instrument in the orchestra.

My father saw the great Napoleon at Mainz, and remembered a grand parade in the Schlossplatz, when Napoleon called a soldier out of the ranks and pinned the *légion d'honneur* on his breast.

I had the good fortune, as a boy, to be engaged to play in the orchestra under his direction, first the triangle, bass-drum, and cymbals, and afterwards the second violin. I thus became acquainted in early life with most of the operas then being performed at the theatre in Mainz, and they were constantly changed.

The répertoire consisted of the classical operas of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, as well as French operas by Méhul, Hérold, Boieldieu, Auber, Adolph Adam, and a few Italian operas by Bellini, Donizetti, and Spontini—the latter being then general director of music to the King of Prussia in Berlin.

I also perfected myself in pianoforte-playing, the rudiments of which I had learned from my eldest sister Emilie. I had learnt to play the violin from a cousin of my father's, and could also play the flute and the guitar, and I was fortunately able to read music off at sight with great facility.

After leaving Mainz my father was engaged for the post of conductor at the Stadt Theater (town theatre) at Nuremberg during the years 1846 and 1847. I used to be at the piano during the rehearsals of the soloists and the choruses, and also conducted several musical plays on my own account and met with much encouragement from the artists of the Opera. I accompanied Jenny Lind on the piano behind the stage when she appeared as a guest at the Stadt Theater in *La Figlia del Reggimento* on December 11th, 1846, in the Lesson Scene, and at the conclusion of the opera she came up to me and complimented me on my playing, saying, "You have accompanied me extremely well, and I am very satisfied."

This, I remember, pleased me very much,

for even at that time she was a very great star.

When my father and I came to England in 1848, I find I made the following entry in my diary:

"*Friday, Feb.* 18*th.*—Left Mainz. . . . We arrived in London on Sunday night, 10.30, and drove to Brydges Street.

"*Monday.*—Went to see Balfe, who received us in a very friendly way; then went for a walk. I cannot describe the impression it made upon me; so many beautiful shops, and so many carriages that one could not walk in the road, but had to keep to the pavement.

"In the evening went across to Drury Lane Theatre and saw the opera. Berlioz was conducting *Figaro.*"

The late Michael William Balfe, composer of the ever-popular *Bohemian Girl* and many other operas, was the conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Mr. Benjamin Lumley was the director. Balfe had known my father before, and had suggested his coming and settling here. In a letter dated December 3rd, 1847, he wrote as follows.

"I will do all in my power for your son; at all events, he shall have the triangle."

And, true to his word, when we came Balfe engaged me to play in the orchestra, first the triangle and a year after as second violin. In that year I had the good fortune to hear "The

ADOLPH GANZ.

Swedish Nightingale," as Jenny Lind was called —in all her various operatic rôles, such as Amina in *La Sonnambula*, and Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. I shall never forget the impression she made upon me. I marvelled at the artist who was at once so great a singer and so fine an actress. She used her voice, which was of rare beauty in every note, as an instrument, doing with it what she liked. As Amina her singing showed such depth of feeling as to touch all hearts. In a wonderful cadenza to *Ah non credea* she sustained a long note until it died away in the softest *pianissimo*. Her dramatic acting in this part carried everything before it, and the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. The lively part of Maria she also acted and sang to perfection, especially in the Lesson Scene, in the second act, into which she introduced a cadenza consisting of scales, roulades, and shakes lasting for several minutes and then threw her music down and sang with Belletti (the celebrated baritone who acted the part of Sulpizio the serjeant) marching up and down and singing "Rataplan" with him, imitating the drums. She created a perfect furore whenever she appeared. On referring to my diary, I find the following note:

"*Wednesday* was the first rehearsal of Jenny Lind. She sang splendidly, and the whole orchestra and personnel applauded tremendously.

"*Thursday, May 4th*, was the performance of

Sonnambula. The Opera-house was packed full with people. The Queen, the Duchess of Gant [Kent], the Queen-dowager, and the Duke of Wellington were there. After the first act 'God save the Queen' was sung, and the Queen herself stood up and bowed to the public. Then the cheering began and they cried 'Hurrah!' and made an awful noise. Lind pleased very much."

The cause of this demonstration was that it was only then discovered that the Queen was in the Opera-house. It was a time of intense political excitement, and she had not been seen in public since the birth of the Princess Louise and the great Chartist meeting on Kennington Common.

Signor Gardoni, a sweet-voiced tenor, was also associated with her in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, singing the part of Tonio, and he also sang Elvino with her in the *Sonnambula*. He was a very handsome young man, and married one of the daughters of the great baritone Tamburini—whom, I regret to say, I never heard.

Unfortunately, Jenny Lind was persuaded in the zenith of her career (I believe by the Bishop of Norwich) to give up the operatic stage and sing only for the glory of God.

The astounding news of her decision came in the spring of 1849 with Mr. Lumley's announcement of a final series of operas in concert form. Only one took place when *Die Zauberflöte* was given. It was described as a "Grand Evening Classical Performance." Jenny Lind sang the part of Pamina,

and Lablache showed his usual droll humour as Papageno. I played the bells in his song. My diary says:—

"*Wednesday.*—There was a rehearsal of *Zauberflöte.* Balfe asked in French, 'Est-ce qu'il y a un bon pianiste?' My father said at once 'Mon fils, mon fils!' so I had to play the bells and was applauded by the whole orchestra.

"*Thursday, April 12th,* was the concert. There was no acting whatever; the singers all sat on seats on the stage, the orchestra was as usual. The song of Papageno in the second act was encored. Jenny Lind sang very beautifully."

But, as the public showed no inclination to accept opera in this form, Jenny Lind was reluctantly induced to give six final performances of opera in the usual way. She chose Alice in *Roberto il Diavolo* for her last appearance, and there was a great farewell scene: the audience was loath to let her go.

Thenceforth she sang only in oratorios and at concerts, which was a serious loss to the Opera. I will describe her Great Tour in 1856 later on.

At that period (1848) Mademoiselle Sofie Cruvelli, who had a magnificent soprano voice, sang on alternate nights with Jenny Lind at the Opera, and therefore, being handicapped by comparison, did not create as much success as she really deserved. She was a remarkably handsome woman, with a fine figure, and one of her great rôles was Leonora in Beethoven's *Fidelio,* which she acted and sang superbly.

Balfe, wishing to perform that immortal work in the most attractive manner, got all the principal singers engaged at the Opera to take part in the Prisoner's Chorus at the end of the first act. Of course, the regular chorus also joined, and the effect was perfectly prodigious. I ought to mention that Mr. Sims Reeves (of whom later) sang the part of Florestan in *Fidelio*, and held his own against all his Italian competitors. He studied in Italy, and was a perfect Italian scholar.

Returning to Cruvelli, although she was a German by birth, her Italian was also perfect. Her real name was Sophia Kruwel, which she Italianised into Cruvelli. She did not remain very long on the operatic stage, but married a French nobleman, Baron Vigier, and lived in a wonderful villa at Nice until she died.

Another operatic star at that time was the great basso, Signor Lablache. He always enjoyed singing the part of Leporello in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and I remember an amusing incident that happened in connection with it. It was in his first song "Madamina," when he recounts Don Giovanni's easy conquests of admiring ladies, putting the number at *mille e tre*. On this occasion, when the phrase came again he repeated it in English—"a thousand and three"—and the whole house roared with laughter. Lablache was never vulgar in these buffo parts.

Another thing he enjoyed singing was the

Sextet, in *Don Giovanni*. Near the end he used to come in thundering his phrase with great gusto.

Lablache was originally a double-bass player. When he gave up that instrument and became an opera-singer his voice was so powerful that Weber, on hearing him sing, said, "By heavens! he is a double-bass *still*!"

Lablache was also the best Dr. Bartolo in Rossini's masterpiece *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, showing his wonderful sense of humour, as he also did in Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*. Lablache was literally "great," being very stout, but he moved with extraordinary agility. One night I heard him make fun of his own unwieldy appearance. In one of the scenes he sat in an arm-chair and tried to pick up the handkerchief of Norina, sung by Sontag, of whom I will speak later on. Being extremely fat, he could not do so, and his vain efforts always created much amusement among the audience. It may interest my readers to know that Lablache gave Queen Victoria lessons in singing.

Then there was a baritone, Signor Coletti, who sang the "Doge" in Verdi's now forgotten opera *I due Foscari*. He sang with immense pathos, and through his artistic singing and acting gave new life to that work and ensured the sympathy of the audience. Another celebrated singer of that time was Madame Parodi, who excelled as Norma and Lucrezia Borgia.

After the Jenny Lind fever there arose another star in the operatic firmament, namely, Henrietta Sontag. She had married a Sardinian nobleman, Count Rossi, and left the stage; but, when misfortune overtook her husband through political affairs, she returned to the opera and came out as Linda di Chamounix at Her Majesty's in 1849. She was no longer in her first youth, and, coming directly after Jenny Lind, her success at first was not great; but afterwards she appeared as Rosina in *Il Barbiere* and carried everything by storm. In the duet "Dunque io son" with Signor Belletti, and in "Una voce" her vocalisation was perfect, and, to crown all, in the Lesson Scene she interpolated Rode's "Variations" (which were popular about that time) and created a great furore. The last variation is very difficult, consisting of arpeggios and chromatic scales, running up and down, which she executed with perfect ease, her face not betraying in the least that she was singing the most difficult phrases; on the contrary, she warbled everything *con amore*. In fact, it was a real pleasure to look at her face, while singing, as she was still very pretty. Lumley had engaged her for six months, at the enormous salary of £6,000, although the season finished at the end of the summer, and he made her sing at concerts in the provinces during the winter, and also in Paris, to eke out the contract.

I made my début in London as a violinist in

1848, when I played these very "Variations," at that time a very popular violin solo (reader, don't laugh!) at the Albion Hall, Hammersmith. I felt very nervous, but got through the ordeal with considerable éclat.

I find the following note in my diary:

"*Thursday, May* 18*th.*—I went with Mr. Milligan to Hammersmith, where he was giving a concert at the Albion Hall, and I played the Variations of Rode: I was applauded. I stayed the night at Milligan's and the next morning we drove back home by omnibus: he gave me a shilling."

I did not continue to study the violin, preferring to become a pianist. In those days people preferred the piano to the violin, and no young lady ever thought of learning it or carrying a violin-case about in the streets. Twenty-five years later all this was changed, chiefly through the beautiful playing of Madame Norman Neruda (Lady Hallé), which gave young ladies a taste for taking up the violin, and even the 'cello and double-bass, and in many amateur orchestras you see ladies in great numbers playing all these instruments, which accounts for the fact that piano-lessons have become rarer.

I often saw the great Duke of Wellington at Her Majesty's Theatre in a pit tier-box, with his daughter-in-law, the beautiful Marchioness of Douro, and I remember they were together at a soirée one evening at the Duchess of

Buccleuch's, where I was accompanying my friend, Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, in his songs. I used constantly to see the Duke riding his famous white charger in Piccadilly between Apsley House and the Horse Guards, wearing a blue coat and white trousers. His funeral cortège in 1852 was a sight never to be forgotten.

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were often present at Her Majesty's, the Duchess of Kent sharing the same royal box. One afternoon, when the young Queen went to visit her uncle, the old Duke of Cambridge, who was lying ill in Cambridge House, Piccadilly, a madman sprang forward just as she was leaving the house and struck her on the face with a riding-whip. Fortunately he did her no real harm beyond the shock, and I vividly recall the great scene that evening when the Queen and Prince Albert appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre. The audience rose *en masse* and cheered her so enthusiastically that she had to bow time after time in acknowledgment of their cheers.

Hitherto I have only spoken of the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, because my father, like myself, was engaged there by Balfe, and our sympathies did *not* run with the rival Opera-house. I shall speak later of the opera at Covent Garden, where I often had an opportunity of hearing the splendid performances. Balfe was always most kind to me—calling me "Ganzino" (little Ganz). The performances were a

great lesson for me, and cultivated my taste for the best singing. I also played the piano at the chorus rehearsals, which were all under my father's direction.

The celebrated pianist, Sigismund Thalberg, composed an opera called *Florinda*, which his father-in-law, Lablache, was most anxious to get performed. The director, Mr. Lumley, acceded to his request, as Lablache was a most useful member of his company ; Madame Sontag and he took the principal rôles, but the opera only made a *succès d'estime* and was quickly shelved.

I remember Thalberg coming into the room where my father was holding the chorus rehearsal of *Florinda*, at which I was playing the piano accompaniments ; but as soon as I saw him coming I rushed away, and he sat down in my place and played during part of the rehearsal. I listened from afar, and was at once charmed with his exquisite touch and beautiful playing ; so I crept back quietly and hung on every note. I had not heard him play before, and I at once realised that he was a great virtuoso.

In the opera by Alary, *Le tre Nozze*, given the same season, Lablache afforded great amusement by dancing a polka with Sontag : the rest of the opera fell rather flat, and it was soon withdrawn.

About that period another great operatic star appeared, namely, Madame Alboni. Her greatest

rôle was the leading one in *La Cenerentola* by Rossini. In the last act she sang the great bravura aria "Non più mesta," executing the florid passages to perfection — warbling the chromatic scales up and down in a most marvellous manner, as well as the arpeggios in the caballetta, by which she held the audience in thrall. She was a very stout woman, but had a very handsome face and wore her beautiful hair cut short, like a man, to suit the men's parts that she took in the opera. She certainly had the finest contralto voice I have ever heard.

Another of her famous rôles was Orsini in Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. She made the Brindisi *Il segreto per esser felice* popular, and she had to repeat it at every performance. It is a strange thing that, although Alboni was such a great singer, she never drew such a big audience as a soprano of the same merit would have done. I ought to mention that the unusual range of her voice enabled her to sing the part of Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*. Her "Batti batti" with the violoncello *obbligato* played by Piatti was delightful.

The part of Prince Ramiro, in *Cenerentola*, was taken by Signor Calzolari, who sang the florid music in a way I have never heard surpassed. He also excelled in the rôle of Il Conte Almaviva in *Il Barbiere*, when he had to sing no end of bravura passages, the aria "Ecco ridente" and

other numbers in that opera winning a most favourable verdict from the audience.

In the Exhibition year of 1851 performances were given almost every evening at Her Majesty's, while in previous seasons only three performances a week used to be announced, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. One of the new operas performed was Auber's *L'Enfant Prodigue*, in which the Parisian *prima donna*, Madame Ugaldé, sang most charmingly, and M. Massol, the French baritone, also took a leading part. The scenery and dresses were magnificent, and, in fact, the opera was sumptuously mounted.

I played the little bells in the orchestra, to imitate the bells of the camels in the Desert Scene. There was a *Ballet Divertissement* afterwards, representing the principal nations, in which Madame Cerito, Madame Carlotta Grisi, Madame Rosati, and Mlle Marie Taglioni—the niece of the great Taglioni—took part. This was called the *Pas de Quatre*, but must not be confounded with the one in which the Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Cerito, and Lucille Grahn took part. At that period the ballet was at the height of its popularity, and took place after the opera, which was generally a short one. One of the most popular ballets was *Esmeralda*, of which the music was by Signor Pugni, in which Madame Carlotta Grisi and M. Perrot took part, dancing a duet called "La Truandaise," which created a great sensation.

Another ballet, composed by Adolph Adam, called *La Giselle*, was a great favourite. It was performed at Covent Garden lately, in 1911, when the Russian dancers took London by storm, and made such a big success. This ballet in the old days ran for several months in the summer and autumn season, varying with the opera, on alternate nights, and now, after sixty years, it becomes again *en vogue*!

An old opera which pleased audiences very much was Auber's *Gustave, ou le Bal Masqué*, in which Mlle Duprez, daughter of the famous French tenor, Duprez, took part. The music of it is extremely pretty, the Ball Scene being particularly fascinating. The story is the same as that of Verdi's opera *Il Ballo in Maschera*.

During the season of 1850, at Her Majesty's, the once celebrated soprano, Madame Pasta, reappeared in her famous rôle of Anna Bolena in Donizetti's opera of that name. She was then fifty-three years old. The audience was full of expectation to hear this great artiste; but, unfortunately, she was quite *passée*, and sang flat; so her reappearance turned out a *fiasco*. This was a great pity, when one considers that Bellini composed *La Sonnambula* in 1831, and *Norma* in 1832 for her—two of the finest operas ever written for a soprano. The first one is still a great favourite with the sopranos of the present day; but since the time of Grisi *Norma* has very seldom been performed, except when Titiens

sang the principal part. Richard Wagner always thought very highly of this opera, and it may yet be revived.

A new opera, specially composed for Her Majesty's, called *La Tempesta*, after Shakespeare's *Tempest*, with music by Halévy and libretto by Scribe, was given for the first time in June 1850, under the direction of these two distinguished Frenchmen. Madame Sontag was the Miranda, Carlotta Grisi the Ariel—her part being written only for her dancing and *quasi* flying about—and Lablache the Caliban. The latter impersonated Caliban splendidly, his physique lending itself to the part. Arne's pretty melody, "Where the bee sucks," was interpolated into the music with good effect, and the opera proved a great success. Halévy, with Scribe as *collaborateur*, also composed *La Juive*, which made a great hit all over the world, and is still a favourite in Paris. His other popular operas are *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *La Reine de Chypre*, and *Charles VI.* Scribe wrote nearly all his librettos; it was a brilliant collaboration.

In 1852 Benjamin Lumley temporarily gave up the direction of Her Majesty's Theatre, owing to a lawsuit which he had with Mr. Frederick Gye, the director of the Covent Garden Opera, on account of Mlle Johanna Wagner—the niece of Richard Wagner—who was engaged, through some misunderstanding, by them both. The

brilliant advocate, Sir Alexander Cockburn, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England, gained the action for Mr. Gye, and Sir Frederick Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chelmsford, appeared for Mr. Lumley. My father was one of the witnesses in the case.

Mademoiselle Piccolomini was brought out by Lumley at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1856. She was the first to sing the leading rôle in Verdi's *La Traviata.*

She was a little woman, but rather handsome, with fine, even features. It used to be said that she would never succeed in being able to shake, although she worked very hard at this accomplishment, and in this particular opera it was so necessary to sing a shake, the arias being full of trills as well as runs, chromatic scales, and brilliant bravura passages. However, she got through all these difficulties with much credit to herself.

I remember well a certain evening on which she sang *La Traviata,* because Mr. Charles Braham, son of the celebrated John Braham, took the part of Alfredo in that opera, which he had studied with me, and had previously studied in Italy, and it was his first appearance at the opera here. Naturally he felt very nervous, and so was his sister Frances, Countess of Waldegrave, who had previously asked me to remain with her on that memorable occasion at her house in Carlton Gardens until after the

performance was over. The result was most favourable to Mr. Braham, and Lady Waldegrave was overjoyed, and presented Mademoiselle Piccolomini with a very handsome piece of jewellery as a mark of her gratitude for singing with her brother.

Mademoiselle Piccolomini gave up her operatic career while rather young, as she married an Italian nobleman and lived afterwards in Rome.

In 1862 Colonel J. H. Mapleson opened at Her Majesty's Theatre, beginning a new season with the following talented singers, who became great favourites with the English public, namely, Theresa Titiens, Trebelli, Giuglini, as well as a host of new operatic stars. Mapleson had the honour of introducing Gounod's *Faust* on June 12th, 1863, and Bizet's *Carmen* on June 22nd, 1878. Both operas met at once with the greatest success—how different from their cold reception in Paris, when they entirely failed to please the Parisian public! It is a curious comment on the suggestion that the English are not a musical nation that these famous operas were at once appreciated in this country.

Titiens was engaged by Mapleson in rather an amusing way. She was singing in Vienna at the time. Gye and Mapleson had both heard of her success. Gye sent his manager, the father of the late Sir Augustus Harris, to interview her in Vienna and arrange terms.

Mapleson, learning of this, started off post-haste to Vienna himself, interviewed her, and, with his usual address persuaded her then and there to sign a contract to sing for him for several years.

To those who knew her, as I did later, as a most sympathetic and kind-hearted artiste, it was a surprise to learn that she at one time used to suffer from a bad temper; and in these outbursts she felt a strong desire to smash anything that came handy. Finding this a somewhat expensive amusement, her sister used from time to time to buy 1*s.* 6*d.* worth of cheap china, which was placed on the mantelpiece and shelves ready for emergencies. She also related how at last she was cured of this failing. She was sitting at supper after a concert at a provincial town when the manager made some remark which annoyed her. As usual, she took the first thing that came to her hand, a soda-water bottle, and flung it at him. The manager was sitting at the table with his back to the window. The bottle missed him, smashed through the window, and nearly killed a casual passer-by. This, she says, gave her such a shock that she was completely cured of her failing.

I may here mention that when I first came to England I sometimes had, in the intervals of a busy life, an opportunity of hearing the performances at Covent Garden, and was particularly charmed with the singing of Madame Giulia

Grisi and also of Signor Mario, who had the finest tenor voice I have ever listened to. There was something so suave in his voice, which was so mellow and thoroughly Italian in timbre that you could not resist being entranced when you heard him. His finest rôles were Almaviva in *Il Barbiere*, and Raoul in *Les Huguenots*, in which he sang with Grisi, who was superb as Valentine. I often played for him at private parties, at which he occasionally sang John Hatton's favourite ballad, "Good-bye, Sweetheart," pronouncing the English words very well. I also used to accompany Madame Grisi, at various concerts.

Mario was a fine and elegant-looking man, an Italian count by birth, his title being Conte di Candia.

He was always a great attraction at the Royal Italian Opera, and created a perfect furore in such operas as Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* (in which he was associated with Madame Grisi, who became his wife), and the *Barbiere di Seviglia*, in which he sang the florid rôle of Conte d'Almaviva to perfection. His appearance bore out his nobility of birth, being both noble and dignified. In the dramatic part of Fernando in *La Favorita* by Donizetti, in which he took his farewell to the stage, he was magnificent both in voice and bearing. He was a most generous man, and gave very freely to all the people who served him: if a waiter brought him

a cigar he would sometimes give him five shillings for it, and half a crown more for his trouble.

So many years of professional association with Madame Grisi greatly helped his histrionic powers, as she was a great actress herself and gave lessons in the art.

Grisi died in Berlin in 1869, on her way to St. Petersburg where Mario was engaged at the Imperial Opera, and he never saw her alive after their parting, much to his grief. He and Patti were the first to sing in *Roméo et Juliette* when that opera was first performed at Covent Garden in 1867. Mario had a golden wig made for the part of Romeo, but after the first performance he never wore it again, but returned to his own black hair with additional locks.

At the close of his operatic career he went to live in Rome, where the King of Italy bestowed on him a government appointment, which he filled until he died in 1883.

Sir Michael Costa was the conductor at Covent Garden; he was a strict disciplinarian, and the performances under his direction were very fine. On one occasion a member of his orchestra came late to a rehearsal, and Costa commenced to storm at him. "I am very sorry," said the frightened musician; "but I could not leave home because my wife has just been confined." "All right," said Costa, "*but mind you don't let this happen again.*"

Later on, when Costa left Gye and went over to Her Majesty's Theatre under Mapleson's direction he had occasion to find fault with the slackness and inefficiency of the stage-manager. Mistakes having frequently occurred, Sir Michael told him that, if it happened again, he would have to ask Mapleson to dismiss him. Shortly afterwards there was a worse blunder, and Sir Michael stopped the rehearsal, called for the stage-manager and told him he must go! The stage-manager, who was a man of striking appearance, advanced to the front of the stage, made a magnificent deep bow to Sir Michael, and sang in a beautiful voice, "Good-bye, Sweetheart!" and then retired, backwards, off the stage.

Costa lived in a fine house in Eccleston Square. The walls of his dining-room were covered with engraved portraits of the royal family, all of which were autographed. I used to visit him on Sunday mornings, and it was always delightful to listen to his animated conversation. He used always to attend my orchestral concerts later on.

He conducted for many years the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, and also the Sacred Harmonic Society's winter concerts at the old Exeter Hall in the Strand, which is now demolished and its site occupied by the Strand Palace Hotel. Patti, Lemmens Sherrington, Sainton Dolby, Patey, Sims Reeves, Weiss, and

Santley used to sing the principal parts in his oratorios, *Naaman* and *Eli*. *Eli* was composed in 1851, for the Birmingham Festival, and *Naaman* in 1864. Unfortunately, they are now never performed, and are rapidly being forgotten. He wrote them somewhat in the style of Handel, with fine choruses and melodious arias, but his greatest achievement was in the conducting of the celebrated Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace. I am sure that nowhere in the world could finer performances have taken place than those held every three years at the Palace under the direction of Costa. The performers at these festivals numbered several thousands of singers and instrumentalists, and the effect of the volume of sound was simply overpowering. One could never forget the sublime "Hallelujah Chorus" in the *Messiah*, or the "Hailstorm Chorus" in *Israel in Egypt*.

I used often to put some of Sir Michael's songs and concerted pieces into my concert programmes, such as his fine "Ecco quel fiero istante" and his trio "Vanne colei." He sometimes came to my concerts to accompany some of his own music, such as a big soprano *scena*. Costa's compositions, like Benedict's, are now almost forgotten, although at one time it seemed likely that his oratorios would retain their popularity.

I attended a performance of *Die Zauberflöte* at Covent Garden, which was a special revival.

Mario and Grisi both sang, the latter with delicious pathos. Mlle Zerr was the best Queen of the Night I had ever heard. Madame Viardot Garcia took the part of Papagena and played it in the most vivacious way, and Ronconi as Papageno was most entertaining.

I also saw Madame Viardot Garcia's impressive and unapproachable performance of Fides in *Le Prophète*, a thing never to be forgotten.

I well remember the *première* of Verdi's *Rigoletto* on May 14th, 1853. The caste was very brilliant. Angiolina Bosio was an exquisite Gilda, and Mario, in his most mellifluous mood, brought down the house with *La donna è mobile*. As Rigoletto, Ronconi realised all the tragic pathos of the part. The basso Tagliafico was Sperafucile, and the charming Madame Nantier Didiée Maddalena. She had studied the part with me. The great quartette in the last act was encored.

In 1855 came the first performance of *Il Trovatore*. I was asked to teach Madame Ney-Bürde, a *prima donna* from Dresden, the part of Leonora, which I did. She had a magnificent and powerful soprano voice. Madame Viardot Garcia was superb as Azucena, Signor Tamberlik was the Trovatore, and Signor Graziani (the incomparable baritone) sang the part of the Conte di Luna. Tamberlik studied with me Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*, and also the title-rôle in Hector Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*. I was present at the first performance of the latter opera

on June 25th, 1853. Berlioz conducted it himself, but it had no success, and was withdrawn after the second performance.

My disappointment was great, as I had also coached Madame Nantier Didiée for the part of Ascanio. My diary says:

"*May 22nd.*—To Madame Didiée. M. Berlioz there: tried over Madame Didiée's part for his opera *Benvenuto Cellini*, which is to be produced at Covent Garden under his direction. He beat time and I accompanied this difficult music *prima vista.*"

In order to give Tamberlik his lesson I had to be out at Haverstock Hill, where he lived, by seven o'clock in the morning. I had to walk all the way because at so early an hour I could not get a cab, nor could I have afforded to pay for one in those days. He used to practise with me for some time—although he was always hoarse in the morning—and afterwards he had a fencing-lesson and then his breakfast. He was a fine artist, and was splendid as Jean of Leyden in the *Prophète*, singing the aria "Re del Ciel," with its famous high C (better known as the *Ut de poitrine*) from the chest, with great effect. Tamberlik had not such a beautiful voice as Mario, but he had more power in his high chest-notes, and was, perhaps, also more dramatic in his acting. He had a fine, commanding figure, and was what I should call a

tenore robusto. He was a good musician too, and had no difficulty whatever in learning the difficult rôle of Benvenuto Cellini—though, after all, what is it compared with the tenor parts of Wagner's *Ring*?

M. Prévost, Tamberlik's fencing-master, promised to instruct me in his art in exchange for my giving his little daughter piano-lessons. The little girl came regularly as clock-work twice a week, and I had to give the lessons, although I was very busy and really had not time to get in all my fencing-lessons. M. Prévost was a refugee; he taught fencing to the Prince of Wales and the members of the French Royal Family.

In 1850 a series of concerts called "The Grand National Concerts" were given at Her Majesty's Theatre under the directorship of Balfe. The orchestra was first-rate, containing the finest instrumentalists in London; Molique, a pupil of Spohr, was the leader.

The programmes were well arranged, and classical music was made a great feature of, though the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn were intermixed with dance music under the direction of Herr Joseph Labitzky from Carlsbad. He had made himself a name as a composer of dance-music, and was a contemporary of the old Johann Strauss (not to be confounded with his son, Johann Strauss, the composer of the famous "Blue Danube" waltz, and of *Die Fledermaus* and a host of other

popular operettas) and another dance-music composer named Lanner.

These concerts were also memorable for the bringing over, at my father's suggestion, of the famous Berliner Domchor, the cathedral choir of Berlin, consisting of eighty boys and men, with Director Neithardt as the conductor. I never heard anything more beautiful as a combination of men's and boy's voices.

A feature of these National Concerts was the début of the young pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, who was then a girl of fourteen years of age, and played a fantasia by Thalberg with immense success. She became famous afterwards as the best English woman pianist of her day.

Being a member of the orchestra at these concerts helped me a great deal to appreciate classical orchestral music, as well as other styles, and so did hearing the best instrumental soloists. The chairman of the committee, the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay, was no mean player of the cornet-à-piston. The cornet, which has now gone out of fashion, was then a great favourite as a solo-instrument. After he left the army he became Colonel of the St. George's Rifle Corps of Volunteers. At one of their concerts at St. James's Hall, Mr. Sims Reeves sang for the first time, "God bless the Prince of Wales"; the composer, Brinley Richards, was at the piano with myself, and we played the

accompaniment as a *duet*! Benedict was the conductor, and there was a chorus to sing the refrain. Naturally the song, which has since become a National Hymn, was vociferously encored and repeated with still greater effect. It became most popular, and was always sung at public dinners after the Prince's Toast, and at all functions where the Prince of Wales was present, or his name mentioned. Mr. Cocks, the music publisher of New Burlington Street, bought the song from Brinley Richards for a low price; but after it had such an immense sale he presented the composer with a cheque for one hundred guineas.

I became a naturalised Englishman in 1856, and was enrolled as a volunteer in the St. George's Rifle Corps, which Mr. Richards and several other musicians had joined; but I did not remain very long in it, as I found carrying a heavy rifle made my arm too tired and was bad for my piano-playing. However, I well remember taking part in the Review in Hyde Park with the Corps in 1863, when the Princess Alexandra, as a bride, made her entry into London in an open carriage by the side of the Prince of Wales. Colonel the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay was then the colonel of the regiment.

CHAPTER II

MUSIC IN THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES

English operas under Maddox in 1848—Anna Thillon—Weiss, composer of "The Village Blacksmith"—Louisa Pyne—First performance of *Lurline*—Sir Henry Bishop—John Hatton—"Goodbye, Sweetheart"—Henry Smart—Sir John Macfarren—Sivori—Jansa—Jullien and his Promenade Concerts—English country seats—Orleans House and Nuneham Park—Princess Mary of Cambridge—I am capsized on the Thames—I visit Lord Dufferin and Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart at Ardgowan—My confirmation at the Savoy Lutheran Chapel—French political refugees—Orleans House and its habitués—A musical party of the period.

I RECALL a series of English operas which were given in 1848 at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, under the direction of Mr. Maddox. Mr. Edward Loder was the conductor, and he engaged me to play the violin in his orchestra.

The charming Madame Anna Thillon was the principal soprano, and sang in Auber's *Crown Diamonds* most brilliantly. She was a beautiful woman; in fact, I never saw a prettier woman on the stage, and she was most fascinating into the bargain.

She was married to a Frenchman, and I think had studied in Paris. Monsieur Thillon was the conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts at

Havre. The part of Queen Catherine in *Crown Diamonds* is most difficult to sing, but Madame Thillon sang it with the greatest ease, and all its difficulty seemed to vanish with her superb rendering. Miss Louisa Pyne also excelled in it in later years. Mr. Allen was the tenor and Mr. Willoughby Weiss the bass.

Mr. Weiss, who was the composer of that popular song "The Village Blacksmith," became in time a great favourite, singing Elijah in Mendelssohn's great oratorio at the provincial festivals, and appearing at the Sacred Harmonic Concerts at Exeter Hall under Costa, and at many other good concerts.

Edward Loder, the conductor, was the composer of a very melodious opera, called *The Night Dancers*, which was produced in 1846 and revived in 1860. Altogether the season was most successful.

Another great English singer at this period was Miss Louisa Pyne, whom I have already mentioned in connection with *Crown Diamonds*. I remember her singing Catherine in that opera, and her vocalisation was superb. She had a clever sister, Miss Susan Pyne, who sang duets with her. She was co-director with Mr. William Harrison (the original Thaddeus in Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*) at Covent Garden and they carried on English opera there for many years, producing a new opera by Balfe, such as *The Rose of Castile*, or *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*,

every year. It was at one of their seasons that I heard the first production of *Lurline*, by Vincent Wallace on February 3rd, 1860, in which Charles Santley made his first appearance as an operatic singer, and created at once a great furore.

Wallace composed many operas, of which *Maritana* is the most popular; it is full of melody, and is still a great favourite in the provinces. He was, like Balfe, an Irishman, and first came out as a boy violinist. He asked me to give his sister some lessons, which I did. I remember Santley singing one of his songs, "The Bellringer," most splendidly.

I firmly believe that if Balfe and Wallace had lived twenty years later they would have scored their operas more fully than they did—in the same way as Verdi scored his *Aïda*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff*, and his immortal *Requiem*.

Among the English composers now almost forgotten, but whom I should like to mention, as I saw a good deal of him, was Sir Henry Bishop. I remember him as a tall, thin, elderly man, with very little hair on his head, wearing a stiff white cravat. I met him first at the house of Miss Sophie Messent, an English singer who used to have an amateur choir, which performed some of Sir Henry's compositions, with me at the piano.

Miss Messent used to sing some of his songs, which are Shakespearian and thoroughly English

in character, such as "Tell me, my Heart," "Should he upbraid," "Bid me discourse," and "Lo! here the gentle Lark"—with flute *obbligato*. The latter used to be a great favourite with sopranos such as Christine Nilsson, and Sims Reeves made Bishop's "Pilgrim of Love" and "My Pretty Jane" exceedingly popular, and he had to sing them at every ballad and non-classical concert, especially "My Pretty Jane," of which the public never seemed to get tired.

At that period, which was fifty or sixty years ago, all his compositions were very popular, and Miss Messent's choir used to sing his glees, such as "Blow, gentle Gales," "The Chough and the Crow," and "Sleep, Gentle Lady." Although his compositions are not much thought of nowadays, I think his ballads are better than many one hears at the present time; at all events, that is my humble opinion.

Another English composer of those days was John Hatton; he was full of talent, and his compositions were typical of English music. He composed an opera called *Pascal Bruno* for Vienna, and another, *Rose, or Love's Ransom*, for Covent Garden, and a large number of beautiful glees and songs which have become very popular, such as "Goodbye, Sweetheart," which Sims Reeves sang constantly, and which was taken up by all the leading tenors, and also "To Anthea," with which Santley always made a

great hit and had to repeat. He still sings it, and no other baritone could ever compete with him in the fire and energy he displayed in its delivery.

Another composer I knew and admired in those days was Henry Smart, nephew of Sir George Smart, the friend of Carl Maria von Weber, who died in his house in 1826. Sir George Smart and Charles Kemble went together to Germany to ask Weber to compose an opera for Covent Garden. This he did, and brought it to London in 1826. It was his famous *Oberon*, in which John Braham took the rôle of Huon.

Henry Smart wrote a cantata called *The Bride of Dunkerron*, and many glees and songs, and was also a fine organist. He is now forgotten, like many of his contemporaries.

Sir George Alexander Macfarren, also a prolific composer, was another friend of mine. He composed *Don Quixote* and *Robin Hood*, the latter opera being performed in 1860, with Madame Lemmens Sherrington and Sims Reeves in the principal parts. One of his most popular overtures was "Chevy Chase," and a serenata of his entitled "The Sleeper" was performed at the National Concerts in 1850.

Unfortunately, his eyesight began to fail, and he eventually became blind, but notwithstanding this calamity he continued to compose, dictating the music to a secretary. He was Cam-

bridge Professor of Music, and became the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, which post he held until his much-regretted death.

Among the many great violinists I have known was the celebrated player, Signor Camillo Sivori, who was a pupil of Paganini. One of his most popular compositions was the "Carnival of Cuba," an imitation of the once popular "Carnaval de Venise," composed by Ernst, whom I accompanied on the Jenny Lind tour, when he played it himself so successfully. Sivori's playing was superb, and his execution faultless. He was a short, thin man, with bright black eyes and a narrow face, exceedingly modest and full of kindness.

He once came to a supper-party at my house in Queen Anne Street very many years ago, when my friend, Madame Parepa, the singer, was also present, and sang comic songs in which we all joined. Sivori and the great contra-bassist, Bottesini, often used to play violin and double-bass duets together and seemed to enjoy playing *ensemble*; it was a great pleasure to hear them.

Herr Leopold Jansa, another well-known violinist, came over to this country from Vienna in 1851, and was one of the musical judges at the exhibition in Hyde Park. He played at a concert in aid of the Hungarian political refugees, and on that account the Austrian Government cancelled his appointment at the Imperial Court,

although he told me himself that he had formerly taught the present Emperor, Francis Joseph, the violin. He settled here and became a much-respected teacher of the violin, his best-known pupil being Madame Norman Neruda (Lady Hallé). Jansa was a contemporary of Beethoven, and I have heard him relate that he had often played in that great master's quartettes for the first time of their performance. Beethoven, he said, would stand in a corner with his arms folded, and occasionally spring forward to point out some error or make some correction in the rendering.

Jansa used to conduct the music at the Bavarian Chapel in Warwick Street, and he asked me to play the organ there, a thing I very much liked doing, as the beautiful masses of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were constantly sung.

I may here mention that when the new Catholic Church in Hatton Garden was built (the one now called the Italian Church), I was asked by the Rev. Bruno di Faa to conduct the music there. I engaged a very good orchestra and the solo-singers were Madame Rudersdorff (then a celebrity) as soprano, Miss Julia Elton as contralto, and Mr. Swift as tenor—I have forgotten the name of the bass. After a few weeks, the whole of the musical performers were dispersed, including myself, because the clergy could not afford to keep up such an expensive choir and orchestra.

I must now say something about Monsieur Jullien, who was the originator of the Promenade Concerts. They were always crowded to suffocation, and the crowd in the pit where the audience promenaded jostled each other and made a great row.

The orchestra was built over the stage. I was engaged to play in it as one of the side-drum players. These Promenade Concerts only lasted a month, but they set the fashion of such entertainments. At the old Promenade Concerts, where the orchestra had often to play somewhat hackneyed marches and such-like music, they used to signalise the return of the leading theme by all rising in their seats, recognising, as it were, an old acquaintance. The effect was very funny.

One of Jullien's most popular compositions was called "The British Army Quadrilles," in which the ordinary orchestra was reinforced by a military band and a number of drummers and big-drum players to imitate the cannon-shots. "Rule, Britannia!" finished this extraordinary battle-piece with great effect, and at the conclusion the audience always cheered Jullien with the greatest enthusiasm.

This composition survived him for many years, and became a standard work at similar entertainments.

It really was a sight to see him conduct, waving his bâton right and left. He always wore an

embroidered shirt-front with a white waistcoat, open wide enough to show it off. I must do him the justice to say that he composed an opera called *Pietro il Grande* which had a fair amount of success when produced at Covent Garden Theatre on August 17th, 1852. I was at the first performance of it, and an old friend of mine, Mr. Whitworth (Jones), sang the part of Pietro. He had a fine bass voice and a good stage presence. He quitted the operatic stage upon inheriting a large fortune, left him by a relation upon the condition that he should give up his operatic career. I often accompanied him when he sang privately at friends' houses, and, later on, when he married, my family became very friendly with his wife and children. He often sang, at my request, some of the famous songs which he made famous.

In 1851 I was invited to pay the first of my many visits to Nuneham Park, the Oxfordshire seat of Frances, Countess of Waldegrave and Mr. Vernon Harcourt, M.P. for Oxfordshire, to play the piano during some theatrical performances and to accompany some of the amateurs of the house-party in their songs. There I made the acquaintance of Mr. John Braham, father of the Countess, and doyen of English tenors. He was then in his eightieth year, but he sang " Total Eclipse " from Handel's oratorio *Samson* in a way I shall never forget, and with an amount of pathos that touched my heart.

He also sang the well-known song, "The Death of Nelson," which I had the pleasure of accompanying, singing it with an amount of fire and energy which was extraordinary in a man of his age. His high chest-notes were as fresh and pure as those of a young man of twenty-four. Sims Reeves and many well-known singers, such as Edward Lloyd and Ben Davies, continued to sing "The Death of Nelson" at concerts, especially the former, who always scored tremendously with it.

Braham earned a great fortune by his singing in London. He created the tenor part of Huon in *Oberon*, singing the great song "Oh! it is a glorious sight to see," which Weber specially wrote for him. Braham, although so rich, could not refrain from speculating, and he built the Colosseum (a kind of Diorama of Rome, which is now demolished) in Regent's Park, and also the St. James's Theatre, which happily is in a flourishing condition, through Sir George Alexander's clever management, though in Braham's time it was also an unfortunate speculation and spelt disaster and ruin. Fortunately he had his wealthy daughter, Lady Waldegrave, to fall back on, who supported him until the end of his days. He had several sons, two of whom I used to coach in their operatic parts. The eldest, Hamilton Braham, was a baritone, Charles was a tenor, and the third was Augustus Braham, who, however, only sang at concerts,

and never went on the stage. Charles Braham was the father of the present Lady Strachie.

At Lady Waldegrave's I had the honour of making the acquaintance of H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale, son of King Louis Philippe and his wife, the Duchesse d'Aumale. The latter became my pupil for the piano and singing, and I used frequently to go to Orleans House, Twickenham, where we had music in the evenings. The Duchesse's mother was an Austrian Archduchess, who married the Prince de Salerno, brother of the King of Naples, King Bomba as he was called, who was such a tyrant. She always used to speak to me in German, with an Austrian accent.

The late Duchess of Cambridge and her daughter, the Princess Mary of Cambridge (the late Duchess of Teck) used often to dine at Orleans House. Princess Mary joined in the music, singing various songs, one of which I remember distinctly was Marras's "S'io fosse un Angelo" and also Mendelssohn's duets in the original German, with the Duchesse d'Aumale. I always accompanied them on these occasions. The Princess Mary had a beautiful and sonorous contralto voice. This amiable Princess became my pupil later on; I often gave her lessons in singing at St. James's Palace, and sometimes the Countess Apponyi, wife of the then Austrian Ambassador, used to come and sing duets with her. The Countess was exceedingly musical, and

WILHELM GANZ AS A YOUNG MAN.

could read off music at sight wonderfully well. On one occasion Queen Victoria came quite unexpectedly to St. James's Palace to hear her, as she had been told about her singing and wanted to listen to it.

I also met at Nuneham Park H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, the old Duke of Bedford, the Marquis d'Azeglio (Sardinian Minister), the Countess of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Clarendon (who was then Minister), the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Lord Palmerston's Government, Sir William Vernon Harcourt (a nephew of Mr. Harcourt), then a young man, who became many years later on a distinguished member of Parliament and Chancellor of the Exchequer, also Mr. Chichester Fortescue, who, after Mr. Harcourt's death married Lady Waldegrave as her fourth husband, the two previous ones having been the Hon. Mr. Waldegrave, and, after his death, his cousin, the Earl of Waldegrave.

Mr. Chichester Fortescue was created Lord Carlingford and became a Minister in Lord John Russell's Government. He was an exceedingly pleasant man, and, like the Countess Apponyi, always spoke to me in German. Among the guests at Nuneham were also Viscount Chelsea, father of the present Earl Cadogan, Lord Dufferin, who had such a splendid political career as Viceroy of India and Ambassador at Rome and Paris, and Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, as well as a host of other notabilities.

One evening Lady Waldegrave danced the Truandaise from *Esmeralda* with Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart amid enthusiastic applause. "General Post" was a game in which everybody joined, including the elderly Earl of Clarendon.

When I was staying there in 1855, Meyerbeer was expected on a visit, and a room was prepared for him; but he did not come. I was very disappointed, as I had just been coaching Miss Jenny Baur for the part of Catherine in his *L'Etoile du Nord*, which was produced at Drury Lane that year in English.

The Crimean War was raging at the time, and I witnessed an extraordinary scene when I attended a performance of that opera at Drury Lane on March 2nd. After the first act Mr. Smith the director came out and announced that the Czar was dead. There was tremendous excitement in the house and "God save the Queen" and "Partant pour la Syrie" were loudly demanded by the public amid tremendous cheering. I doubted if the news was true, but hoped at least that the war was at an end.

I remember, while at Nuneham, going one day to Oxford by river with some friends. Before I started Lady Waldegrave asked me if I would call at the post office to see if there were any letters for her, and, if so, bring them back.

I got the letters, but on the way back, as we were returning by rowing-boat, our boat upset

through some of the men getting up in it at the same time, and we were all thrown into the river. Fortunately, I caught hold of a man who could swim, and so managed to reach the bank, but arrived at the house drenched to the skin. Of course all the letters, which I had placed in a side-pocket, were simply saturated, but Lady Waldegrave and all the visitors made light of it and had a good laugh over our adventure, and when the letters had been dried before the fire they were none the worse.

Lord Dufferin had often asked me to visit him at his country seat, Clandeboye, near Belfast, and in 1852 I accepted his invitation. The journey from London to Belfast took nineteen hours. Lord Dufferin's first words to me were: "Do you find Ireland a desert and the people barbarians?" I remained there some weeks, and used to play to him in the mornings and afternoons for hours, while he studied—usually Chopin, as he was particularly fond of that master's works. His mother and grandmother were among the guests, also Mr. Hardinge, son of General Hardinge. Lady Dufferin was, as all the world knows, a delightful poetess, and composed some charming songs, such as "The Bay of Dublin," and "Katie's Letter." She was one of the three beautiful Sheridans, granddaughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the two others being the Duchess of Somerset and the Hon. Mrs. Norton. I greatly enjoyed my visit

to Clandeboye, and I heard afterwards that a hill on the estate had been christened Ganz's Hill —a great compliment to me.

When Lord Dufferin returned from his famous voyage in the *Foam* to Iceland and Spitzbergen he asked me to come up one evening to Highgate. His mother, Lady Dufferin, and her sister, the Duchess of Somerset, were there, and his cousin, Captain Hamilton.

Lord Dufferin was in wonderful spirits. He wanted to hear all about the new opera, *La Traviata*, which had been produced that summer and asked me to play some of the music. Then I had to play his favourite Chopin nocturnes and try over some Swedish and Danish songs he had brought with him from Copenhagen.

He showed me several curiosities he had collected on his voyage, and talked for a long time about his interesting experiences in the Far North. He read me a quaint example of a Lapp love-ditty. The Laplander is hastening on his sledge to his beloved one :

"Hasten, Kulnasatz! my little reindeer! long is the way, and boundless are the marshes. Swift are we, and light of foot, and soon we shall have come to whither we are speeding. There shall I behold my fair one pacing. Kulnasatz, my reindeer, look forth! look around! dost thou not see her somewhere—*bathing*?"

As it was then midnight he wanted me to stay the night, but I said my father would be anxious

if I did not return, so he ordered a carriage to take me home.

When Lord Dufferin was English Ambassador in Paris he asked me to visit him there; but, unfortunately, I was not then able to accept the invitation.

From Clandeboye I went to Scotland, to visit Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, travelling by steamer from Belfast to Greenock and from thence by coach to Ardgowan. I was charmed with the Clyde, with its scenery, which has a beauty peculiarly its own, and the fair Isle of Arran in the distance. Ardgowan lies on its banks most picturesquely.

Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, like Lord Dufferin, was exceedingly musical, and sang Scottish ballads and also the French comic songs of Levasseur very charmingly, in which I accompanied him, as I had previously done at his entertainments in London during the season. Whilst I was staying at Ardgowan there was a tenants' ball, and I saw for the first time the Highland reels and jigs danced by the native farmers and their wives, in which the guests staying in the house also joined. It was a real pleasure to see with what energy and excitement these people danced their national dances.

Lady Octavia Shaw-Stewart, the wife of Sir Michael, was a daughter of the Marquis of Westminster (he was the father of the late Duke of Westminster, who was created a duke by Mr.

Gladstone), and he and the Marchioness came on a visit to Ardgowan while I was there. The old Marquis was very fond of music, and particularly of the septette from *Les Huguenots*, which I often used to play to him.

I also made my first acquaintance here with grouse-shooting on the moors. The shooting season had just begun, and Sir Michael handed me a gun and made me have a try; but, I am sorry to say, without any result! It was at Ardgowan that I learned to know the mode of living in these Scotch country houses, and noticed how well everything was regulated and the perfect order maintained in their households. I kept up my acquaintance with many of the people I met there and at Nuneham Park for years after.

I often met Sir William Harcourt in after-years. I remember meeting him—unfortunately for the last time—at a reception given by the Marchioness of Londonderry, when he spoke to me of the old days at Nuneham—adding that Nuneham now belonged to him. Alas! he was not long able to enjoy his new possession, for he died soon afterwards.

I recollect, when I was staying at Orleans House, the Duchesse d'Aumale telling me that Her Majesty Queen Amélie, the exiled Queen of France, widow of King Louis Philippe, was coming to her in a few days to hear her play some duets for piano and harmonium with me,

and we had several rehearsals. On the eventful day the Queen arrived, with her entourage of the old French nobility, including the Duc de Montmorency. She was a tall, stately woman, with a very dignified air. She complimented us both warmly on the music, and added a few gracious words to me.

The picture-gallery at Orleans House contained a great many ancient and modern French pictures. Some of the walls were hung with the battle-pictures of the great Prince de Condé, for the Duc inherited all his property. The pictures and other works of art were given by the Duc when he returned to Paris, after the fall of Napoleon and the Franco-German War, to the museum at the Château of Chantilly for the benefit of the nation. The Duc's two sons bore the historical titles of Prince de Condé and Duc de Guise; unfortunately, they both died young, the elder, who was consumptive, while on a voyage to Australia for his health. The younger, whom I recollect as a sweet boy, did not long survive his brother; their deaths were a great blow to their parents, who were thus left childless.

When I first came to England the French Revolution was then going on, and my father told me that the French King, Louis Philippe, had just arrived as a refugee at the Brunswick Hotel in Jermyn Street. There was, at that time, an outbreak here as well, led by the

Chartists, and Louis Napoleon acted as a special constable during the riots. I was staying with some friends at Brompton, who did not wish me to go home in the evenings by myself, in case something might happen to me *en route.*

The Chartists smashed the large glass windows at Swan & Edgar's in Piccadilly Circus, and did a lot of other damage besides.

At that time I was being prepared for confirmation by the Rev. Dr. Schoell, second Pastor of the German Lutheran Church in the Savoy, of which old Dr. Steinkopff was the Rector. I used to go every morning at eight o'clock to Dr. Schoell for religious instruction, and was finally confirmed on Palm Sunday, 1848. My diary says :

"*Sunday, April* 16*th.*—Palm Sunday : I got up early to dress, as I am to be confirmed today. The church was at 10.30. We boys went in : I stood first. The first of the girls was Countess Reventlow, daughter of the Danish Minister : next to her stood Fräulein von Bunsen, daughter of the Prussian Minister. They both had pretty white dresses on, with veils on their heads and kid gloves. Then next to them were three girls in dresses given by the Church, as there is no need, as with us at home, to subscribe towards clothing the poor. They had brown dresses on and were dressed anyhow. All wore hoods, as it is not the custom here for a girl to go bare-headed, but to wear a hat or a hood. They looked just like peasants at a wedding at home. . . ."

In 1852 I was appointed, in open competition, to be the organist at this church.

Many notable people attended service there every Sunday about that time, including the Prince of Prussia, who had to leave Berlin during the Revolution, and the Duchesse d'Orléans, who also had to fly from Paris. She was a Protestant, and on that account, I believe, was disliked by the French people.

On several occasions when the Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale gave big receptions to their French and English friends, I saw the other exiled Princes—the sons of Louis Philippe—the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duc de Montpensier, who married a Spanish Princess, the sister of Queen Isabella. They were all fine, tall men, very distinguished-looking. I generally conducted a small orchestra of good players on these occasions, and the receptions were always very gay and lively, notwithstanding the fact that the French people present were exiled from their beloved country. English society used to be well represented at these gatherings, ambassadors, ministers, and diplomatists with their families being gathered there.

I continued my career as a pianist and teacher of the piano and singing, and coaching up operatic singers in their parts, and got on remarkably well. I had many musical parties to arrange, engaging the best artists. At one soirée, given by the late Baroness Burdett-

Coutts (then Miss Burdett-Coutts) I engaged young Santley and Miss Gertrude Kemble (granddaughter of the great actor, John Kemble) who afterwards became his wife.

All the political world was present that night, including the Earl of Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary, Viscount Palmerston, Prime Minister, also Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and many other celebrities—truly a brilliant galaxy.

CHAPTER III

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES

Opera in English at Drury Lane—Jullien and Berlioz—Madame Dulcken's receptions—Alfred Bunn—Adolph Ganz and German Opera in London—Cremorne—The great Monte Cristo Row—Berlioz at the New Philharmonic—Balfe and the Pyne and Harrison English Opera season at Covent Garden—Balfe's extravagance—How he composed—His popular songs—Alfred Gilbert—Story of the German Reeds and their famous entertainments—Jenny Lind's Concert Tour.

MONSIEUR JULLIEN was the director of the English Opera at Drury Lane when I arrived with my father in 1848, and my father often took me there. Hector Berlioz, the celebrated French composer, was the conductor.

I heard many operas there in English, including Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the night after my arrival, in which Miss Charlotte Ann Birch was the Susanna. She had a very fine soprano voice. Miss Miran, who had a lovely mezzo-soprano voice, sang "Cherubino"; unhappily she died while still young. Sims Reeves and many other well-known artists also appeared.

Balfe specially composed an opera called *The*

Maid of Honour for Monsieur Jullien, but the season did not last long; as a matter of fact, I think Jullien mismanaged it. I was, however, highly gratified at hearing these performances in the National Theatre, and seeing Berlioz conduct. The orchestra was splendid, among the players being an old friend of my father's, Herr Goffrié, who was one of the first violins. In later years he started a series of chamber concerts on his own account, called Les Réunions des Arts in the old Beethoven Rooms in Harley Street. He brought out many new foreign artists, and I remember my uncles being engaged to play at some of them. Herr Goffrié afterwards went to California, and settled at San Francisco. Alas! no soirées of that convivial and artistic sort have since been established in London. During the usual interval tea and coffee were served to the audience, and they had an opportunity of mixing with one another and making the acquaintance of the artists; so they enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The Réunions were always well arranged, and only the best music was performed. I used to be the accompanist at them.

I remember going with my father in March 1848 on Sunday evenings to the musical receptions of Madame Dulcken, pianist to Queen Victoria, in Harley Street. She was the sister of Ferdinand David, professor of the violin at the Leipzig Conservatoire—the intimate friend

of Mendelssohn, who dedicated his Violin Concerto to him. I find in my diary:

"*Sunday, March* 19*th*.—After tea went to Madame Dulcken, where I accompanied Steglich (the famous horn player) on the piano. Molique and Berlioz were there. She lives in a fine house; there is a good piano in every room."

It was at Madame Dulcken's house that all the most distinguished musicians assembled, especially those who left Paris owing to the French Revolution. There I first met and heard M. Kalkbrenner, a German pianist, who had settled in Paris, Mr. Charles Hallé, who, as every one knows, became one of the most important musicians in England and settled here, and Mr. Wilhelm Kuhe, who died here in October 1912, after residing in this country for more than sixty years, and celebrating his eighty-eighth birthday the previous December. He became, unfortunately, totally blind, and used to play the piano by touch only, but would play every day—of course, without music—for several hours.

Hector Berlioz used often to go there, and also his wife, an Irish lady who was a great Shakespearean actress, and before her marriage was Henrietta Smithson. Berlioz had a fine, big head and a Roman nose, huge forehead, and piercing eyes.

Some of these pianists played during the evening receptions. Madame Dulcken often played

Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor with Quintette accompaniment, played by my father, Herr Goffrié, myself, and two other instrumentalists, whose names I have forgotten; in fact, she was almost the first to make this lovely concerto known and popular—it was really her *cheval de bataille*. She was a very brilliant player, and a charming woman as well.

Many years later her house was taken by the celebrated throat specialist, Sir (then Mr.) Morell Mackenzie, and he and Lady Mackenzie entertained there right royally many distinguished people and operatic stars, including Christine Nilsson, Trebelli, and Valleria, and many great theatrical lights as well, such as Sir Henry Irving. Sir Morell Mackenzie was particularly kind to artists, and they often came to him for advice, to be restored to health, and to get rid of their throat troubles; and to all of them he gave his services gratuitously.

Many years later my son Henry decorated the staircase of this house for him in the Pompeian style, with four figures representing the arts on a terra-cotta ground, while underneath is a black dado with classic masks.

The wife of Ignaz Moscheles, the celebrated pianist and composer, used also to give musical receptions at her house in Chester Place, Regent's Park. I remember hearing from my father that Madame Moscheles told him, on one occasion, that she was expecting Mendelssohn to

come on a certain evening and asked him, as a great favour, to allow the chorus of the German Opera, of which he was the conductor, to come to her house and sing the choruses from Mendelssohn's oratorio *Œdipus in Colonos* as a surprise for the composer when he arrived. My father and the chorus stood in the inner hall of the house, and when Mendelssohn arrived they greeted him with the strains of his own lovely music. He was naturally very pleased with the kind attention of Madame Moscheles, and thanked her most warmly. Of course this happened long before I came to England.

I must not forget to mention Alfred Bunn, who was director of the English Opera at Drury Lane Theatre for nearly twenty-five years. He was the librettist of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, and manager of the German Opera seasons, at which my father was the conductor in 1840–42.

These seasons were held at the Prince's Theatre (now the St. James's) in King Street, Drury Lane Theatre, and Covent Garden, and as German Opera was still a rare event here, afforded Londoners the opportunity of hearing many masterpieces for the first time. The operas given included Mozart's *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Titus* and *Die Entführung*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Weber's *Freischütz*, *Oberon* and *Euryanthe*, and Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The singers were such fine artists as Madame

Stoeckel Heinefetter, a dramatic soprano, the great tenor Tichatschek (who created the rôles of Rienzi and Tannhäuser at Dresden) and the noted baritone Staudigl.

Staudigl, who settled here, I afterwards saw frequently. He dressed very shabbily, and wore a sort of Inverness cape and a slouched hat, and did not look at all like a distinguished singer; but that did not matter, for his voice was most expressive and beautiful, and he never forced it. I first heard him at the New Philharmonic Concerts in 1852.

My father and the company also went to Manchester and Liverpool in 1841.

My father told me that Bunn once said to him: "Mon cher Ganz, si je n'avais pas assez d'argent pour vivre en luxe, je prendrais un pistolet et je me tuerais." I think that was "bluff."

I well remember Cremorne, and at the beginning of my career I was engaged by Signor Bossisio, the conductor of the concerts held there, to play the violin in his orchestra. The gardens were always beautifully illuminated in the evenings, and dancing was kept up there after the concerts were over. I was obliged to walk home in those days to my lodgings near Golden Square, Regent Street, which took me nearly an hour, as I could not get an omnibus at night, and cabs were too expensive—anyhow, it was a good experience in orchestral playing.

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HERR SCHUMANN

Has the honor of announcing an EXTRAORDINARY COMBINATION of TALENT, consisting of

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MADAME

STOECKEL HEINEFETTER,

AND

HERR STAUDIGL.

This Evening, FRIDAY, July 17th, 1840.

Will be performed *(third time in this Country)* GLUCK'S Opera, (in Four Acts) called

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Diana, - - - Madame MICHALESI,
Thoas, - - - Herr STAUDIGL,
Iphigenia, - - - - Madame STOECKEL HEINEFETTER,
Orestes. - - - - - Herr WILD,
Pylades, Herr WOLF, Servant of the Temple, Herr KRUG, A Scythian, Herr BENESCH,
First Priestess, Madame CHRIST, Second Priestess, Dem. FROMBACH,
A Greek Female, Dem. SEELAND,
Priestesses, Scythians, Greeks, and Furies,

By the following POWERFUL CHORUS.

Dlles. DAUN, THOENE, GALLO, KIRCHER, MATHES, FROMBACH, SCHUNK, PFEIFFER, WAGNER, FRITZ.
Mesdames BLICK, CHREST, SCHNEPF, &c. &c.
Herr GEBHARDT NEUMANN, KLEIN, BLICK, CHREST, SCHNEPF, HERBOLD Senior, HERBOLD Junior, FROITZHEIM, BENESCH, REITQUINTER, GOETZ, HOFFMANN, KREBS, BECKMANN, HEESE, HETZEL, HEYNE, KRUG, HARTIG, FRUHLING, BERNARD, SCHNEIDER, THOENE.

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On Monday, (Last Night but Three) the Opera of **JESSONDA.**

On Wednesday, (Last Night but Two) **IPHIGENIA.**

On Thursday, (Last Night but One) Mozart's **TITUS.**

On Friday, (by particular desire) Weber's

OPERA of DER FREISCHUTZ,

FOR THE

BENEFIT: HERR SCHUMANN,

AND

The Last Night of the Season.

Acting Manager, Mr. BUNN.

W. S. JOHNSON, "Times Steam Press."

When we first came here my father and I lodged for some time in Queen Street, Soho, at the house of a Mr. Aspa, a piano-tuner employed by Broadwoods. The old Mr. Hipkins, of that firm, used kindly to allow me when a boy to practise on their fine pianos in Great Pulteney Street. Aspa came back one day from the country and told us of an adventure he had had. He was on a lonely road when a footpad came up to him in a threatening way. Aspa quickly pulled out a tuning-fork and pointed it at him. The man hesitated for a moment, then turned and fled.

On one occasion my father was taken suddenly ill, and I went off to find a doctor living in Montague Street, Bloomsbury. In my ignorance I thought this name had a French sound, and I asked my way to "Mont-ague" Street. No one could understand me, and I had to return home.

One day, in Hyde Park, I saw the beautiful Lady Blessington driving up and down in her famous green carriage with Count D'Orsay, the great beau of the period.

I well recollect the death of the old Duke of Cambridge, the grandfather of Queen Mary, and made a note in my diary:

"*July 8th* (1850).—To-day the youngest son of George III, the good Duke of Cambridge, died. He was in his seventieth year. Father knew him in Wiesbaden; he played quartettes with him and my uncles there. He played on Stradivarius instruments belonging to the Duke. He was a very kindly man, and very fond of

music, and was the patron of most concerts here. . . . He was universally mourned, as he was very kind to the poor."

In the troublous times of 1848 a French company of actors came over from Paris to London to perform Alexandre Dumas's great drama, *Monte Cristo*. The English actors in those days were so jealous of the fact that a French company should play at the English National Theatre that they would not allow the French actors to be heard, and the public present—at least the greater number of them—hissed, shouted, and whistled the whole evening, so that not a line could be heard. The feeling against everything French ran very high. No doubt most people remembered that Napoleon's ardent wish was to invade England. I recollect so well when I first came to England some boys called out after me, "There goes a French boy!" because I was dressed differently from English boys; and they had no idea of my being a German, forgetting that there *were* other nationalities! But now all this feeling has entirely disappeared, the *entente cordiale* being thoroughly established.

To return to my *Monte Cristo* story. The French actors were splendid, the scenery was perfect, and, although I could not hear them speak owing to the noise, I could gather that they were first-rate. I was playing the violin in the orchestra at the time, and it was an

odd experience. The managers of the troupe gave up the idea of continuing to perform at Drury Lane, and they migrated to the St. James's Theatre, where the play was performed in perfect peace, and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, and I was again engaged to play in the orchestra.

This incident reminds me that I had the good fortune to hear the great French actress Rachel as Andromache in Racine's play. I have never forgotten the impression this famous tragedienne made upon me. I was at the time playing in the orchestra, a member having asked me to deputise for him. Since that time I have often seen the great Sarah Bernhardt (who comes nearest as an actress to her in my opinion), Madame Ristori (the Italian tragedienne, whom I met in Rome), and other great foreign actresses; but I must say that Rachel surpassed them all. I do not wish to make comparisons with our own great English actresses, such as our universal favourites, Ellen Terry, Lady Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and others who are and have been such great ornaments of the English stage.

A memorable event in the spring of 1852 was the first series of orchestral concerts given by the New Philharmonic Society, which was formed by Dr. Henry Wylde with the special object of producing novelties and giving concerts of the best kind. Great éclat attended these concerts,

as Hector Berlioz, after his triumphant tours throughout Europe, was specially engaged to conduct. The orchestra consisted of 110 performers, the leaders being all well-known soloists, such as Sivori, Jansa (violinists), Goffrié (viola), the great 'cellist Piatti, Bottesini, the famous contrabassist, Rémusat the flautist, Barret the oboist, and Lazarus the clarinettist. I was fortunate in being engaged as one of the second violins, and was much gratified when, during the first rehearsal, Berlioz said, " Ganz, I want you to play the small cymbals with Silas in the *scherzo*." We were rehearsing his *Romeo and Juliet* symphony, which has a wonderfully light and fairy-like *scherzo* to represent " Queen Mab," and he had had two pairs of small antique cymbals made to give a particular effect in it. There were several orchestral rehearsals, which for England at that time was a really great innovation. Every one was intensely enthusiastic, and anxious to please Berlioz, who was a wonderful conductor. His beat was clear and precise, and he took endless trouble to get everything right. I remember his asking Silas and me to come and see him in King Street, St. James's, just to try over the passage for the little cymbals. I mention this to show the care he took over every detail.

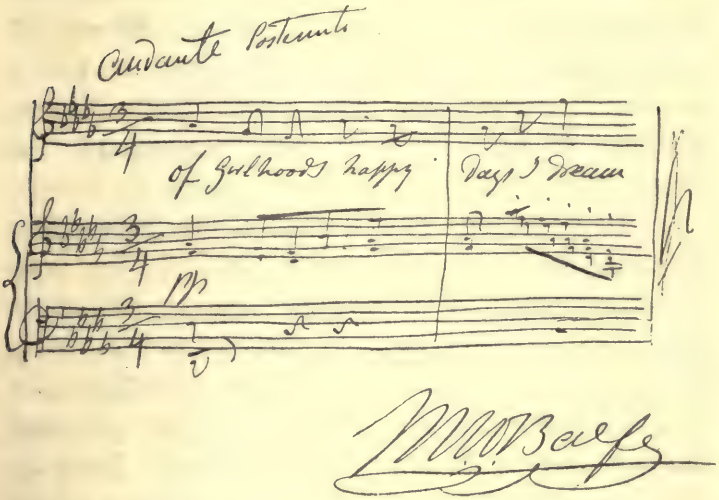
As a result, the first concert proved a veritable triumph for him, and it was generally admitted that no such orchestral performance had ever

before been heard in England. The hall was crammed, and the audience was absolutely carried away and cheered him to the echo. There were similar scenes at all the following concerts. Perhaps the finest was the fourth concert, when the hall was packed to overflowing for Beethoven's *Choral Symphony*. Up to then the work had never been properly given in England, as the old Philharmonic Society, although it owned the original score, would never give it more than their customary one rehearsal. In consequence it was still regarded as an unintelligible work. We had five rehearsals, at which Berlioz was indefatigable.

The performance at the concert was masterly, completely realising all the grandeur and beauty of the immortal work, and the effect on the audience was electrical, Berlioz being called out again and again amidst perfect storms of applause. The singers in the symphony were Clara Novello, Sims Reeves, and Staudigl. It was at this concert that I first heard the beautiful and poetical playing of Mlle Wilhelmine Clauss, in Mendelssohn's Concerto, an artist of great charm, who, unfortunately, only paid rare visits to this country. Berlioz gave selections from his *Faust* at a later concert, which again roused immense interest and enthusiasm. I was also in the orchestra in 1855, when he came again and conducted his *Harold in Italy*.

The concerts were most interesting and in-

structive to me, not only on account of the great privilege I had of playing under Berlioz's baton, but also because in later years I was enabled, when I took over the New Philharmonic Concerts, to bring his great works once more before the English public.

Balfe composed a new opera every season for the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Season at

the Lyceum or Covent Garden Theatres, one of which was *Satanella*. It contained a pretty song called "The Power of Love," which became very popular, when sung by Louisa Pyne, and it was taken up by all the leading sopranos of that time. Another of his operas was *The Rose of Castille*, in which was a muleteer's song, which Mr. William Harrison sang, striking his whip with great effect, which was always encored, and

also a comic trio called "I'm not the Queen": this also went well. A comic singer of those days was Mr. Honey, who always caused great amusement whenever he sang in concerted pieces like this trio. Miss Susan Pyne, sister of Louisa Pyne, also took part in these operas, such as *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride,* and *The Puritan's Daughter.*

Balfe used to sit up at night composing, and his devoted wife used to keep him awake by giving him strong coffee. I believe he got a thousand pounds for each opera from Messrs. Boosey & Co., but he generally spent his money pretty freely, and I remember he bought himself a carriage and launched out into other extravagances; and he was about the only operatic composer I ever saw riding about on horseback. Unfortunately, he did not save up for a rainy day. He was a very pleasant and cheerful-looking man. In his early days he had studied singing in Italy, and had sung there on the stage; so he spoke Italian fluently, which came in very useful when he became the conductor of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. He was a first-rate conductor, and did not only beat strict time, as some conductors do (and their beat is like the pendulum of a clock!) but he showed sympathy with the singers by allowing them *tempo rubato* and also *ritardandos* and *accellerandos* if they did not over-step the rules of music or sing out of tune. Being a

London March 22. 1858

To my friend Wilhelm Jung

singer himself, he knew exactly where to give way to singers.

Composing gave him no trouble; it came fluently to him, and he had the gift of melody, which, by the way, does not count for so much in the present day. He asked me to give some lessons on the pianoforte to his daughter Victoria,[1] and we also played some sonatas for violin and piano, I taking the violin part.

At one of Balfe's soirées in 1848 in Bruton Street, I heard Herr Joachim play; he was then quite a young man. Madame Balfe had been a singer herself, and had sung under my father's direction at the Theatre at Mainz. After Balfe's death in 1870 she did everything she could to keep his memory green, and had a tablet erected to him in Westminster Abbey.

I have written so much about Balfe because he was not only an interesting figure in the musical world, but was also such a kind friend to my father and myself, and it was owing to him that we were able to make London our home. I am afraid his music is not much thought of by the musical world of to-day; but some of his songs will always remain popular, such as "Come into the Garden, Maud," and "Good-night, Beloved," which Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, and Ben Davies have all sung so beautifully.

A friend of mine long associated with the

[1] She became Duchesse de Frias.

musical world was the late Mr. Alfred Gilbert. He was for many years Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music, and a Director of the Philharmonic Society. The famous sculptor, Alfred Gilbert, is his son.

Alfred Gilbert's wife was a Miss Charlotte Cole, and she and her sister, Miss Susan Cole, used to sing the duets which in the early fifties were hardly ever sung except by the sisters Louisa and Susan Pyne before they were associated with the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company, and the sisters Brougham, who made Balfe's duet, "Beware, she is fooling thee!" so popular. I used to accompany the Misses Cole at the recitals of Alexandre Billet, a Russian pianist, at the St. Martin's Hall, in Long Acre, which was built by John Hullah for his own concerts.

It was at one of Billet's recitals that the late Miss Bessie Palmer sang John Hullah's popular songs "The Storm" and "Three Fishers went Sailing," which are still such favourites with Madame Clara Butt.

Another of my early memories is of Mr. German Reed, who, with his clever wife, gave for many years an entertainment in the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street, started in 1856, which was neither theatrical nor exactly musical, but a little of both. People went to it, thinking, no doubt, they were not going to a theatre, about which many faddists had scruples sixty

years ago. This entertainment was always most successful, and a delight to children; it took place in the afternoon.

After St. George's Hall was built in Langham Place, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed migrated there, which suited them admirably, as there was a real stage built in the Hall and they could have plenty of good scenery. At the end of each performance Mr. John Parry sang a number of his own songs, which always created great amusement. He accompanied himself most beautifully, his execution being perfectly marvellous. After his death he was succeeded by similar entertainers.

The German Reeds gave several original light operatic entertainments, which they commissioned various English composers, such as Frederick Clay, Alberto Randegger, and Arthur Sullivan (who was then hardly known as a musical composer) to write for them. They had a nice little company of singers to assist them, one of whom was a young protégée of my own, Miss Fanny Holland, with a lovely mezzo-soprano voice. She sang and acted well, and was very prepossessing in appearance. The late Arthur Cecil was also one of the company, his dry and clever humour charming everybody. After each entertainment, subsequent to John Parry's death, the late versatile Mr. Corney Grain gave one of his inimitable musical monologues, admirably accompanied by himself. He

was a clever follower of John Parry, and for many years gave his amusing sketches most successfully.

When Mr. German Reed had carried on his operatic entertainments for some time, he had an idea of establishing English opera in a small way, and asked me to be one of his conductors, to which I agreed without hesitation. He engaged all the necessary vocalists and a small orchestra. The performances took place at St. George's Hall in the evenings. A charming operetta, by Arthur Sullivan, called *The Contrabandista*, which was conducted by Mr. German Reed, served as a *lever de rideau*. I believe it was not the first, but the second *opéra bouffe* —if I may call it so—by this genial and prolific composer, the first being *Trial by Jury*, in which Sullivan's elder brother sang and acted, and which had such a stupendous success.

The Contrabandista made a great hit, and was received with acclamation. Then followed Auber's melodious opéra-comique *L'Ambassadrice*, in which Madame Louisa Liebhart took the part of the Ambassadress, singing and acting it extremely well. Before she came to England she had been a *prima donna* at the Imperial Opera in Vienna ; she was therefore well qualified to sing a big part here, and she was able to sing it in English, having only a slight foreign accent. She was a good actress, and looked well on the stage. The other artists in *L'Ambassadrice* were Mrs. Ainsley Cook (*née* Payne), contralto, Mr.

Lyall, a very good tenor and an excellent actor, and Mr. Ainsley Cook, a bass buffo and first-rate comic singer. I was the conductor, and had only a small, though efficient orchestra, as there was no room for a larger one.

The performances were artistically successful, but Mr. German Reed did not receive enough support from the public to continue them, and therefore gave up the speculation as a bad job. I was very sorry, because I enjoyed conducting operas, which really was no trouble to me, and my father praised my efforts in this direction. Even now, when I am writing this book, more than fifty years later, English opera is not yet established, though many attempts have been made by the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company and the Carl Rosa and Moody-Manners Companies, but these only gave short seasons in London, and Mr. Thomas Beecham's series of operas in English in 1910 only lasted a few months. I am afraid that, as long as our Government refuse to support a native opera, nothing can be done to advance the art of English operatic music. I shall mention Arthur Sullivan's comic operas elsewhere. In the meantime, light operas, such as *The Merry Widow*, *The Dollar Princess*, *The Chocolate Soldier*, and others of that calibre hold their own and make their managers' fortunes.

I have already mentioned Jenny Lind's appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1848, when I heard her in her incomparable performances.

The late Mr. John Mitchell arranged a Concert Tour for her, of several weeks, in 1856, through the principal cities in England, Scotland, and Wales, and engaged me as accompanist.

The other artists beside Jenny Lind and her husband, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who was an accomplished pianist and first-rate musician, were Herr Heinrich Ernst, the Hungarian violin virtuoso, Signor Piatti, the finest 'cellist of the day, and Mr. Willoughby Weiss, of whom I have spoken previously, and who was a favourite baritone.

Mr. Goldschmidt accompanied his wife in all her songs, and I accompanied the other artists. It was a glorious tour, never to be forgotten, and created a sensation wherever the concerts were announced. When travelling, Jenny Lind and her husband occupied a first-class railway compartment, next to that of the rest of us, and I heard her constantly practising her runs and shakes while going along. To my mind she was not the born singer that Adelina Patti is—she had always to practise steadily to keep her voice in order, and was always studying her songs, while Patti, even at the height of her career, was not obliged to practise constantly.

Ernst and Piatti passed their time during the long journeys in playing chess, both being accomplished chess-players. At the various stations big crowds assembled to catch a glimpse of the great *prima donna*, and some of the people

London im Dec. 1856

Jenny Goldschmidt
geb. Lind

used to be bold enough to touch her dress as she was getting into her carriage to drive to the hotel, which always annoyed Jenny Lind extremely. In Yorkshire, where we halted inside some of the stations, the people gazed into her carriage, and she was obliged to pull down the blinds. At the various hotels large crowds waited to see her arrive and also to see her start for the concert, so that sometimes she had great difficulty in entering her carriage. In fact, I never witnessed such excitement at any of the tours of the world-renowned artists as at that of Jenny Lind—people were simply mad to see her, even at the greatest disadvantage. I do not mean to say that other artists have not created as much enthusiasm inside the concert-halls, but the people were not so demonstrative outside, at the stations and hotels.

The concerts on this tour were always crowded; the prices of the tickets were one guinea and half a guinea. In those days there were only a few big concert-halls; the Free Trade Hall at Manchester did not then exist, and Jenny Lind was obliged to sing in the small town-hall there. Perhaps the greatest enthusiasm was shown in the Potteries. The concert took place in the Market Hall, Hanley, before an enormous audience of about 5,000 people. I heard that 2,000 factory hands had paid 2*s.* 6*d.* each to hear Jenny Lind. Their applause was tremendous, and at the end they gave three cheers, upon

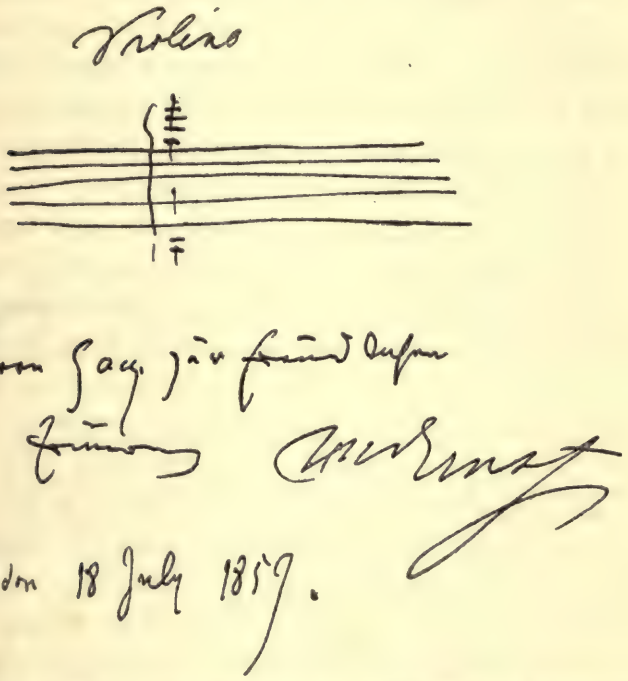
which she waved her handkerchief and kissed her hand.

At Leamington the public seemed very *recherché* and only applauded very little.

Her singing was really superb, and created the greatest enthusiasm. I remember, at the first concert, standing with other artists at the side of the platform hidden from view, and we all applauded to the echo, which made her very angry! She positively forbade us to do it again, so we had to remain quiet for the rest of the tour, much against our inclination.

She sang that night a grand aria from Bellini's opera, *Beatrice di Tenda*, and "Mighty Pens" from Haydn's *Creation*, then a duet with Mr. Weiss, and finished her concert with her famous Swedish songs—the echo in some of them being a wonderful accomplishment, the sounds dying away into a mere whisper. It used to be said that she did this echo by ventriloquism; but that was utterly absurd. In addition to being a marvellous executant she sang with intense feeling. Her cadenzas in Bellini's aria were immensely difficult, but she warbled them off with the greatest ease. The cadenzas in "Ah non credea," "Ah! non giunge," and "Come per me sereno"—all from Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, which she sang at her various concerts and also in the opera, were unique and quite in character with the music. They were published in later years by Otto Goldschmidt.

As Amina in the opera, she sustained a long note in a cadenza in "Ah non credea" most wonderfully when she dropped the flowers Elvino had given her, the note dying off *pianissimo*. Of course, in a concert-hall she sang equally wonderfully, but could not drop the flowers,



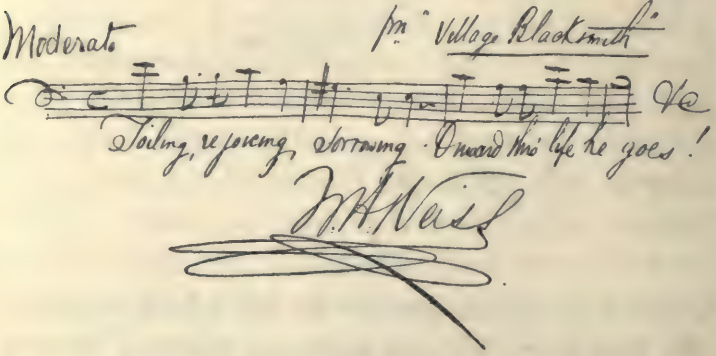
which had added greatly to the effect, because she had none; but the audience was still always enraptured.

Ernst and Piatti played their solos splendidly —I am always glad to have had the privilege of playing their accompaniments. Often in after-life, when I have accompanied various violinists

in Ernst's pieces, I have told them how he played them and given them hints. Ernst was a tall, thin man, and people used to say he was like Paganini; he had piercing black eyes, and long black hair, which fell down in elf-locks. He was a very nervous man, very highly strung, and his playing in slow movements was most pathetic.

Every one remembers our old friend Piatti, who for so many years kept his position as one of the greatest living 'cellists. His tone was comparatively small, but he played with intense feeling, and his execution was perfect.

Mr. Weiss sang "I'm a Roamer," by Mendelssohn, and his own popular song, "The Village Blacksmith," which was generally encored.



Jenny Lind gave up concert-singing much too soon, as she was still in the zenith of her powers. She was of middle height, with handsome features and a bright expression. She wore her pretty blond hair in *bandeaux*.

Her upper notes sounded like silver bells. The range of her voice was from C to D in alt.

When I compare her with Patti I must repeat that all her success was through study and hard work, whilst Patti had genius and her voice was of more exquisite timbre than that of Jenny Lind. I mention these facts because I have often been asked which of the two artistes I prefer. I might as well reply that I prefer Raphael to Leonardo da Vinci, or vice versa. There is really no comparison.

My readers must forgive me for raving so much about Jenny Lind. I am one of the very few musicians—perhaps the only one—living now who heard her in her prime, so my recollections of how she sang and what, in my humble opinion, I thought of her, may be of interest.

An audience is, perhaps, not inclined to remember that their favourite singers, being mortal, sometimes have need of refreshment in the intervals of performing great vocal feats. A story is told of Jenny Lind that, at her first appearance in Vienna, there were loud calls for a repetition of the famous air in *La Sonnambula*. Exhausted by her previous efforts, the singer felt she could not respond until she had refreshed herself. So she came forward and said to the audience, "Now just a few moments for a glass of lemonade." The respite was willingly given, and she then repeated the air with surprising éclat, to the delight of the house.

I have seen an amusing incident of a similar kind at Covent Garden. In the Hall of Song in the second act of *Tannhäuser*, where the singers are assembled for the vocal competition and each seeks to outstrip the other, a famous *prima donna* was seated on her throne next to the Duke. She had sung her address to the Hall of Song, and was now no doubt thinking of her coming intervention on behalf of Tannhäuser and the vocal efforts to be demanded of her. So she seized the occasion, when the attention of every one was engrossed by Wolfram's meditation, to bend down and pick up and drink a glass of red wine which had thoughtfully been placed at the side of her throne. The permission of the audience was in this case dispensed with.

CHAPTER IV

MY CONCERTS

My first London concert at the old Queen's Concert Rooms in 1855—Ernst—Reichardt—"Thou art so near and yet so far"—Leopold and Moritz Ganz—My second concert—Clara Novello—Viardot-Garcia—Moritz Ganz, the master of Offenbach—I attend the marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Royal and H.R.H. Prince Frederick William of Prussia—My succeeding concerts and matinées—A brilliant galaxy of helpers—Sir Julius Benedict—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington—Signor Bazzini—Mr. Sims Reeves fails me—George Perren to the rescue—Why Reeves used to disappoint—Louisa Vinning—Charles Santley—Miss Kemble—Lindsay Sloper—Madame Parepa—Madame Liebhart—Miss Emily Soldene—Master Frederick Cowen—Miss Louisa Pyne—Signor Randegger—A young contralto, Madame Patey—Madame Monbelli—Madame Norman Neruda—Miss Edith Wynne—Patey and Sainton Dolby sing at the same concert—Vernon Rigby—Joseph Wieniawski—Adelina Patti—Trebelli-Bettini—Kontski—Graziani—Scalchi—Signor Foli—Madame Carvalho, the original Marguerite—Mlle Marimon—Titiens—Marie Roze—Concert début of Albani—Edward Lloyd—Antoinette Sterling—William Shakespeare.

In 1855 I thought the time had now arrived when I should give a public concert, as I had a good connection and many friends and pupils, having also made the acquaintance of many distinguished people at Lady Waldegrave's.

I gave my first London concert at the old Queen's Concert Rooms in Hanover Square, on June 14th, and have given annual concerts ever

since. The audience included Lady Waldegrave and many of the musical circle I had met at Nuneham.

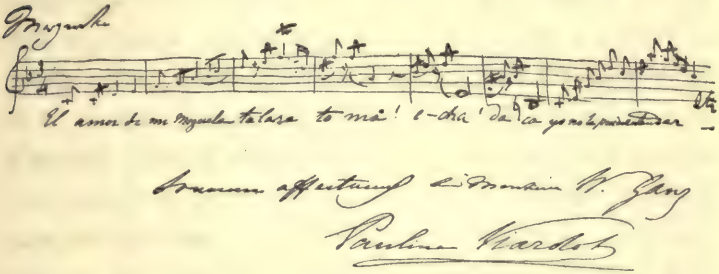
The concert was most successful, and at its close I received many congratulations. I played Weber's "Concert-stück" with quartette accompaniment and felt very nervous; but it went off very well. Among the artists who assisted me were Herr Heinrich Ernst, the great violin virtuoso, and Herr Alexander Reichardt, the popular tenor from Vienna, whose pretty song, "Thou art so near and yet so far," became a great favourite with singers. Monsieur Paque, the 'cellist, also played.

My second concert was in June 1856, given in conjunction with my uncles, Leopold and Moritz Ganz, the Conzertmeister to the King of Prussia, who had come over from Berlin, and my eldest brother, Eduard Ganz, who was a pupil of Moscheles and Thalberg.

At this second concert we had many artists of European reputation to assist, such as Madame Clara Novello, who had a beautiful, bell-like, soprano voice. For years people used to rave about her singing of "God save the Queen" at the opening of the great Exhibition in 1851. The last time I heard her was at her farewell concert in 1860, at which she sang in Benedict's cantata *Undine*. I do not remember any other English singer with such a beautiful voice, and she was a very handsome woman as well.

LEOPOLD GANZ.

MORITZ GANZ.

Another of our artists was Madame Viardot Garcia, sister of the late Manuel Garcia and Madame Malibran. I shall never forget her vivid and dramatic rendering of Schubert's "Erlkönig" which she sang with such fire and depth of feeling that the audience applauded enthusiastically and insisted upon her repeating it.

She afterwards captivated every one by two characteristic Spanish songs. Herr Carl Formes also assisted us; he was the great basso who came out with the German Opera Company at Drury Lane in 1849, and at once made a great reputation as Mephistopheles in Spohr's *Faust*, and also as Sarastro in *Die Zauberflöte*. My uncles played several soli, and some duets for violin and 'cello, for which they were famous in Germany and Russia.

My uncle, Moritz Ganz, was considered the finest 'cellist in Germany, and his tone was wonderfully good and his execution marvellous. He told me he taught Jacques Offenbach, the famous *opéra-bouffe* composer, and Julius Rietz, who became opera-conductor at Dresden. I recollect Hermann Levy, the great Wagnerian

conductor at Munich, telling me, when he conducted a concert at the Queen's Hall on April 25th, 1895, that at one time he was a pupil of my uncle's.

The concert was under the patronage of H.R.H. Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who married the Princess Royal in 1858, and afterwards became German Emperor. I well remember their marriage, at which I was present, through the kindness of the Countess Bernstorff, who gave me a ticket for a seat on a stand which was erected in one of the courtyards in St. James's Palace, where about seven hundred people were seated. I saw the various court processions and the bridal cortège pass, and heard the music which was being performed at the Chapel Royal. It was an unforgettable occasion.

Sir Julius Benedict, then Mr. Benedict, was one of the conductors at this concert, and also in the following years.

Madame Lemmens Sherrington sang at my concert in 1857. She was a charming singer, and her vocalisation was perfect. Signor Bazzini, the distinguished violinist and composer, also took part in it; his composition "Ronde des Lutins" became famous in later years, and Madame Norman Neruda played it repeatedly at concerts; but I noticed she played it much faster than Bazzini did when I used to accompany him. Later on Bazzini became the director of the Conservatoire at Milan.

On February 19th, 1859, I gave the first evening concert in the new St. James's Hall. I had engaged Mr. Sims Reeves to sing at it and composed a song specially for him to sing, entitled, "When thou wilt be my Bride," dedicated to my fiancée. He rehearsed it with me and liked it very much; but, to my great disappointment, his daughter came to me a few days before the concert to say that her father could not sing for me, as he had caught cold. This was indeed a blow, as a great many people had bought tickets on purpose to hear him. I had, however, taken the precaution to send my song to a young tenor, Mr. George Perren, who was then fulfilling a concert engagement at Birmingham, and he at once returned to London and took Reeves's place, and sang it with fine effect. It is only fair to say, in justice to Sims Reeves, that his constant failures to appear were not due to any caprice of his own. He had a delicate throat, and did not like to risk his reputation by singing when he was not in good voice.

At this concert Miss Louisa Vinning, who, when she sang as a child, used to be called "the Infant Sappho," sang a song of mine called "Sing, Birdie, Sing," which was encored, and Miss Stabbach sang another song composed by me called "The Murmuring Sea." In 1850 I had had a few lessons in harmony and composition from Carl Eckert, the composer of the

celebrated *Echo Song*, and I continued my studies with Carl Anschütz, the conductor of the Wednesday Concerts at Exeter Hall. Mr. Santley gave me his valuable co-operation and sang with his future wife, Miss Gertrude Kemble (already mentioned in a former chapter as singing at Miss Burdett-Coutt's soirée), the duet "Crudel perchè" from *Le Nozze di Figaro*. M. Remenyi, the remarkable Hungarian violinist, also appeared, as well as Signor Piatti, the incomparable 'cellist.

At my concert in 1860, which I gave at the Hanover Square Rooms, Madame Catherine Hayes, the great Irish soprano, appeared. One of her songs was composed by a clever amateur, Miss Virginia Gabriel, and was called "The Forsaken." Madame Sainton-Dolby also sang; she was a ballad singer *par excellence*, and was famous in oratorio, and Mendelssohn greatly admired her singing. Her husband, M. Sainton, the well-known violinist, also played at this concert; he was for many years leader of the orchestra at Covent Garden, under Michael Costa.

In 1861 I gave two matinées and a soirée at my house in Queen Anne Street. Among the artists who appeared were the sweet-voiced tenor Signor Gardoni, Signor Delle Sedie, and M. Jules Lefort (both baritones), Mr. Weiss (bass), and the clever pianist Lindsay Sloper, who accompanied the artists and also played a duet with me. About that time he and Mr. Benedict were the most popular accompanists of the day.

At my concert in 1862, Madame Euphrosyne Parepa sang, among others, my song, "Sing, Birdie, Sing." She had an exceptionally high soprano voice and great facility in florid music, and made my songs very popular; but I shall speak of that later on.

In 1863 Louise Leibhart, *prima donna* from the Imperial Opera in Vienna, sang some German songs delightfully. She settled in London and became a great favourite. Miss Emily Soldene also sang at this concert; she was a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, the musical critic of the *Morning Post*, who recommended her to me, and asked me to let her sing. She sang afterwards in Offenbach's light operas, such as the *Grande Duchesse* and *Geneviève de Brabant*, with great success, and made a good reputation. She died last year (1912) at an advanced age. A Swedish singer, Mlle Mathilde Enequist, also sang, and pleased the audience greatly with her Swedish folk-songs, into one of which she worked a lovely shake.

In 1865 I gave a concert at Dudley House, Park Lane, kindly lent me by the Earl of Dudley, who was a great patron and lover of music, especially operas, and became my pupil for singing. He had a pleasant tenor voice and great taste in music generally. At this concert I played a duet for two pianos, an aria from Gounod's *Faust* arranged by G. A. Osborne, with Master (now Sir Frederick) Cowen. He was a

protégé of Lord Dudley's, who sent him to Berlin and Leipzig to finish his musical education.

At my concert in 1866 Madame Parepa sang a new song of mine, called "The Nightingale's Trill," with enormous success. She was the wife of Carl Rosa, and a great oratorio and opera singer. She was a woman of great personal charm and truly sympathetic nature. The success which this song immediately attained was entirely due to her; she had sung it for the first time at the Crystal Palace on March 14th, 1865, and that autumn had made it one of her chief songs during her American tour. The following triple acrostic appeared in the *New York Express*:

TRIPLE ACROSTIC FROM "THE NEW YORK EXPRESS," 1868

E nchantress thou of song! sweet
U ndarken'd be thy sky, good
P ours from thy charmed throat a
H ow poor the term!—a flood, and
R egina thou of hearts, and
O lympus greets its priestess, and
S ister of the Muses! theirs thy
Y et may'st *Rose chérie*, within this
N oon—splendid as thy voice, oh,
E arth's chiefest bliss be thine!

P hilomel, the gods thee kee **P**!
A ngels guard and be ever nea **R**!
R ill of song—a rill, say **I**,
E cho hears, prolongs the char **M**.
P aragon of art, true Prima Donn **A**,
A pollo wreaths doth blen **D**;
R ealm where from us dost g **O**;
O rb—to with us—long re-mai **N**;
S yren, fate shine o'er thy mortal spa **N**,
A lmoner of Music's joys, on fair Parep **A**!

your true friend
Nicephorus Paropa

London 5. th August 1865.

The next winter Madame Parepa wrote and asked me to join her on tour in the United States. To my great regret, I was unable to leave home.

The following year Madame Louisa Pyne, the famous *prima donna*, who was a co-director of the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company, sang for me. Signor Alberto Randegger was one of the accompanists. He became a noted teacher of singing, and was for many years conductor of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and afterwards at Covent Garden, where he principally conducted the classical operas. Unfortunately, Randegger died, after great suffering, in January 1912.

In 1868 a young contralto, Janet Patey, appeared at my concert. She had a beautiful mellow voice, and after Madame Sainton Dolby's death became the leading contralto at all the great London concerts and provincial festivals. From her first appearance onward she sang at all my concerts, and we became great friends. She could sing florid music, and shake extremely well, and her voice had a big compass. In great Italian arias and simple English ballads she was equally good.

At my concert in 1869 Madame Monbelli from Paris appeared among the artists and sang with great charm the Cavatina " Come per me sereno " from *La Sonnambula*. At this concert Madame Norman Neruda, the fine violinist, who after-

wards became Lady Hallé, played in Mendelssohn's D minor trio, in conjunction with M. Paque ('cello), and myself. Miss Edith Wynne, a first-rate Irish ballad-singer, pleased very much, and the two celebrated contraltos, Madame Sainton-Dolby and Madame Patey, also sang. At the present time it would hardly be likely for two such great singers of the same kind of voice to perform at the same concert, and I may consider myself very fortunate in never having had any difficulty in obtaining the kind services of the very best artists.

I do recollect, though, that on one occasion an English contralto, who was announced to sing at one of my concerts at St. James's Hall, found fault because her name was printed on the bills in smaller letters than the names of the Italian opera-singers, who also sang for me on that occasion, and I had some difficulty in pacifying her and persuading her to sing.

To return to my concert in 1869, Mr. Vernon Rigby, a tenor who imitated the style of Sims Reeves very well, also sang, and M. Joseph Wieniawski, brother of Henri Wieniawski, played the duet "Hommage à Handel," by Moscheles, with me. In those days it had great popularity, but now no one plays it, and it is quite forgotten, like many similar compositions.

In June 1870 I gave a big concert at St. James's Hall, at which the greatest singer of the age, Madame Adelina Patti, sang the great

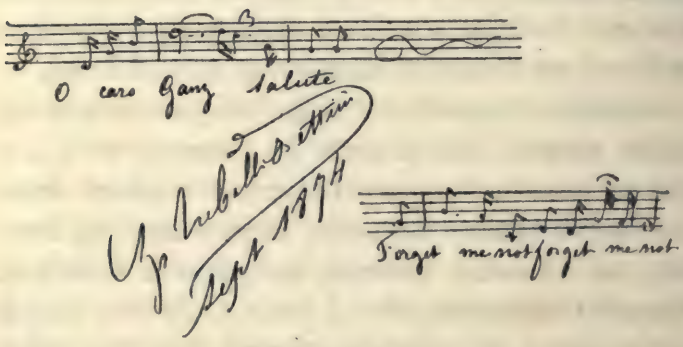
aria "Bel Raggio" from *Semiramide* with embellishments and cadenzas specially written for her by its composer, Rossini, and also my song "The Nightingale's Trill." Needless to say, she created a great sensation, and was loudly encored in both. Later on I shall write a special chapter on this great artiste, who became from that time my staunch friend, and has continued so for forty-three years. This concert was remarkable for the galaxy of operatic stars who appeared, amongst whom was the fine contralto, Madame Scalchi, who sang Italian bravura arias as I had never heard them sung since Alboni.

Madame Trebelli-Bettini, the famous contralto singer, Mlle Carola (a German with an Italian name), Madame Orgeni, a soprano from the Royal Opera, Dresden, Signor Bettini, husband of Madame Trebelli, and Signor Graziani, whom I consider the finest baritone I ever heard, also assisted me, likewise Signor Foli, the Irish bass, whose name was really Foley, but who Italianised it in deference to the custom in those days among English singers.

He was, at any rate, a good Italian scholar, and had studied in Italy. He was also an inveterate gambler, and would bet on the number of flies on the ceiling! He caught a severe cold going to Liverpool to see a musical friend off to America, from which he never recovered, although in outward appearance he was a very strong man. His favourite songs were, among

others, "I'm a Roamer," Gounod's "She alone charmeth my Sadness," and especially Irish ballads, which he sang with a good Irish brogue, such as "Father O'Flynn" and "Off to Philadelphia." He was a true friend to all beginners, and used to give them good advice.

Many years afterwards I went on a tour, with Madame Trebelli and other well-known artists, through England, Scotland, and Ireland. Madame Trebelli was always in the highest



spirits, and full of wit and humour, and we had many amusing supper-parties after the concerts. One day an enormous parcel arrived for Signor Foli, and he started unpacking sheet after sheet of brown paper. At last, amid roars of laughter, he came upon a small piece of brown fat, a delicacy to which he was specially partial!

Madame Trebelli had a curious fancy for collecting a plate from every hotel at which she stayed. These plates were used to decorate her drawing-room in Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

I always made a point of seeing the sights in the cities we visited, and the artists used chaffingly to say, "Now Ganz is off to see a cathedral."

But to return to my concert. Among the instrumentalists was the famous Polish pianist, Chevalier Antoine de Kontski, who played with me a duet of his own arrangement on airs from *Les Huguenots*. One of his compositions, which became famous all over the world, was a pianoforte piece called "Le Réveil du Lion." I believe he was a pupil of the pianist Hummel, who was the conductor of the orchestra at Weimar. Once, when I gave a musical party at my house, he played a rêverie of mine, called *Vision du Passé*, which he had only heard me play once, and he surprised me very agreeably by giving a new and improved version of it from memory. He was not only extremely clever, but full of fun, and very witty.

His habit of wearing several foreign orders across his shirt-front and his being somewhat of a spendthrift earned him the sobriquet of "Der Ritter der Vier Kreutzer." He was always anxious that his appearances on the platform should be signalised by every mark of popular favour, and at his recitals, even in the depth of winter, a large wash-basket would arrive full of wreaths and bouquets of flowers to be handed up to him after he had played. He would spend as much as £15 or £20 a concert on these "floral tributes."

Signor Bevignani, conductor at Covent Garden, was one of my accompanists at this concert.

As I am afraid it may weary my readers if I give too many details of my annual concerts, I will only add a few more of the names of celebrities who assisted me at the succeeding ones. Among them at my concert in 1871 was the *prima donna* Madame Miolan Carvalho, the original Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust* when it was produced in Paris, who had a beautiful voice and brilliant execution; also Mlle Grossi from Berlin, and the incomparable Madame Viardot Garcia, who had already appeared at my concert in 1856 and was over in England again, owing to the war between France and Germany.

While speaking of Madame Viardot Garcia, I may add that in 1867 I was staying at Baden-Baden, then a resort of the most famous artists. At one of the concerts I attended at the Kursaal, Grisi, Mario, and Madame Viardot Garcia all sang. Madame Viardot invited my wife and me to visit her, and I well remember a certain *matinée d'invitation* which she gave at her house, where she had a beautiful music-room, with an organ. We heard delightful music, rendered by Mlle Artôt, Delle Sedie, and de Beriot. Madame Viardot accompanied almost everything herself, and also played the organ in Gounod's "Ave Maria." The Queen of Prussia was present, and praised all the artists. I noticed, among the guests, the famous Russian

novelist Turgenieff—a fine, tall man with a white beard.

Mlle Mathilde Sessi, a brilliant soprano who was then singing at Covent Garden, also sang at my concert in 1871, one of her special rôles being Ophelia in Ambrose Thomas's *Hamlet.* She had long and very beautiful natural fair hair, which was exactly suited to the part. She married Baron Ludwig von Erlanger, of Frankfort, uncle of Baron Frederick d'Erlanger the composer, and soon after retired from the operatic stage. I had also exceptionally fine baritones, Herr Julius Stockhausen, the great singer from Frankfort who gave fine interpretations of Schubert's "Nachtstück," and "Du meine Seele," by Schumann and Signor Cotogni from Covent Garden, the artist who excelled as Figaro in *Il Barbiere.* Signor Tito Mattei, the popular pianist, was one of the accompanists.

A remarkable concert took place in 1872. Among the artists who lent me their aid was the great Teresa Titiens, and also Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, an American soprano, and Mlle Marie Roze. Mlle Roze was a very pretty woman, and Auber wrote the principal part in his latest opera, *Le premier jour de bonheur* for her, which was produced at the Opéra-Comique in Paris. She became very popular, and a great favourite at Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Fancelli, the tenor, and Signor Agnesi, the baritone, also sang at this concert, but one of its sensations was the

singing of the new tenor, Signor Italo Campanini, brother of Signor Cleofante Campanini, lately the principal conductor at Covent Garden, who created as great a furore on his first appearance at Drury Lane in 1872 as Cennaro in *Lucrezia Borgia* as Giuglini did at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1857. Mlle Marie Marimon sang for me in 1873.

My concert in 1874 was remarkable for the first appearance on any concert platform of the young Canadian soprano Mlle Emma Albani. She sang the great scene and aria "Il dolce suono" from *Lucia*, and "O luce di quest'anima" from *Linda di Chamounix*, and received a great ovation. Another of the items on the programme was Gounod's "Ave Maria" on Bach's Prelude, sung by Mlle d'Angeri with violin *obbligato* by Signor Papini, piano by Sir Julius Benedict and harmonium by Signor Randegger—a fine combination which pleased the audience greatly. Mr. Frederick Gye, director of Covent Garden, was present, as he was much interested in Mlle Albani's platform début and wanted to see how she got on at a London concert. His son Ernest afterwards became her husband. She held for many years a distinguished position at the Opera, and no festival was complete without her assistance, nor the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society's concerts, at which she was generally joined by the leading English singers, such as Madame Patey,

Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley—a splendid quartette!

Madame Essipoff, the Russian pianist whom I had introduced at the New Philharmonic Concerts in 1874, played Schumann's duet with me on two pianos, and another item on the programme was a quartette for four performers on two pianos by Benedict played by the composer, Mlle Marie Krebs, Frederick Cowen, and myself.

In 1875 I gave a matinée and a soirée at my house in Harley Street, at which Edward Lloyd sang. This great artist is well remembered by the present generation. For years he was the leading tenor at all the provincial festivals. He took leave of the British public at his farewell concert at the Royal Albert Hall on December 12th, 1900, at which I was one of the conductors in conjunction with Dr. Hans Richter and Sir Edward Elgar. Lloyd was recalled again and again at the end of the concert, and I rushed to the piano and struck up "Auld Lang Syne," which was sung, with clasped hands, by Albani and the rest of the artists, who were Clara Butt, Evangeline Florence, Sarah Berry, Ben Davies, Santley, Kennerley Rumford, Lane Wilson, Plunket Greene, Johannes Wolff, and Gertrude Peppercorn.

I consider that Lloyd retired too early, being still in his full powers, but he told me afterwards he wanted to retire while in his prime without

waiting until he had lost his voice. He lives now at Worthing, where he cultivates the best music and gives concerts for the benefit of the inhabitants of Worthing as a labour of love. I think he has also built a concert-room there. Not long ago he paid me a visit at Brighton, when I was staying there, and he was looking very well and jovial.

At one of my matinées in 1875 Herr Wilhelmj, the famous violinist, and M. Jules de Swert, first violoncellist at the Berlin Opera-house, also appeared, and Herr Auer, from St. Petersburg, played at my concert the next year. He came over to England, after an absence of thirty years, and played at a concert in 1907 given by his clever pupil, Mischa Elman, playing with him a duet by Spohr. I remember Leopold Auer's first visit to England when he was quite a young man, and I used to accompany him at Ella's Musical Union Matinées and other concerts, in the fifties.

Madame Antoinette Sterling sang for me at my concert in 1877. This famous contralto made Sir Arthur Sullivan's song, "The Lost Chord," which he wrote for her, so popular that it is interesting to note that when he first brought it to her she did not like it! Fortunately, however, she changed her mind and the royalties she received from it must have been enormous. I should say there has never been another song that has sold so well. She also made Cowen's

"Better Land" immensely popular, and whenever she sang the old Scotch ditty "Caller Herrin" she used to bring the house down, for no one ever sang it as she did, and her Scotch pronunciation was simply perfect. At this concert a young French violinist, Mlle Marguerite Pommereul, who was recommended to me by Anton Rubinstein, also played. She was very pretty, and a good artiste. The same year, at a concert I gave at Lord Dudley's picture-gallery, I introduced Brahms' beautiful *Liebeslieder Walzer*, the vocal quartette including my old friend William Shakespeare.

CHAPTER V

MY CONCERTS CONTINUED

The Earl of Dudley—My concerts in his picture gallery—Sarasate—The Earl's £20,000 Sèvres dinner-service—His great generosity—A sudden blow—My subsequent concerts—Joseph Hollman—Mary Davies—Minnie Hauk—Alwina Valleria—Maybrick—"Nancy Lee" goes begging—I accompany it for the first time of hearing—Maude Valerie White—"The Devout Lover"—Joseph Maas—Marian Mackenzie—Tremelli—Isidore de Lara—Dudley House again—Nordica—Bottesini—His double-bass—Anecdote of Paganini—Nikita—Zélie de Lussan—Ben Davies—His engagement in *Dorothy*—"The Daisy Chain"——Emma Holmstrand—Elizabeth Parkinson makes her début at my concert.

In 1878 my matinée took place at Dudley House, by kind permission of the Earl of Dudley. Madame Trebelli sang, and Señor Pablo Sarasate played, also joining me in Schumann's splendid Pianoforte Quintette. There is no occasion for me to sing his praises, for all the world knows what a great artist he was, and his much-regretted death in 1908, at the age of sixty-four years, left a gap which has never been filled.

Lord Dudley's picture-gallery, where my concert took place, was hung with the most famous old Italian and Dutch masterpieces. He had just then bought several additional paintings,

and he said to me, "Ganz, when the concert is over, ask your audience to look at the new pictures." These were hung next works by Raphael, Murillo, and other great masters, so the audience had a great artistic treat.

Lord Dudley was genuinely fond of good music, vocal and instrumental, and often gave private concerts in his picture-gallery. He loved to get them up in impromptu fashion, and would say to me, "Ganz, I want to give a musical soirée to-morrow, and you must rush about and get the artists together."

As there were no telephones in those days, my difficulties can be imagined; but I invariably succeeded because most artists, even the opera-singers and first-rate instrumentalists, liked to appear at the house of such a patron of the Arts as Lord Dudley. At these soirées there was frequently a member of the Royal Family present, and everybody listened most attentively to the music. His programmes were always headed "Il più grand' omaggio alla musica e il silenzio!"

On one occasion Lord Dudley had a performance of Gluck's *Iphigenia*, conducted by Charles Hallé; there was a small orchestra, and I was at the piano. Titiens sang the leading rôle and Hallé had engaged a chorus; so it was well given, and produced a great impression.

Lord Dudley was not only a lover of music, but also of painting and sculpture, and he was

particularly fond of china. He bought a blue Sèvres dessert-service at Prince Demidoff's sale in Paris, for which he paid the enormous price of twenty thousand pounds, and he was so pleased with his new acquisition that he invited the Prince and Princess of Wales to a luncheon party at which it was used for the first time.

Lord Dudley himself designed the famous ball-room with alcoves and had small tables placed in them at supper-parties. He told me that he was the first to institute small tables for supper in place of the long buffet which was formerly the fashion.

I used to teach him singing, and gave him lessons three times a week on the tenor songs from the operas. He used to imitate Giuglini, who was the tenor then in vogue, trying to reach high C in falsetto. He studied some operatic duets with me from *Carmen* and other operas, which he afterwards sang with a good operatic soprano. He was very particular and thorough over his music, and dissected every phrase, and asked me about certain forms of the music, and translated the Italian and French texts into English to make the meaning of the words perfectly clear to himself. He really sang with great taste and expression.

After a soirée he used to say to me, "Ganz, bring your bill to-morrow," which I invariably did; but when he looked at the artists' fees he would say they were too small, and write out a

cheque for double the amount. In fact, he was very generous. I often used to ask him for a gift for some deserving charity, and he never once refused. I remember the late Mr. Hancock, the jeweller of Bond Street, used to go to Dudley House with packets of jewellery, which he displayed in the billiard-gallery after dinner. Lord Dudley used to select rings, brooches, necklaces, and so on, and present each lady staying in the house with a bit of jewellery, much to their delight.

After one of our music-lessons he asked me whether I was going to hear Sarah Bernhardt, who was just then drawing all London. I told him I could not get any tickets, and he said: "Go to Mitchell's Library in Bond Street this evening and ask for some. I will tell him to have them ready for you." Presently, without any warning, he swooned away, and did not wake up for at least fifteen minutes. When he had recovered he seemed quite himself, and when his secretary, Mr. Villiers, came into the room and said some one was waiting to see him, he did not appear to be aware that anything had happened. Then he got up and said good-bye to me, and I left the house.

At seven o'clock I went to Mitchell's and asked whether Lord Dudley had been there; they said no, but that they had just heard that he was suddenly taken ill and had had a paralytic stroke. I was thunderstruck, and felt

much distressed on hearing this dreadful news.

His illness lasted for some years, and Lady Dudley nursed him with great devotion. When he died I lost in him a great patron and kind friend, and he could ill be spared in the musical world, as he often helped young artists. His was the only house in those days where the best music and the best artists could be heard.

He had lent me his gallery in 1879 for my annual concert, but, of course, owing to his illness, it could not take place there, so Lady Dudley, with great consideration, asked the Duke of Westminster to lend me Grosvenor House, and he consented. My concert took place in the famous Rubens Room, which in a general way the Duke only lent for charity concerts. M. Marsick, a well-known violinist from Paris, and M. Joseph Hollman, the 'cellist, who was then unknown, took part in it.

At my concert in 1880, which I gave at my own house, Miss Mary Davies sang. She was a great favourite, and excelled in ballad-singing. M. Emile Sauret, the violinist, also assisted me.

In 1881 I gave a concert at the Marlborough Rooms, Regent Street, which was honoured by the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Princess Mary of Teck, our present Queen. One of the artists who sang was the charming Miss Minnie Hauk, who created the part of Catherine in Goetz's opera, *The Taming of the*

Shrew, and was famous as one of the best Carmens in Bizet's opera. She was an American by birth, and spoke several languages fluently, and also excelled in German Lieder. She married Baron W. Hesse de Wartegg, a distinguished traveller and authority on international law, and lives now at Lucerne, in the Villa Triebchen, where Richard Wagner once lived and where he composed part of *Die Meistersinger*.

Among the other artists were Signor del Puente, the well-known baritone from Her Majesty's Theatre, and M. Libotton the 'cellist.

Apropos of Carmen and such emotional parts as Don José, there have been singers on the operatic stage who have been so carried away by the excitement of the rôle they were playing as to become really dangerous. A tenor in particular in the last act of *Carmen*, when Don José, driven mad by jealousy, ends the scene by stabbing Carmen, used to give such a dig as to wound the lady playing the part. The husband thereupon informed the excitable tenor that he would stand in the wings at the next performance with a pistol, adding, "You hurt my wife—I shoot!"

At my concert in 1883, Madame Alwina Valleria was the principal soprano. She was a pupil of Signor Lamperti and Signor Arditi, and became a member of the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. She sang in most of the operas then

in vogue, singing and acting brilliantly. Mr. Michael Maybrick (Stephen Adams), composer of "Nancy Lee" and other popular songs, also sang. I was the first to accompany him in "Nancy Lee," the song being then in manuscript, at a concert at Stratford in Essex, at which I had engaged him to sing. It seems strange that Maybrick, as he told me himself, offered it to one publisher after another, who all declined it, until at last he published it at his own expense, which was a very good move, for it sold in thousands, and he must have made a great deal by it.

Edward Lloyd used to sing two of his best-known songs, "The Holy City" and "The Star of Bethlehem," with great success, and Lloyd told me that his share of the royalties amounted to about £1,500 for the half-year alone.

Maybrick now lives permanently at Ryde, of which he has several times been the mayor.[1]

Madame Trebelli also sang at my concert, and so did my old friend, Charles Santley, as he had done on many former occasions. One of his songs was "The Devout Lover," accompanied by the composer, Miss Maude Valerie White, whose songs I greatly admire; they are always so well written and artistic, and have such fine accompaniments, which she herself plays to perfection.

Among the artists who assisted me in 1884 was Mr. Joseph Maas, who had one of the finest

[1] Mr. Maybrick died since these lines were in print.

tenor voices of any English singer I have ever heard. He was a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company for many years, and was also engaged during the Royal Italian Opera season at Covent Garden. Unfortunately, he died in the very zenith of his career, from a severe cold, caught while out fishing near Birmingham, which developed into pneumonia. In the scarcity of good tenors, he could ill be spared.

At my concert in 1885 Chevalier Wilhelm Kuhe and M. Edouard de Paris assisted me with the accompaniments. Both were distinguished pianists, residing at Brighton at that time. Miss Marion Mackenzie and Mlle Tremelli, from the Royal Italian Opera, also lent me their aid, and so did Mr. Leslie Crotty, a fine baritone from the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

At my concert in 1886, given at my residence in Harley Street, Isidore de Lara, who was then the rage, sang one of his own popular compositions. He was the first singer to make a special feature of sitting down to the piano and accompanying himself at concerts. He used to gaze round the room when singing, and wear a very intense expression, which charmed his fair hearers. At the concert the year after Signor Paolo Tosti accompanied Mr. de Lara in two of his new songs, which was the only time I remember that he stood up to sing. Although such a favourite in London, he settled in Paris, where he has composed several operas, some of which

were successfully produced at Covent Garden and some at Monte Carlo. The inimitable George Grossmith gave one of his amusing sketches at this concert. This good friend sang for me for fifteen consecutive years.

In July 1888 the Countess of Dudley was kind enough to lend me the picture-gallery in Dudley House. My concert that year was notable for the appearance at it of Madame Nordica, the great American *prima donna*, who carried everything before her on the operatic stage, especially in Wagnerian operas. Some years ago, when I was in Munich, I heard her there in the Festspiel Theater as Elsa in *Lohengrin*, and greatly admired her beautiful singing and dramatic acting. Another celebrity at this concert was Signor Bottesini, the wonderful double-bass player, who played some of his own compositions, and joined me in a concerted number. Nobody ever played that unwieldy instrument better than he; it had only three strings instead of four, like an orchestral double-bass. He was a prolific composer, and I once heard an opera of his given at the Lyceum Theatre, when an Italian opera company came over here for a short season. I remember hearing him play a *duo concertante* with Signor Sivori, who was a pupil of Paganini. I often accompanied Sivori, and have referred to him in another part of this book. Apropos of Paganini, my father told me, when he conducted Paganini's concert

at Mainz, which was given at the theatre there, he invited my father to dinner before the concert. At dinner he drank too much champagne, and after almost every piece he played he had to retire behind the scenes and be violently ill —how he could have played under the circumstances, feeling so uncomfortable, is a marvel to me, as it was also to my father, who always spoke of him with the highest praise and admiration.

But I am getting away from my own concerts. In 1889 Nikita, a young American soprano, appeared, and sang my song "Sing, sweet Bird" most brilliantly. M. Johannes Wolff, the violinist, played the "Andante Religioso" by Thomé, and the "Polonaise" by Laub. I knew Herr Laub when he was in London in 1848. Balfe had engaged him to play the violin solo parts in the ballets at Her Majesty's Theatre in those days.

In 1890 there appeared at my concert another young American soprano, Miss Zélie de Lussan. She sang at Her Majesty's the title-rôle of *Carmen* to perfection. At the same concert Mr. Ben Davies sang for me and made a great hit in Sullivan's "Come, Margherita, come" from *The Martyr of Antioch*. Ben Davies sang for some years in the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and after poor Maas's death and Edward Lloyd's retirement he remained the most sought-after tenor in the profession. From the beginning

of his career we have always been the very best of friends.

After he left the Carl Rosa Opera Company he was offered an engagement in *Dorothy*, which he hardly liked to accept, having been principal tenor in grand opera. However, when he mentioned the facts to me I advised him to accept the offer, which I said would do him no harm as an artist, and he eventually did so and made a great hit. After the first year he received an increased salary, and remained for several years at the Prince of Wales's.

Ben Davies has always been very punctual at his numerous concert engagements, and never disappointed the public, and I can say the same thing of Sir Charles Santley, Madame Patey, and Mr. Edward Lloyd.

"I seek for thee in every Flower," a tenor song of mine, has been frequently sung by Edward Lloyd and Ben Davies, as well as by singers not perhaps so well known to fame. It was one of these who, being asked what he was going to sing at a village concert, wrote that he had chosen "I seek for thee" (in A flat). In the programme it accordingly appeared as "Song—'I seek for thee in a flat'—W. Ganz"!

At one of my concerts my daughter Georgina made her first appearance with success. She sang "La Partenza," by Rossini, "Adieux de l'hôtesse Arabe," by Bizet, "Du bist wie eine Blume," by Rubinstein, and my own song, "I

seek for thee in every Flower." Next day the *Daily Telegraph* gave her a very good notice.

I have written these particulars of my various concerts in order to mention the names of the artists who so kindly assisted me with their valuable services, and also, I hope, to interest my readers. The concerts of the next few years included such names as Madame Nordica, Miss Margaret Macintyre, Miss Marie Engle, and the Sisters Ravogli, Madame Clara Butt, Eugène Oudin, M. Plançon, and Mr. (now Sir) Henry J. Wood accompanied at my concert in 1894. The Jubilee Concert I gave in 1898 was such an extraordinary one that I may be forgiven for writing of it in detail elsewhere.

My concert in 1900 took place at the handsome Empress Rooms at the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington. A newcomer was Herr John Forsell, a Swedish baritone, from the Royal Opera, Stockholm, who made a successful appearance. He is a good-looking man, with a fine voice, and was engaged at Covent Garden, where he sang with great success in *Don Giovanni*.

At my concert in 1901, amongst other items on the programme was a charming song-cycle called "The Daisy Chain," by the versatile Madame Liza Lehmann. It was sung by Miss Evangeline Florence, Miss Edna Thornton, Mr. Gregory Hast, and Mr. Richard Green, and pleased the audience immensely. Madame Blanche Marchesi

and Miss Ada Crossley also sang; Señor Rubio the 'cellist played.

On June 28th, 1904, I gave my concert at the New Æolian Hall in Bond Street, and a young Swedish singer named Mlle Emma Holmstrand made a most successful appearance. In 1895 my concert took place at the house of Mrs. Frederick Beer, in Chesterfield Gardens, and I had a wonderful array of singers, including Madame Clara Butt.

This house contained many art-treasures, including Millais's fine early painting in the Preraphaelite style, "The Carpenter's Shop." I knew Millais well, and often visited his studio, as I did that of Lord Leighton. The last time I saw Millais was at a Levee; he was almost unable then to speak, but he pointed to a medal at his breast and said, "This is the medal worn by Sir Joshua Reynolds when he was President of the Royal Academy."

In 1903 a young American singer, Miss Elizabeth Parkinson, made her first appearance at my concert, and had a most successful début. She had been introduced to me by Madame Mathilde Marchesi, the eminent teacher, in Paris, whose pupil she was. I heard her first at my house, and was so pleased with her voice and style that I at once asked her to sing for me.

On many occasions young artistes have been recommended to me by their lady friends, who were not the slightest good when I heard them,

and if I had introduced them for engagements people would have said, "Ganz has sent me another of his protégées who has no claim whatever to be heard," so I always took the precaution of first hearing them sing or play myself. In the case of Miss Parkinson I was delighted with her voice at once. She sang "Depuis le Jour" from Charpentier's *Louise*, which had not then been heard in London, and sang it most beautifully. Her voice is a very flexible, high soprano. She was afterwards engaged at Covent Garden, and changed her name to Parkina.

My friend Sir George Alexander kindly gave some recitations at this concert, and in 1905 I was assisted by the great French actress Madame Réjane. I remember that M. Plançon was so carried away by his song, "The Two Grenadiers," that he forgot he was not on the stage, and at the end made a dramatic gesture with his arm to emphasise the devotion of the old veteran to his Emperor.

CHAPTER VI

CHAMBER CONCERTS

John Ella, his great work for music—His musical union concerts at Willis's Rooms and St. James's Hall—Joachim—Madame Clara Schumann—Sir Charles Hallé—He first hears Madame Norman Neruda play—My quartette concerts—First appearance of Madame Camilla Urso and Madame Conneau—Sir Augustus Manns—Carl Rosa and his opera company—I become a director.

I REMEMBER that in the first years of my residence in London there was only one series of concerts of chamber music, given by the late Mr. John Ella, who was the originator and director of the Musical Union, founded in 1845, at which the most celebrated instrumentalists appeared, such as Madame Clara Schumann, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Joachim, Henri Wieniawski, Hallé, Rubinstein, Piatti, and many others, who thus had an opportunity of being heard in London to the best advantage by an artistic audience.

John Ella was the first concert-giver to introduce analytical programmes, in which he gave biographical and other notes about the various players. These programmes were an excellent guide to the listeners, as the various movements

L'ANALYSE.

Souvenir of the Musical Union (Ninth Season), from a Lithograph.

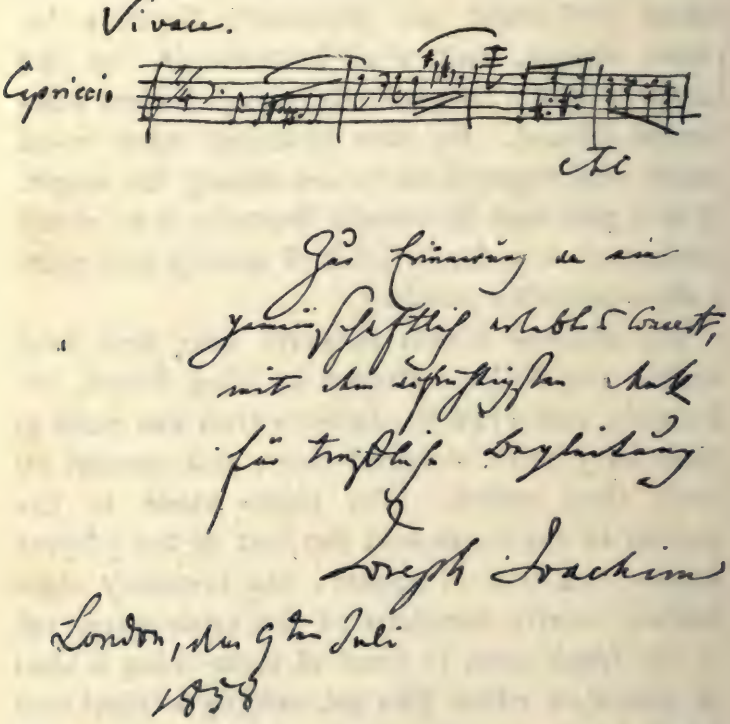
Bazzini. H. Blagrove. Goffrié. J. Blumenthal. Vieuxtemps. Lazarus. S. Pratten. Jarrett. F. Hiller, Barret. Baumann. Lindpaintner. Dr. Spohr. Molique. H. Berlioz. Ella.

of the concerted numbers were also explained and extracts from the music given, as they are to-day in the Queen's Hall programmes. At his own annual matinée Ella always had Beethoven's Septette for strings and wind instruments performed and Hummel's Septette for piano, strings, and wind instruments, for the latter of which he generally engaged some celebrated pianist. He also included some vocal music, and engaged me to accompany the singer. It is a pity that Hummel's Septette is so rarely performed now, for it is full of melody and quite a show-piece for pianists.

The Musical Union concerts were first held at the Old Willis's Rooms in King Street, St. James's, and when St. James's Hall was built in 1858 they were removed there and carried on until they ended. The piano stood in the middle of the room and the rest of the players sat by in a sort of square; the honorary committee, mostly members of the aristocracy, sat in the front rows, in front of them being a kind of throne on which Ella sat, smiling to right and left of him at the distinguished people and applauding the performers. Truth to tell, they generally rather laughed at him, but he really did an immense amount of good by making classical music popular.

I accompanied the artists at several of these concerts, and I well remember the first time I had the honour of playing for the great violinist

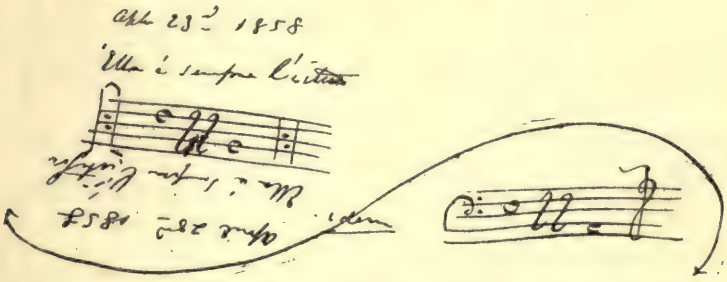
Joseph Joachim. On the morning of the concert I went to him at 8.30 and rehearsed Beethoven's Romance in G with him, before breakfast. I find he wrote in my album at that time :



The prices at Ella's subscription concerts were rather high, and they were not supported by the general public. When Arthur Chappell came on the scene and started the Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts he was anxious to get many of the artists who had been for so many years associated with Ella—and these all left

Ella and accepted engagements with Chappell—Ella complained bitterly to me of their "ingratitude," as he called it. They were Madame Schumann, Madame Arabella Goddard, Joachim, and Charles Hallé—who, as Ella told me, had played sixty-six times for him. So, as these artists were not allowed by their contracts to play for him any more, Ella retired from active operations in a year or two and never resumed them again. His idea of having analytical programmes, however, has ever since been utilised for most of the Chamber Concerts given in this country.

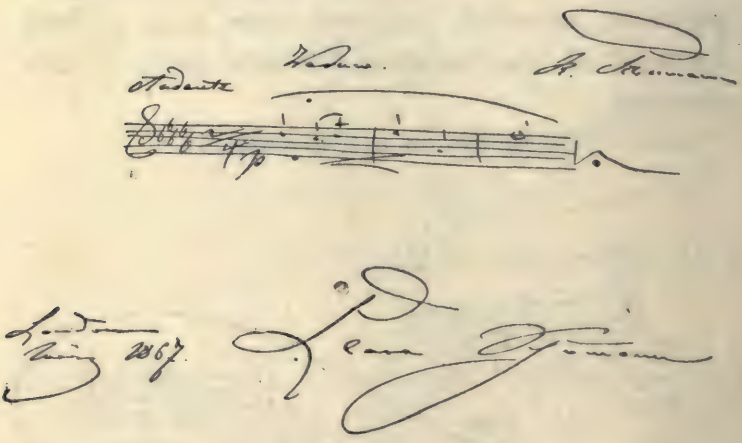
Ella's inscription in my album is:



Mr. J. W. Davison wrote the Books of Words for Chappell's Concerts, more musical extracts being given, and after his death they were written by Joseph Bennett. The Chappell concerts encouraged the taste for instrumental chamber music, and were carried on for many years with the greatest success. Many famous artists appeared at them; Madame Norman Neruda, who became Lady Hallé, was one of

their mainstays. I used to call her " the Madame Schumann of the violin."

I was often at the Popular Concerts when Madame Schumann played, and when she retired from the platform the audience used to throw so many bouquets at her that she stood among a mass of beautiful flowers to bow her acknowledgments. Sir Julius Benedict acted as conductor for many years.



It was always a delight to me to hear Madame Clara Schumann play ; her reading of Beethoven was emphatically " masculine," and at the same time full of expression and refinement.

She was the devoted exponent of her husband's music, and I shall never forget the impression she made on me in his splendid quintette in E flat with Joachim, Piatti, Riess, and Howell, nor the " Carnival " and " Kriesleriana," and,

above all, her wonderful performance of his Pianoforte Concerto in A minor.

She had beautiful blue eyes and very expressive features, and sweetness showed in every line of her face. In her latter days she was slightly deaf, but could hear music very well, and had no difficulty in joining in concerted numbers. She lisped slightly in her speech.

In England and Germany she was constantly associated with Joachim, and their playing of the "Kreutzer Sonata" was a *tour de force.* I first knew Joachim when I was a boy of sixteen; I met him at a soirée given by Balfe at his house in Bruton Street. I remember that, on one occasion, when he played the "Kreutzer Sonata" with Anton Rubinstein, at one of Ella's Musical Union Matinées, he was very angry with Rubinstein for taking the last movement at such a terrific rate, and said he would never play it with him again. I was present at the time, and I think Joachim was quite right. Rubinstein was of such an exuberant disposition that he really could not help himself, and was carried away by his enthusiasm.

Joachim was always kind to young students, and gave them encouragement and advice. He was a pupil of Spohr, and played his master's concertos and salon pieces, which have now gone out of date.

I recollect that, when rehearsing Maurer's Concerto for four violins, which I was accom-

panying, he stopped the rehearsal and said he would not play it, as it was too trivial!

He was the first to play Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto at one of the Philharmonic Society's concerts.

Sir Charles Hallé, like Benedict, was a very active and industrious man, who, besides playing the works of the classical masters, such as the whole of Beethoven's Sonatas by heart, conducted the celebrated Free Trade Hall Orchestral Concerts at Manchester. He did a great deal to cultivate musical taste in that town, giving his audiences the best singers and instrumentalists, and also did fine work through his various tours with his orchestra in the provinces. No foreign artist of note came to England without receiving an engagement from Hallé to appear at his concerts, and as a pianist he excelled in Beethoven, Mozart, and Schubert, and made the compositions of Stephen Heller known in England.

In 1869 he sat next to me at one of the Philharmonic Concerts among the audience in St. James's Hall, when Madame Norman-Neruda played a violin concerto in place of M. Henri Vieuxtemps, who was prevented by illness from playing, and he recommended her to the directors as his deputy. She was so successful that poor Vieuxtemps had no chance of appearing again at those concerts that season. Hallé had not heard her before, and was charmed with her

playing. As every one knows, she afterwards became his wife.

Madame Neruda had already appeared in London as a child, in 1849. She made a great name, not only in London but all over the country; she was a great favourite at Chappell's Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts, and sometimes played duets by Spohr with Joachim. She died in Berlin, where she had settled, in 1911, and by her death the world lost a great artist.

Hallé asked me some years ago to teach his son Clifford the piano, which I did.

In 1872 I felt the want of quartette concerts on Saturday evenings, although we had the famous Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts, so I thought it might be a good opportunity to give six Chamber Concerts, under my own direction. The first took place on February 24th, 1872, at St. George's Hall. My quartette consisted of Messrs. Joseph Ludwig, Jung, Hann, and Paque. I was the pianist and played in conjunction with these artists—except Jung, who was not required—Weber's rarely heard Quartette in B flat, Op. 5, which was much appreciated by my audience, as well as other vocal and instrumental music. At my second concert an Italian violinist, Madame Camilla Urso, who had been recommended to me as a clever player, made her first appearance in England and made a very favourable impression,

on the strength of which I engaged her again for the third concert, at which a charming French vocalist, Madame Conneau, made her début. She sang a cycle of beautiful songs in manuscript, composed expressly for and dedicated to her by Rossini, entitled, "Regatta Veneziana," and also a song called "Le Printemps," composed expressly for her by Gounod —of course by now everybody knows this charming song, which is a favourite still. The Empress Eugénie was a great friend of this singer, her husband being Dr. Conneau, Physician to the Emperor Napoleon III. She sang with great taste, and was an extremely handsome woman. On this occasion M. Edouard de Paris, an esteemed professor of the piano at Brighton, was the pianist, and played in Schumann's Quartette in E flat, which pleased enormously.

For the fifth concert I engaged Herr Professor Hugo Heermann, from Frankfort, as violinist, and he led the quartettes with great distinction.

The last concert of the season took place on March 30th, Mlle Carola, a very gifted soprano, being one of the singers. Signor Randegger conducted, as he had done before on several occasions. I played, with young Frederick H. Cowen, Schumann's "Andante con Variazioni," a pianoforte duet for two pianos.

These concerts were thoroughly successful from an artistic point of view, and I had introduced as much new talent as possible; but, owing

to the want of financial support, I could not carry them on. This only proves that musical people must not speculate in concert-giving, but leave it to music-sellers, or other speculators, who have a large capital to work on and so can carry on their concerts for many years.

When I first saw Sir Augustus Manns (then Mr. A. Manns) he was a member of the Crystal Palace orchestra, conducted by Herr Schallehn, wearing a uniform, and the band played under a stand in the open air. Manns helped the conductor by arranging his compositions for the orchestra which Herr Schallehn put on the programmes as his own. Later on Manns became the conductor himself, and after a little while he and the members of his orchestra were allowed by the directors to discard their uniforms for ordinary civilian dress. It was then that Manns instituted the celebrated Saturday afternoon concerts, which he conducted with so much zeal and ability for so many years. He first brought out the orchestral works of Arthur Sullivan, Frederick Cowen, Alexander Mackenzie, Hubert Parry, Sir George Macfarren, Frederick Corder, Edward German, Villiers Stanford, Max Bruch, and many others. All the best pianists and violinists of the world appeared at these concerts, and the symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Raff, and Brahms were often heard there.

A great guide to the public were the analytical

programmes, written in masterly style by the late Sir George Grove, of *The Musical Dictionary*. He it was who discovered Schubert's " Unfinished Symphony " in Vienna.

Manns worked for the music at the Crystal Palace with untiring energy and absorbing interest for fifty years. When Sir Michael Costa died he was appointed conductor of the Handel Festivals, which he directed with his accustomed ability. Probably nowhere else in the world were finer performances given of Handel's oratorios, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and Haydn's *Creation* than those at the Crystal Palace, but I have spoken of them already in my remarks about Sir Michael Costa.

It was in the seventies that my great friend, Carl Rosa, by a rare combination of musical gifts with energy and enthusiasm, established the reputation of the opera company to which he gave his name. Besides the work of management, he also conducted the operas himself with real sympathy and ability. After a season at the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street in 1875, he opened in the following year at the Lyceum, when the chief feature was the English production of *The Flying Dutchman* with Charles Santley in the title-rôle and Mlle Torriani as Senta.

Carl Rosa was the first to give real encouragement to English composers, and in the same year produced a new opera by young Frederick Cowen

called *Pauline*. In 1883, at Drury Lane Theatre, he produced *Esmeralda*, a charming work by Goring Thomas, which he had commissioned him to write, and thus gave this musical genius his first opportunity of being heard. This opera has been revived since, and has always captivated those who heard it. The same year saw the production of *Colomba*, an opera by Alexander Mackenzie, with that gifted artist Madame Alwina Valleria in the chief part. In 1885 she created the part of Nadeshda in the opera by Goring Thomas, which again exhibited his brilliant talents. Villiers Stanford's *Canterbury Pilgrims*, Mackenzie's *Troubadour*, and Corder's *Nordisa* were other new works produced by him, while he gave the first performances in English of Wagner's *Rienzi*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, and Verdi's *Aïda*.

Carl Rosa used often to discuss his plans and consult with me on the introduction of novelties. Among the artists introduced to the English operatic stage by Carl Rosa were Minnie Hauk, who was a remarkable Katherine in Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, Marie Roze, who became a great favourite, and Julia Gaylord, a sympathetic Mignon, Clara Perry with a charming voice (she later became Mrs. Ben Davies), and Mlle Zélie de Lussan.

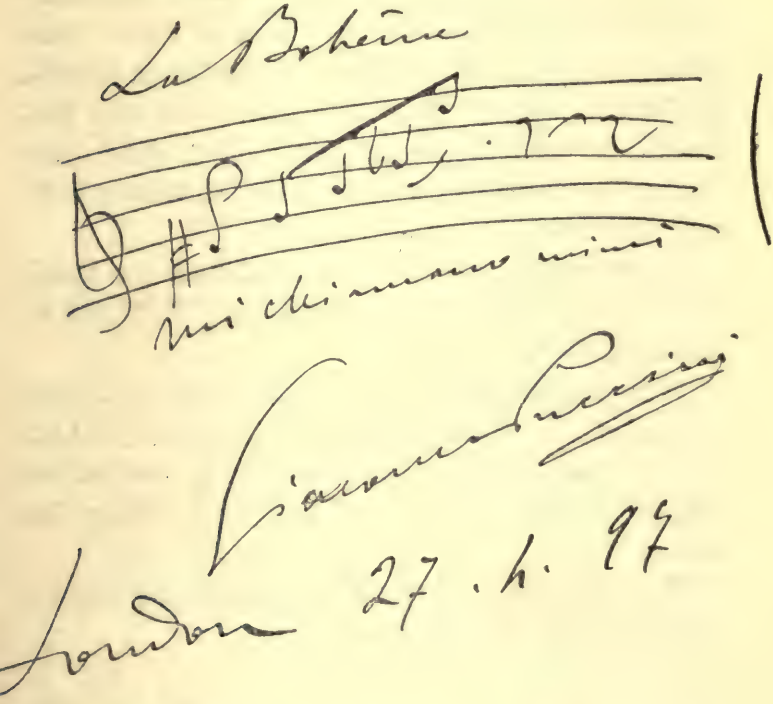
Mlle Zélie de Lussan, who became a great star in the company, made a brilliant success as Carmen, and as Maria in *The Daughter of the*

Regiment. She is one of the most versatile operatic artists on the English stage, and an excellent linguist. I know that she has sung Carmen in three different languages, and Marguerite in *Faust* in Italian and English, with equal effect.

The castes were also very strong on the men's side, including such names as Joseph Maas, the lamented tenor, whose career was, alas, so short, my valued and esteemed friend Ben Davies, Barton McGuckin, Leslie Crotty, and William Ludwig.

To show the interest Joseph Maas took in his stage work, I remember that he shaved off his moustache to sing the part of des Grieux in *Manon* when it was first given here. Shortly afterwards, at an At Home given by Sir Charles Hallé, the host said to my wife, "Who is that gentleman over there standing in the doorway?" and when she told him it was Joseph Maas he was astonished, and said, "Oh, I didn't know him!"

It was a real tragedy that poor Carl Rosa was cut off in the prime of life, but English people will never forget the debt they owe him. In 1891, two years after his lamented death, I joined the Board of Directors and worked very hard for the company, endeavouring to bring out new operas and get the best artists possible. We gave Hamish MacCunn's *Jeanie Deans* in Edinburgh, and at a special season at Daly's

Theatre, London, in 1894, Humperdinck's masterpiece *Hänsel and Gretel*, was produced in English and won immediate recognition by its exquisite charm and musicianship. Mozart's youthful opera *Bastien and Bastienne* was given each evening with *Hänsel and Gretel*.

I was instrumental in having Puccini's *La Bohême* first performed in England (in English) at Manchester, where the company remained several weeks; also some of Wagner's later operas, such as *Siegfried*, *The Meistersinger*, and *Tristan and Isolde*, and Verdi's *Otello*, in which Madame

Ella Russell created the part of Desdemona. All these difficult operas were splendidly performed, and they were highly appreciated by the provincial public. I was always on the look-out for new artists, and engaged Madame Saville, who was a fine soprano, and Mr. Hedmont, who took some of the principal tenor parts, especially in the Wagner operas. Of course there were plenty of parts left for the popular tenor Barton McGuckin. Miss Alice Esty also won her first successes with the company. The chief conductor of late years was Herr Eckhold, who performed his duties admirably.

In 1891 we organised a special tour for Marie Roze's farewell and engaged Henry J. Wood to conduct the orchestra.

The company used to give a season of several weeks at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, which was at that period its own property, and visited Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, and other big cities.

Mrs. Carl Rosa, who was also a director, worked indefatigably for the company.

CHAPTER VII

MY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

I take over the New Philharmonic Concerts—The first concert, April 18th, 1874—Mlle Marie Krebs—John Francis Barnett's "A Winter's Tale"—First appearance of Madame Essipoff—Her beauty—"Dear Mama Ganz, I am simply famished"—Titiens—Her compliment to me—Trebelli—Jean de Reszke appears as a baritone—Von Bülow—Rubinstein plays his own Concerto—Braga—Rosavella *née* Roosevelt—Janotha—Sarasate—Wagner's "Waldweben"—First appearance of Saint-Saëns—Wieniawski—Berlioz's *Harold*—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh come to hear "Egmont"—New overture by Alice Mary Smith—Ganz's Orchestral Concerts—Sauret—Marie Roze—Montigny-Rémaury—First appearance of Herbert Reeves—Sims Reeves's offer to me—His wonderful singing at my concert—First appearance of Sophie Menter—First performance of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*—Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet*—Gluck's *Orpheus*—Menter's eccentricity—Her cat, "Klecks"—First performance of Liszt's *Dante*—First appearance of Agnes Huntington—First appearance of Vladimir de Pachmann—End of the concerts—My difficulties.

I NOW come to a stage in my career which I may be forgiven for regarding as the proudest period of my association with music in England.

At the beginning of December 1873 there was a meeting of the Council of the New Philharmonic Society, of which I was a member, at Dr. Wylde's residence, when he informed the meeting that he wished to give up the New

Philharmonic Orchestral Concerts, as he had carried them on long enough and wished to retire from the direction.

I thought over this matter and next day called on Dr. Wylde and asked him what he wanted for the title, and whether he would let me have the concerts, and also about particulars of subscription. I knew I had it in me to conduct them, but Dr. Wylde was undecided about giving them to me; so I called repeatedly on Dr. Frederick Davison, the hon. treasurer, and he had several interviews with Dr. Wylde and myself.

At last, on December 19th, we came to an agreement which was signed by Dr. Wylde and myself and by Frederick Davison as a witness, for us to carry on the concerts conjointly under the following conditions. Dr. Wylde was to conduct the symphonies and I the overtures, the vocal music and the instrumental concertos. The agreement was for six years, commencing from the season 1874. On December 20th there was a meeting of the society at St. George's Hall, and Dr. Wylde announced that the concerts would be carried on by us both, and on December 22nd the first advertisement appeared in the *Times* of the New Philharmonic Concerts, with the names of the conductors, Dr. Wylde and Herr Ganz.

On Saturday, April 18th, 1874, the first concert took place at St. James's Hall. I conducted

the overture to Weber's *Euryanthe*, the C minor pianoforte concerto of Beethoven played by Mlle Marie Krebs (she was the daughter of Kapellmeister Krebs, of the Dresden Opera, and a very fine player), and the "Friedensfeier" overture by Reinecke, the conductor of the famous Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, besides conducting the charming vocal pieces by Mlle Marimon and Mlle Scalchi, both from Covent Garden. Dr. Wylde conducted one of Beethoven's symphonies. Everything went without a hitch and I received kind congratulations from everybody, and was more than glad of the opportunity of conducting such a fine band of musicians.

At the second concert I began with the "Egmont" overture. Sir Julius Benedict's new symphony in G minor was performed with success, and Mlle Krebs gave a fine rendering of Schubert's Fantasia orchestrated by Liszt.

At the third concert M. Duvernoy from Paris was the pianist, and at the next Mlle d'Angeri, a fine soprano from Vienna and at that time at Covent Garden, was the singer. Her real name was Angermayer, but she had Italianised it so as to sing in Italian Opera.

At the fifth concert I conducted the fine overture called "A Winter's Tale" by John Francis Barnett, which pleased the audience very much. I was at Barnett's début when he came out, almost as a boy, at the New Philharmonic

Concerts—then conducted by Dr. Wylde—and played Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor. He was then a student at the Royal Academy of Music, and one of Dr. Wylde's own pupils. He has composed a great many works, one of which is a cantata called *The Ancient Mariner*, which was, I believe, written for one of the Birmingham Festivals, and has been performed all over the country.

The particular star at this concert was the celebrated pianist, Madame Annette Essipoff, who then made her first appearance in England and achieved a stupendous success in Chopin's E minor Concerto. She was recommended to me by Dr. Hans von Bülow, from St. Petersburg, as a "*she* star," and on that recommendation I engaged her at once. She was a pupil of Professor Leschetizsky of St. Petersburg, and became his wife. Her playing was delightful; rarely have I heard better, and she played with intense feeling. The audience were delighted, and I engaged her at once for the next concert. She was a most attractive-looking woman, with a beautiful complexion and very sweet smile—in fact, I hardly ever saw a more fascinating-looking pianist. She had only one fault—if it is a fault—and that was that she was always hungry. She often came to us, at 12 o'clock at night, after having been previously to a dinner-party, saying to my wife, "Dear Mama Ganz, I'm simply famished—have you got something to

eat?" The servants had long gone to bed, so my wife had to run down to the kitchen and fetch up some provisions to appease the appetite of Madame Essipoff. It was a great joke between us all.

Leschetizsky has now settled at Vienna. He was the teacher of Paderewski and of many other great pianists, and pupils go to him from all parts of the world. He once told me that he taught Paderewski *gratis*, and the young pianist, in gratitude, gave him a gold watch. I met him frequently in London. He was a contemporary of Liszt and all the musical celebrities of the century, and is full of anecdotes. He was a great favourite here, having often played at John Ella's and other concerts.

At the sixth concert Madame Regan-Schimon was the vocalist and sang "Lieder" by Schubert in beautiful style. Madame Essipoff made her second appearance and played Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor, achieving another triumph. Since Rubinstein played this concerto at one of these concerts no one has ever had such a success in it as she had. She also played Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia," then little known here, with great fire and brilliance. After Madame Essipoff had left England she wrote me a letter in German, in which she said:

"Last night, at half-past twelve at night, I knocked and rang for a long, long time at your

door, but it would not open to me any more. I am *very* sorry not to have seen you again before going away. . . . A thousand heartfelt thanks for your friendship for me; I know how to appreciate it."

Madame Marie Roze and Signor Foli were the singers. Madame Roze came from the Opéra-Comique in Paris, where she was a great favourite, and Auber wrote one of his last operas, *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, for her. Being a very handsome woman, whenever she appeared in public she captivated her hearers.

At the seventh concert I conducted Signor Schira's overture to his opera, *The Lord of Burleigh*. Apart from being a successful composer, he was one of the most sought-after singing professors. Frederick Cowen's "Festal Overture" was also performed under my direction, and Alfred Jaell, a distinguished pianist of immense girth but with an exquisite touch, played Schumann's Concerto in A minor. Mlle Titiens sang the aria "Non mi dir" from *Don Giovanni* with overpowering effect, and on leaving the platform she said to me in German, "Mit Ihnen braucht man nicht zu probieren" (With you it is unnecessary to rehearse) as we had not had a rehearsal. I thought this a great compliment, and felt very proud of it.

At the eighth concert Madame Trebelli-Bettini sang, and so did Signor de Reschi, who my readers will know better as M. Jean de Reszke.

He was then a baritone, and sang the aria "Sei vendicata" from *Dinorah*, and the duet "In questo suolo" from *La Favorita* with Madame Trebelli-Bettini. She was the wife of Signor Bettini, a good tenor who sang at the opera with Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre. De Reszke's change from a baritone to a great and popular tenor I have alluded to elsewhere.

At the second concert of the following season (1875), Dr. Hans von Bülow played the C minor Concerto of Bach, for two pianos, with Mrs. Beesley, a gifted pupil of his, and also Schumann's Andante con Variazioni duet for two pianos, which pleased the audience very much. I speak of him in a later chapter.

Herr Wilhelmj, the great violinist, played at the concert on May 22nd. He was the leader at the first Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, and the Belgian violinist, M. Jules de Swert, played on June 5th. On June 19th Charles Santley sang and Alfred Jaell gave a superb performance of Brahms' glorious Concerto in D minor, which he had helped to make famous abroad.

A noteworthy event of the season of 1876 was the first appearance at these concerts, on May 27th, of the great pianist Anton Rubinstein, who played his own Concerto in D minor with enormous success. Mlle Thekla Friedländer and Mlle Redeker sang some pretty duets by Rubinstein. Mlle Redeker had a beautiful contralto voice, and later on she settled in London

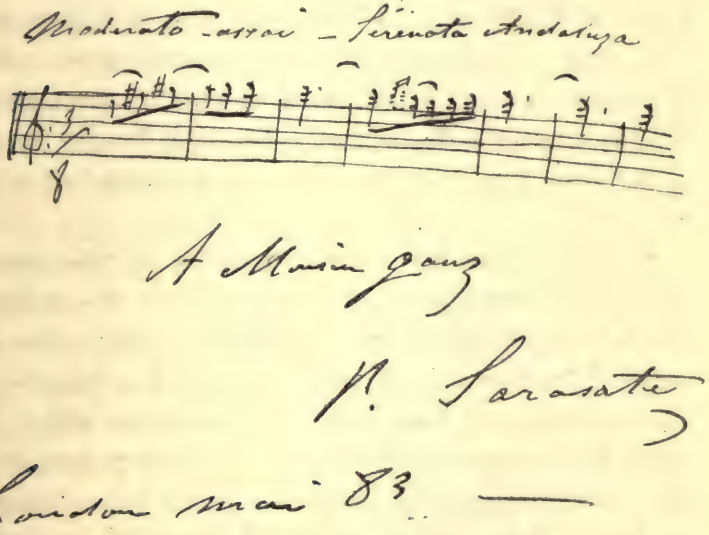
and got on very well, being much in request in fashionable circles. She married Dr. Felix Semon, the eminent throat specialist. The 'cellist and composer, Signor Gaetano Braga, appeared at another concert. He is principally known to fame through his notorious "Serenata."

In the next season (1877) I performed the overture to Wagner's *Meistersinger* and his *Huldigungs Marsch*, which he dedicated to King Louis of Bavaria. These works were not then much known in London and they attracted a large audience. Herr Arnim von Bœhme, from Dresden, sang "Siegmund's Liebeslied" from *Die Walküre*, and a young English singer, Miss Elene Webster, "Elizabeth's Prayer" from *Tannhäuser*. I also gave the *Flying Dutchman* overture. I relate in a subsequent chapter how I met Richard Wagner at Schott's music-shop at this time and showed him the concert-bills.

That fine artist, Herr George Henschel, sang at one of the concerts, and at another I was pleased to introduce the violinist, M. Paul Viardot, son of Madame Viardot Garcia.

M. Joseph Wieniawski, brother of the great Henri, played Litolff's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat with great brilliancy of effect. This concerto was the favourite show-piece of most continental pianists, but it never found favour with the English press; in fact, when Von Bülow came out at one of the New Philharmonic Con-

certs, though he played it magnificently, it did not find favour, and has never been played in later years. Mlle Rosavella made her first appearance in England and sang an aria by Mozart and some German songs extremely well. She was considered a beauty, and her real name was Roosevelt. She was related to the American President. Lord Dudley, who thought it would



be to her benefit to sing at these concerts, introduced her to me. She gave up singing in later years and took to literary work. The violinist, Herr Auer, also appeared.

In 1878 Señor Pablo Sarasate played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and the "Rondo Capriccioso" by Saint-Saëns. The last movement of the Mendelssohn Concerto he played at

lightning speed, but every note came out most clearly. Sarasate was a most modest man, and gave himself no airs. His playing was always a great treat to listen to, and at this concert it was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

On May 18th a young Polish pianist, Mlle Janotha, a pupil of Madame Schumann, played Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor with rare intelligence and power. It was her first appearance in England. She showed the influence of the style of her distinguished instructress. At the same concert M. Marsick played the beautiful Violin Concerto in G minor by Max Bruch, who was over here at the time and attended my concerts.

Sarasate was again the violinist at the next concert, when he played Beethoven's Concerto. He was rather reluctant to play it, and, when I asked him the reason, said that, as Joachim was in London and had played it lately, he did not wish to compete with him ; but I over-persuaded him, and he played it superbly. The only change in *tempo* from the beaten track was that he took the last movement quicker, in which his exceedingly light bowing was a revelation of fairy-like delicacy. He also played his own effective *Faust* Fantasia. Our great English contralto, Madame Patey, was the singer on that occasion, and I conducted a new overture by the Hungarian composer, Baron Bódog D'Orczy, from his opera *The Renegade*. It is a fine composition,

written quite in the modern style. His little daughter Emma was often with him ; she has since attained great popularity as the authoress of *The Scarlet Pimpernel.*

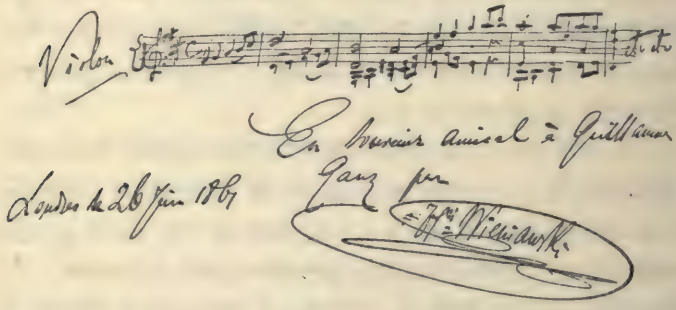
I also included Wagner's then little-known work, the exquisite "Waldweben" from *Siegfried,* in the programme. I remember at the rehearsal, on going through it with the orchestra, there were some difficult passages for the reed instruments, in imitation of the notes of the bird, which have to be played in $\frac{4}{4}$ time against $\frac{9}{8}$ of the rest of the band. As they did not get them right, I took up Mr. Pollitzer's violin and showed them how the passages ought to go, and they all applauded me.

The concert on June 15th was most interesting, for it was the occasion of the first appearance in England at an orchestral concert of the celebrated French composer and pianist, M. Camille Saint-Saëns. I had engaged him to come over from Paris and play one of his own concertos, not previously heard here, the now well-known one in G minor, No. 2, which was afterwards to become a favourite piece of all the great pianists at home and abroad. Needless to say, the audience was enchanted.

I was thus the first to have given Saint-Saëns the opportunity of playing one of his concertos here, and I continued to engage him for three consecutive seasons. None of the London Orchestral Societies gave him the chance of

being heard at their concerts, and I am therefore very proud of having brought him before the public. I have alluded elsewhere to him, and I much treasure a valuable breast-pin which he presented to me.

At the request of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, I engaged a young Swedish singer, Mlle Riego, to sing for this concert. Madame Jenny Lind selected the songs for her herself, as she was her pupil, and wrote me: "I know you will be kind to her, dear Mr. Ganz, and



follow her well. She can, however, sing in *time*."

On June 29th another great artist, the Polish violinist, M. Henri Wieniawski, played one of Vieuxtemp's concertos in his own inimitable way. He was a delightful and unassuming man, and held the post of principal violin professor at the Brussels *conservatoire*. His compositions are now well known, being played by all the leading violinists. I remember that in Vieuxtemps' "Air Varié" the last variation has to be

played *staccato*, with up-and-down bowing, and he played it better than the composer. I know this from having accompanied him in it and having previously heard Vieuxtemps play it.

I gave Wieniawski one of his last engagements at a private party, where he played Mendelssohn's D minor Trio with De Swert, the 'cellist, and myself. He died very soon afterwards; but his widow, who is an English lady, the niece of George Osborne, the pianist, is still alive and lives in this country. But to return to the concert, I also conducted Wagner's *Tannhäuser* Overture, and I remember with pleasure that Mr. Hughes, a member of the Covent Garden Orchestra, and the acknowledged best player living of the "ophicleide," paid me the great compliment of saying he had never heard it better performed.

I can well remember the first performance in England of this overture at a New Philharmonic Concert on May 1st, 1854: I was playing in the orchestra. It is usually stated that it was first given at an Old Philharmonic Concert in 1855 under Richard Wagner's direction, which is incorrect.

In 1879, as Dr. Henry Wylde wished to retire from the enterprise, I decided to continue by myself. I now became sole director and conductor, and I made various alterations in the orchestra, increasing it to eighty-one performers, and I engaged a number of distinguished first

violins, some of whom were soloists. Mr. Pollitzer had been the leader for many years and I retained him in the same position. He was a first-rate leader in every way. I was determined to carry on the concerts with as much energy and perseverance as my health would allow. It was a hard task, as they were hardly a financial success either in Dr. Wylde's time or from the time I became associated with him.

As Berlioz's music had been neglected for many years in concert programmes, I wished to revive the interest in the works of this wonderful composer, and I performed his symphony *Harold in Italy* at the first concert on May 26th; it made a great sensation, and the Press spoke most favourably of the work and praised the performance. I first heard it under the direction of the composer at these concerts in 1855 at Exeter Hall, when I was playing the violin in the orchestra, and it then made a deep impression on me. I remember seeing Meyerbeer sitting in the audience at this concert. He was a small, slight man, with a very interesting face, and attracted a good deal of attention.

At my concert in 1879 Herr Joseph Strauss played the viola *obbligato* part which had been played by Ernst in 1855. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh honoured the concert with their presence; the Duke had previously told me that he would go anywhere to hear Beethoven's Overture to *Egmont*, with which

I opened it. Another attraction at this concert was Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, the "Emperor," which was magnificently played by Charles Hallé. When I escorted the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to their carriage at the end they spoke to me in German in most complimentary terms. I had beforehand given the Duke a pianoforte score of the Symphony to enable him to follow it with greater interest.

As I attached great importance to the analytical programmes for my concerts, I asked Dr. W. A. Barrett, the accomplished critic of the *Morning Post*, and Vicar Choral of St. Paul's Cathedral, to write them. They were much more explicit than most programmes in these days; the words of the foreign songs were carefully translated, and they were a complete guide to the audience.

On May 10th, 1879, Madame Essipoff made a welcome reappearance and delighted my audience in the highest degree, playing Rubinstein's "Caprice Russe" for the first time in England and Chopin's Concerto in F minor. I also introduced to London Frederick Cowen's *entr'acte* and dance of Almas from *The Corsair*.

The concert on May 24th was remarkable for the appearance of both Saint-Saëns and Sarasate. One would have expected such a combination to draw a huge crowd, but such was not the case. When Sarasate gave recitals on his own account they were always crammed, which shows that

the public wished to hear one artist, by himself, at the whole concert. There were two novelties by Saint-Saëns, his C minor Concerto and his Symphony in A minor, which I asked him to conduct. A manuscript overture by G. A. Osborne, called "The Forest Maiden," was performed; it was written expressly for my concert, and the composer was present and expressed himself pleased with the performance.

On June 7th a new overture by Alice Mary Smith (wife of Judge Meadows White) was performed, called "Jason, or the Argonauts and the Sirens." This lady had written many charming songs, and I was glad to bring her overture before the public, as I have always included works by English composers as often as possible, and my efforts in this direction have always been appreciated. Alfred Jaell played Beethoven's C minor Concerto, and I conducted the *Eroica*.

When the next season (1880) commenced, as Dr. Wylde would not allow me to make use of the title *New Philharmonic Concerts*, without paying him for it, I decided to discard it and to call them "Ganz's Orchestral Concerts."

On April 17th M. Emil Sauret played Heinrich Ernst's F sharp minor Concerto, consisting of one movement called *Allegro Pathétique*. I had engaged him specially from Berlin to play for me, and he acquitted himself splendidly. For this concert I had also engaged Madame

Marie Roze, who sang Gluck's air from *Alceste*, "Divinités du Styx," and the aria "L'amerò saro constante" from *Il Rè Pastore*, by Mozart, with violin *obbligato* by Sauret. I suggested this beautiful song to Madame Roze because I had first heard it sung by Jenny Lind on her musical tour in 1856 to Ernst's *obbligato*, and was always so charmed with its beauty and the way she sang it that I had never forgotten it. Rubinstein's Symphony in F major was given as a novelty.

On May 1st M. Saint-Saëns played his D minor Concerto for the first time in England with all his customary brilliancy, and another novelty was Goldmark's *Penthesilea* Overture. I had also engaged Mr. Sims Reeves, but this was one of the occasions when he disappointed.

At the concert on May 29th the distinguished French pianist, Madame Montigny-Rémaury, played Weber's "Concert-Stück," and an Introduction and Rondo by Benjamin Goddard, which he had specially composed for these concerts. She was sister-in-law to Ambroise Thomas, director of the Paris Conservatoire and composer of *Mignon*, *Hamlet*, etc. I also produced Svendsen's *Romeo and Juliet* fantasia.

The concert on June 12th was noteworthy for the first appearance of Herbert Sims Reeves, son of the famous tenor. When he came on the platform there was such a storm of applause, lasting for at least five minutes, that it quite

unnerved him. However, he pulled himself together and sang his first song, which was the recitative "Nel fragor della festa," and the aria "Alma soave," from Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan*. He sang it extremely well, and was several times recalled, but one could see he was very nervous at the ordeal. His second song was Schubert's "Ave Maria," and his third "Refrain thy Voice from Weeping," from Sullivan's *Light of the World*, which the composer kindly conducted to give éclat to young Reeves's singing. Herbert Reeves is the image of his father, though somewhat smaller, being short and slender. He had a small tenor voice, but sang with great taste, and, having been well taught in Italy, pronounced his words clearly and well. His début at my concert was arranged in the following manner.

At the beginning of the season his father had asked me to give him a call at his London address, when he asked me to let his son, Herbert, come out at one of my Orchestral Concerts, adding that, out of gratitude, he would sing for me at these concerts for a reduced fee, namely, fifty guineas for each concert instead of a hundred. I at once accepted this generous offer, but, unfortunately, Mr. Sims Reeves failed me at two of the concerts, sending word that he was not well. However, he sang at the third, being the last of the series, in 1880. I had announced him in the usual way in all the advertisements, when he again called off. On the

day before the concert, however, he sent word that he felt better and would sing. I immediately rushed off to the newspaper offices to get his name inserted in the next morning's advertisements ; but it was rather a late announcement to make, and the public did not come forward in the same way as if they had had a longer notice. There was also a dreadful thunderstorm before the concert began, and I was in doubt whether Reeves would venture to come all the way from Upper Norwood in such fearful weather. However, he did turn up and sang the following items most beautifully : " If with all your Hearts " from *Elijah*, and " Adelaide " by Beethoven, in which I accompanied him. No one ever sang this beautiful aria—which he sang in Italian—better than he, or with more intense feeling. But I have digressed too long from the concert at which his son Herbert sang.

Herr Hugo Heermann from Frankfurt played Goetz's fine Violin Concerto, which had not been heard in London before. I ought to have mentioned that at the concert at which Sims Reeves appeared I had an orchestral prelude from Saint-Saëns's cantata *Le Déluge* performed. This was played by the orchestra, the violin *obbligato* being played by the Belgian violinist, M. Ovide Musin, and it was kindly conducted by the composer, as it was the first performance in England. M. Alphonse Duvernoy was the

pianist on this occasion, and played Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor with good effect.

The concert on April 30th, 1881, was remarkable for the first appearance in England of the celebrated pianist, Madame Sophie Menter. I had engaged her to come over expressly, and went to meet her at Charing Cross Station. She had her secretary with her, and also her favourite cat, "Klecks," which was carefully stowed away in a large basket. It was a huge cat, and she was simply devoted to it. She called it "Klecks" (ink-spot) because it was jet black.

Madame Menter was Liszt's favourite pupil, and she played his Concerto in E flat (No. 1) as no one had played it since Liszt gave up playing; her power was prodigious and her playing reminded me of Anton Rubinstein's. She was very good-looking, wore magnificent diamonds, and dressed beautifully—much better than the majority of lady pianists. Her solo pieces were "Pastorale" and "Capriccio" by Scarlatti, a transcription of Mendelssohn's song, "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" by Tausig and the "Tarantella" from Auber's *Masaniello*, transcribed by Liszt. This concert was also noteworthy for the first performance in England of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique, Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste*, Op. 4. Single movements had been previously performed here, but the Symphonie had not been played in its entirety

except by me. The work created a veritable sensation. It required an augmented orchestra and the following extra instruments : one flute, two bassoons, one contra-fagotto, two cornets, one ophicleide, one tympani, two large bells (which I had specially cast), and four harps (in my opinion the proper effect cannot be obtained with a less number), making a grand total of ninety-two orchestral performers. The second movement, a *scène du bal*, a charming waltz movement for which I engaged four harpists who came in with brilliant effect, was enthusiastically encored.

It is not for me to attempt a description of this, perhaps the most characteristic work of Berlioz, and I can only hope that all my readers have heard it since then. To show the general interest the performance aroused I append an extract from *Punch* at the time.

AT MR. GANZ'S CONCERT

He. We are very late, but we are in time for the Fourth Part of this marvellous *Symphonie Fantastique*. A wonderful man is BERLIOZ.

She. Oh, charming! So original! I hope he'll write many more Symphonies.

He (*with a vague idea that* BERLIOZ *is no more*). Yes, yes! He was a Russian, wasn't he, by the by?

She (*equally fogged*). It is a very Russian name.

He (*looking at programme*). Now for it! Ah! —(*pretending he knows it by heart*)—this move-

ment illustrates a deep sleep accompanied by the most horrible visions. How admirably those loud sounds of the violoncello express one's idea of a deep sleep!

She (*not to be outdone at this game of "Brag"*). Yes, yes! Listen! Now he thinks he is being led to the scaffold to the strains of a solemn march. How gloomy, how awe-inspiring are those *pizzicato* touches on the violins!

He (*having got another bit by heart*). Grand! Grand! Just hearken to the muffled sounds of heavy footsteps! It is finished! Oh, massive! Oh, grand! Like a reverie in some old cathedral!

She. It almost moved me to tears. Nothing more exquisitely doleful have I ever heard!

Third Party (*leaning over*). How do you do? How are you? I saw you come in. How late you were! But you were in time for that third lovely movement.

He and She. Oh, grand! Magnificent! Superb! Solemn!

Third Party. The light rustling of the trees moved by the wind was so wonderfully expressed!

He (*amazed*). Eh?

Third Party. Yes, you noticed it, of course. Did it not conduce to bring to your heart an unaccustomed placidity, and to give to your ideas a more radiant hue?

She (*confounded*). What?

Third Party. Why, the Third Part.

He and She. Oh, the Third Part!

Third Party. Yes; and now you'll hear the Fourth Part. Now you will hear a deep sleep accompanied by the most horrible visions. Ta! ta! [*Exit, and their enjoyment is gone for the Concert.*

H. Berlioz

Although some critics gave the work a favourable notice, several papers, and one in particular, cut the Symphony to pieces. This, however, did not affect me, and I repeated it at the next concert.

Berlioz had a hard fight in Paris to get his works performed, and it was only after his death that he was fully appreciated by his compatriots. Without being egotistical, I must confess to feeling proud of having brought his *Symphonie Fantastique* before the English public.

On May 28th I performed another of Berlioz's great symphonies, his *Romeo and Juliet*, which had not been given here for some time—so I revived it. I took great pains to give it adequately, as it requires two singers and a chorus, which I had to provide. One of the movements, a *scherzo*, is called *Queen Mab*, in which two *cymbales antiques* (little antique cymbals) are used. This reminded me of the time when the work was performed for the first time in England under the direction of the composer at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts in 1852, then started by Dr. Wylde, when Berlioz asked me to play one of these little instruments in conjunction with Edouard Silas.

Well, this symphony, under my direction, was well received—it is a fine work and most poetical. The *Queen Mab* scherzo is very difficult to play, as the composer has indicated the tempo *prestissimo*, but it went well. Miss Ellen

Amelia Orridge and Mr. Faulkner Leigh were the singers who took part in it—poor Miss Orridge, who had a fine contralto voice, unfortunately died soon after, in the height of her career.

At the fourth concert, on June 11th, I performed Gluck's *Orpheus*, which the public were most anxious to hear, as it had rarely been given, and they crowded St. James's Hall. I had a splendid cast. Madame Patey took the part of Orpheus, which she sang admirably, especially "Che Faro," and Miss Carlotta Elliot was Eurydice. The chorus did justice to their various numbers. Many years afterwards the opera was staged at Covent Garden, when the Sisters Giulia and Sophia Ravogli made such a deep impression in it.

The last concert of the season took place on June 25th, at which Madame Sophie Menter made her second appearance and played Schumann's Concerto in A minor magnificently, bringing out all its poetical beauty. She did not practise in the daytime, but during the night, and it must have been a real infliction to have had rooms near hers. Once when I visited her at her lodgings I had the privilege of meeting Klecks, who sat at the table with the freedom of a child and ate the same food that we did. In fact, Menter was perfectly fascinated by the animal in a way I have never seen equalled, and she dragged it about with her wherever she went.

Another interesting item at the last concert was a new song, "Kennst du das Land?" by the young English composer, Goring Thomas. This was its first performance, and it was beautifully sung by Madame Marie Roze. I have already alluded to *Esmeralda*, the fine opera of this talented composer. He was a man of great charm and refinement of character, whose career was, unhappily, too short a one. He was always a hard worker, and in a letter he wrote me says:

"The days ought to be twenty-four hours, instead of twelve, to get in all one has to do."

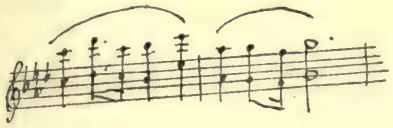
The season of 1882 began on April 22nd, when I gave the first performance in England of Liszt's great *Symphony* founded on Dante's "Divina Commedia" which he dedicated to Richard Wagner. It is, of course, a very difficult work, and in the last movement a chorus of women's voices is required, and also an organ. There are three movements in all: (1) Inferno; (2) Purgatorio; (3) Paradiso (Magnificat); and besides the usual full orchestra I had again to engage several additional instrumentalists, which brought the number of players up to ninety-four. I don't think the audience grasped the beauties of the work, with its sublime last movement, when the female voices come in, and it did not have a good reception with the English Press, save for such enlightened critics as Dr. Francis

Hueffer of the *Times* and a few more, but I was bound to give novelties and not continue to perform humdrum works, and I was justified in following this policy. I should like to put on record that I owed much valuable counsel and advice to my friend, Francis Hueffer, who will always be remembered for his strenuous advocacy of the claims of Wagner, Berlioz, and Liszt. Herr Ondricek, a new Hungarian violinist, played Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor with good tone and masterly execution.

At the second concert I performed Schubert's Symphony in C major, and Miss Agnes Huntington, the American contralto, made her début. She sang the aria "Non più mesta" from *Cenerentola*, and made an instantaneous hit. She also gave two German songs by Hartmann and Schubert. Some years later Carl Rosa engaged her for the title-rôle of *Paul Jones*, which she sang for many months with much success at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

On May 20th I repeated Liszt's *Dante* Symphony, when I think it was better understood by the public. Previous to this concert I had seen in the *Times* that a new Russian pianist, M. Vladimir de Pachmann, had made a great sensation at a concert in Paris at the Salle Erard. I wrote at once to Messrs. Erard to offer him an engagement at this concert, which he accepted, and made his first English appearance under my direction. He played Chopin's

Concerto in F minor splendidly, and some solos, and at once established his reputation as a Chopin player *par excellence*.

Since he first played at my concerts he has acquired certain mannerisms which amuse the public and do no harm. When I spoke to him about them he said he wished to imitate Von Bülow, who was his *beau idéal*. I have mentioned Von Bülow's curious mannerisms in an-

Au provoqueur de mon premier Triumph
à Londres au Dirigent par excellence
M.r Wilhelm Ganz

Londres 8. Juillet 1882 *Vladimir de Pachmann*

other part of this book, and explained that they are due to short sight, and partly to his being overcome by his feelings. In fact, he does not know what he is doing, but Pachmann *does* know, and, I think, looks about him and converses with the audience for the fun of the thing. But I may be wrong, and my readers will have their own opinions. Anyhow, he is a very great artist and a magnificent player.

At the fourth concert, on June 3rd, I repeated Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*. The *scherzo* was again encored; the Symphony seemed to fascinate the audience, and I was called on at the end of the performance and had to bow my acknowledgments. I had again engaged my friend, Madame Patey, and she sang the arietta "Lungi dal caro bene" by Sarti, and a new song by Blumenthal. Madame Montigny-Rémaury was the pianist, and played Beethoven's Concerto in C major, and introduced Saint-Saëns's Minuet and Gavotte, from his *Septuor*.

The fifth and last concert of the season took place on June 17th. I had engaged M. de Pachmann again and had selected Beethoven's Concerto in G major for him to play, and he again played some Chopin most beautifully. I had also arranged to play a duet with him, on two pianos—variations on the Gypsy March from Weber's *Preciosa*, arranged by Mendelssohn and Moscheles, which pleased immensely, and we were both recalled. The orchestral accompaniments were conducted by my leader, Herr Adolph Pollitzer. "Der Freischütz" overture concluded the programme.

This, alas! was the last of my Orchestral Concerts, for I could not carry them on for want of financial support adequate to the enormous expenses involved, though they had great artistic value. During the nine years I carried them on I performed many new and unknown

orchestral works, and introduced many new artists, who have since made great reputations. Unfortunately, the public was not then ripe for orchestral concerts, but *nous avons changé tout cela !* Orchestral Concerts are now *en vogue*, and such conductors as Nikisch, Henry J. Wood, Landon Ronald, and others, attract the London public. During my concert season I had great difficulties in keeping my orchestra together for the rehearsals. I generally began these at 9.30, and at 12 o'clock their instruments were fetched away for the rehearsals at Covent Garden, and I had to finish my own rehearsal with half an orchestra. In those days wind and brass instruments were very scarce, and I was obliged to share them with Covent Garden.

CHAPTER VIII

MY FIRST VISIT TO PARIS, ETC.

My first visit to Paris—I see the troops pass before Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie—I visit the gala performance at the Opera—Nicolini—Rossini—The three occasions on which I have played before Queen Victoria—The Prince Consort and the Great Exhibition of 1851—Meyerbeer—My pupils—Three Viceroys—The Ladies Spencer Churchill—The Countess of Warwick and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox—Miss Braddon.

In August 1859 I visited Paris for the first time, when on my honeymoon, and was enchanted with that wonderful city. We saw the entry of the French troops, after the Italian-Austrian War, when 80,000 soldiers passed before Napoleon III, who was on horseback at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, surrounded by a brilliant staff. It took from ten in the morning till six in the evening for them to pass. It was a splendid sight, but it had its mournful side, because many of them were wounded and had their heads bandaged and their arms in slings. It was very interesting to see the Vivandières, in the uniforms of the various regiments, pass by, and they were tremendously cheered by the public. I had hired two seats near where the Emperor stood, in the Rue de

la Paix, and could see everything perfectly well.

In the evening there was a gala performance at the Opera, and *Guillaume Tell* was performed. As this masterpiece of Rossini's is very seldom performed in England, I venture to say that, being French in character and style, it will live with *Il Barbiere*, which is thoroughly Italian in character, for many years to come. This was the old Opera-house in the Rue Lepeletier. The Emperor and Empress were present, and the doors of all the private boxes were left open and guarded by gendarmes, which was done in case some maniac should fire a shot at the Emperor or Empress; but, fortunately, nothing happened. During the *entr'actes* I saw the Emperor and Empress visit some of their relatives, who sat in the middle boxes of the grand circle.

The performance was very fine, and the scenery splendid; but, unfortunately, I cannot remember the names of the principal singers.

When we left the opera we found ourselves in fairyland. The Jardin des Tuileries, and the Champs Elysées, as far as the Arc de Triomphe, were brilliantly illuminated with coloured lamps, and the streets were thronged with sight-seers.

Napoleon was then at the height of his power. I remember, the night before the gala performance, when we were driving in the Bois de Boulogne, he and the Empress passed us in an open carriage drawn by six horses with out-

riders, coming from the palace at St. Cloud. All this pomp and glory was swamped eleven years later, when Germany conquered France, and some of the victorious troops entered Paris by the Arc de Triomphe, headed by the Uhlans of the Prussian Army, and Napoleon and the Empress had to take refuge in England, where they were hospitably received, and where the Empress is still living as a welcome guest and an intimate friend of the royal family. But this is a matter of history.

While in Paris in 1859 we often saw Madame Nicolini, who was very kind to us in showing us round. I had known her and her son Ernesto before; in fact, we were boys together and kept up our friendship till he died. When I first came to London I became acquainted with his parents, and, as Ernesto was studying the piano at the Paris Conservatoire, where he gained the first prize in 1855, he often came over to visit his parents; and thus I met him, and we used to amuse ourselves by playing pianoforte duets.

Some years later he found out that he had a good tenor voice, and he then studied hard at singing. He was first engaged at the Salle Ventadour in Paris, where he made his début in 1862. He came to England in 1866, and was engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, where he remained for many years as one of the principal tenor singers, and had always a great success, especially in such parts

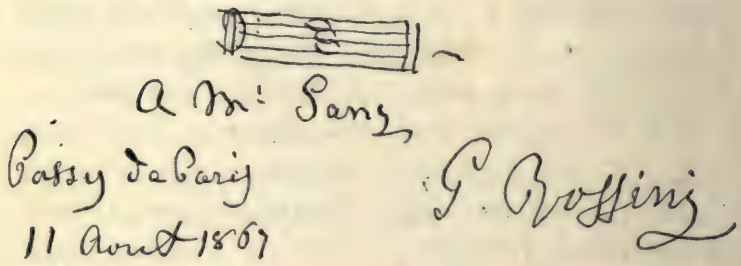
as Almaviva in *Il Barbiere*, singing the florid music to perfection; as Edgardo in *Lucia*, as Rhadames in *Aïda*, as Alfredo in *La Traviata*, and as Faust. He was the first to sing the part of Lohengrin in Wagner's opera when it was produced here. He sang every season at Covent Garden Theatre, where he was very popular indeed. He was a very good-looking man, and many people said he resembled Mario, with which I quite agreed. He told me that singing Lohengrin displaced his voice, and therefore he gave it up, although he sang it most beautifully; but he never sang Tannhäuser. His acting was excellent. His death occurred in January 1898.

We thoroughly enjoyed our stay in Paris, visiting the museums, theatres, the Champs Elysées Gardens, where Musard's famous band played, and Versailles, where we saw the fountains play. We also went to Fontainebleau, where the great Napoleon signed his abdication and drove through the beautiful park there.

When I was in Paris in the Exhibition year of 1867 I visited Rossini at Passy, on the outskirts of Paris. He received me very kindly, and, in looking over my album containing the autographs of many celebrated musicians, he signed his name at my request, under the signature of Thalberg, whom he greatly admired. In looking through the names he spoke of many of the artists and composers, whom he had known personally, in very flattering terms. I

had a letter of introduction to him from a mutual friend, Madame Puzzi.

We had a talk about musical doings. I told him various bits of news connected with his operas, which were being performed in London during the season, and he seemed much interested. I was always glad to have had this interview with him, though, as it took place so long ago, I cannot remember his exact words, but only the gist of what he said.



In describing my future visits to Paris I shall have something to say of my musical impressions there.

I have had the honour of playing before Her Majesty Queen Victoria on three different occasions. On the first occasion I accompanied Madame Marie Roze at Balmoral in 1885. I drove with this artist from Ballater to the Castle, but it was too dark to see the beautiful scenery on Dee side. The Queen spoke to me in German and asked me whether I was related to the Conzertmeister Leopold and Moritz Ganz,

who had played before her at Windsor many years before. I replied they were my uncles. On referring to my diary I find this happened on June 10th, 1856, twenty-nine years before! I well remember taking my uncles down to Windsor and having great difficulty in finding rooms at an hotel, as it was Ascot week. I went with the mand the other artists to the Castle and listened to the concert in the next room. The Queen seemed pleased with Madame Roze's singing; I remember that the Duke of Connaught was there, dressed in Highland dress, as were also some of the other men present, and I had to sign the Queen's visitors' book.

The drawing-room in which the music took place was hung round with a number of engravings of the Royal Family, and the furniture was upholstered with Scotch plaid. Everything was very simple and unceremonious. When all was over, one of the gentlemen-in-waiting handed me, in the name of the Queen, a cat's-eye breast-pin set in diamonds, which could also be worn as a stud. Supper was then served to us, and we drove back to Ballater, a distance of eleven miles.

The second occasion was at Osborne House, Isle of Wight. I went with M. Johannes Wolff and M. Joseph Hollman in 1889 to play there before the Queen. We played part of Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor—I remember the late Prince Henry of Battenberg turning over the

leaves for me, and telling me that he often played the 'cello. The Queen gave me a pair of gold sleeve-links, with a diamond in the middle of each. Just as at Balmoral, it was nearly dark when we arrived at Osborne, and I had no opportunity of seeing the natural beauties of the place.

The third occasion was at Windsor Castle in 1894, when I accompanied Madame Adelina Patti in all her songs. She had come specially from her castle in Wales to sing to the Queen, and had asked me to come to Windsor to play for her. Naturally I looked forward to a very interesting evening, as it indeed proved to be. The Queen sat about twenty feet from the piano and used an opera-glass in looking at Madame Patti, who sang a number of songs. During "Home, Sweet Home" I noticed the Queen wiped the tears from her eyes.

When Madame Patti had finished her first song Princess Christian, who sat by the side of the Queen, called to me in German, "Herr Ganz, the Queen wishes to speak to you." I rose immediately and advanced towards the chair where the Queen sat. Her Majesty spoke to me in German, in a lovely melodious voice, asking me what other songs Madame Patti would like to sing. She had a list in her hand, so I named some of them which I thought Her Majesty would like. Among other songs Madame Patti sang one by Princess Henry of Battenberg, who

was present with Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and a number of court officials, both ladies and gentlemen. At the end of the concert the Queen spoke for some time with Madame Patti, then rose, and bowed very graciously to Madame Patti and myself and the rest of the company. We then adjourned to a room where supper was served, and Sir William Carington, Comptroller of the Household, handed me, in the name of the Queen, a crocodile leather cigar-case, mounted in gold, with the royal crown and the Queen's initials. I spoke to Lady Ponsonby, one of the ladies-in-waiting, wife of Colonel Sir Henry Ponsonby, Private Secretary to the Queen, whom I had known as Miss Bulteel at Lady Waldegrave's at Nuneham Park, and she said she was very much pleased to renew my acquaintance.

Next morning I was shown over the State Apartments at Windsor Castle, and saw the various collections of art-treasures.

When Madame Patti left the Castle that morning the Great Western express was specially stopped for her at Slough by Royal Command, so that she could get back to Craig-y-nos that day. On her arrival home she received a gracious telegram from Queen Victoria hoping she had had a comfortable journey, and later a signed photograph. My daughter Adelina, who was staying at Craig-y-nos, and travelled with her, told me that, although tired from her early start,

she insisted on keeping awake the whole journey in case sleeping should affect her voice, as she considers sleep before singing injurious to the voice.

I often remember seeing the Prince Consort in former years. He was a tall, handsome man, and, as everybody knows, a great patron of the arts, and the originator of the first Great Exhibition held in Hyde Park in 1851. I went to the Exhibition the last few days before it closed, and more than a hundred thousand people were present—the crowds were so great that one could scarcely walk about. It was a gay scene, and the picture and sculpture galleries were splendid, one of the great attractions being a statue called "The Greek Slave," by Gibson. It was the first time, too, that the public had seen machinery in motion. I have been to a good many exhibitions since then—the one in 1862, also held in Hyde Park, and the 1867 Paris Exhibition, but none came near the Great Exhibition of 1851 in picturesqueness. Another of the attractions there, I remember, was a crystal fountain, which stood in the transept and is now in the nave of the Crystal Palace.

Meyerbeer came to London for the Exhibition of 1862 in Hyde Park, for the opening of which he had composed an overture, in the form of a kind of march.

My father had known him personally for many years, and he took me to see him at the York

Hotel in Albemarle Street. Of course I was very anxious to see him, and wondered what he was like. He was a little man, dark-haired, with a most intelligent face. My father asked him to write something in my musical autograph book, which he did at once. He asked my father to get him a metronome to mark the *tempi* of his new overture, and my father succeeded in obtaining one for him.

I often saw him during the rehearsals of

Dinorah at Covent Garden, when the title-rôle was sung by Madame Patti. He constantly interrupted the rehearsals by showing Costa and the artists what to do ; but, although he corrected them constantly, he was at the same time most polite, and never hurt their feelings.

He belonged to a rich Jewish banker's family in Berlin, which enabled him to have his operas first performed at the Opera-house in Paris, where innumerable rehearsals took place, lasting several months. Meyerbeer, I have often

been told, defrayed some of the heavy expenses connected with their production out of his own pocket.

When any of his operas succeeded, as they generally did, they were given in Berlin and other cities on the Continent, and in London, where they were always well received. I remember being present at the production of *L'Africaine* on July 22nd, 1865, in which Pauline Lucca took a brilliant part. The prelude of the last act was played by the violins *unisono*, on the fourth string, and created a great impression. On future occasions it was always redemanded.

Meyerbeer had the title of General Musical Director bestowed on him by the King of Prussia at Berlin and conducted the state performance at the Royal Opera and also the State Concerts, and when a royal prince or princess was about to be married he composed a "Fackeltanz," which was a sort of Polonaise, in which the bride and bridegroom, as well as the King and Queen and other court personages, walked in procession to the music. This custom always took place the evening before the wedding, everybody who walked in the procession holding a lighted torch in his hand.

Meyerbeer, like many other good composers, was not a good conductor, the reason, I think, being that when he was conducting his own works he was very nervous.

He had one great terror, and that was of being buried alive, and he left directions in his will that, after his death, several days were to elapse before his burial. I heard it said, but cannot vouch for the fact, that when Gounod made such a success with his *Faust*, Meyerbeer simply collapsed, realising that his day of being the only successful operatic composer in Paris at that time was at an end, and he died soon after its production. Anyhow, he had had his day. No modern composer has had such complete success with his operas. He was also able to select the best singers, and to finance his productions—if it is true that he did so. Poor Richard Wagner, in his earlier days, had the greatest difficulty in getting his operas performed in Paris, or even his own native country, and had no money to offer towards their expenses. Nevertheless, he succeeded in after-years, and has drawn larger audiences together than any other modern composer.

It was, perhaps, a unique coincidence that I had three Viceroys as my pupils, one of whom was the present Earl of Cadogan, a former Viceroy of Ireland. I gave him lessons as an Eton boy, when he came home for the holidays to the old Cadogan House in Cadogan Place, where, since he inherited the title, he has built a magnificent mansion. His father was Viscount Chelsea (the old Earl Cadogan was then still alive).

The next one was the late Earl of Derby, who had lessons from me in St. James's Square, where his parents lived, when he was still the Hon. Frederick Stanley. He honoured me with his friendship until his death, and often invited me to his political parties, and was a most amiable man. About that time his mother, the Countess of Derby, asked me to arrange a musical party for her. At her request I had engaged a Viennese singer, Madame Wildauer, from the Imperial Opera, but before the soirée took place she was suddenly taken ill. I then remembered that my friend, Madame Viardot Garcia, was here for the season, so I went to see her to beg her to sing, as I only heard of Madame Wildauer's illness the very day of the concert.

She asked me why I had come, and when I said that I wanted her, as a favour, to kindly fill Madame Wildauer's place, as she was ill, she at once expressed concern and said she would fill the gap, which, for so great a singer, was most considerate. Herr Alexander Reichardt, the tenor, I had already engaged. The old Duchess of Cambridge was present, with her daughter Princess Mary, and Lady Derby introduced me to the Duchess, who said some kind things to me in German, praising the artists and the programme. The great Earl of Derby, called "The Rupert of Debate," was, of course, present.

The last time I saw my pupil, the late Lord Derby, to speak to, was at a public dinner to

the Colonial Premiers in 1902, at which the Duke of York—our present King—presided. Lord Derby conversed a long time with me and asked me about my professional doings.

The third Viceroy was the present Earl of Dudley, whom I taught as a boy at Dudley House. None of these boys, when they grew up, had time to keep up their music, as they have all had great political careers.

As Professor of Music I have had innumerable pupils, too many for me to name ; but I may mention that among them were the daughters of the late Duchess of Marlborough, whose husband was also a Viceroy of Ireland in 1874. I used to go three times a week to their house in St. James's Square, which was afterwards the Devonshire Club for some years. They were Lady Cornelia Spencer-Churchill, who became Lady Wimborne, Rosamond (now Lady de Ramsey), Lady Anne, who became Duchess of Roxburghe, and their aunt, Lady Clementina, afterwards Marchioness Camden, and the late Lady Fanny, who became Lady Tweedmouth. They were all very clever players, and took a great interest in their lessons. The Duchess of Marlborough used sometimes to come into the room to listen to their playing ; but whenever she came they were so nervous that they could never do themselves justice. The Duchess was herself a first-rate pianist, and I often gave her lessons. I dedicated one of my compositions to

her—a difficult transcription of the Neapolitan air "Santa Lucia," which she read off at sight with ease.

Lord Randolph Churchill used to rush in, like a whirlwind, while I was teaching his sisters, and speak very loudly to them, and his eldest brother, the Marquis of Blandford, did the same. Later on Lady Georgiana Spencer-Churchill, afterwards Lady Howe, and Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, who married Colonel Wilson, also took lessons from me, and, more recently, the daughters of the Duchess of Roxburghe—so I taught three generations of the family.

I also taught all the daughters of the late Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope, sister of the great Marquis of Salisbury, and many others, among whom were the Countess of Warwick and her sister, Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, before she was married, but Lady Warwick also had lessons from me after her marriage. I never had any fault to find with these pupils, as they always prepared their lessons to my satisfaction; they were all talented, and some read splendidly at sight.

At the various schools where I taught I used to notice how much the pupils enjoyed studying Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schumann, which many of them played by heart. At the present time there are few private pupils on account of the numerous musical institutions, such as the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal

College of Music, the Guildhall School of Music, and Trinity College—where, through the spirit of emulation, they make great progress, and where also the tuition is much less expensive than formerly, when the fee was one guinea for each private lesson. Before leaving the subject of my pupils I ought to mention two more interesting ones, namely, Lady Elizabeth Pringle, sister of the Marquis of Breadalbane, who was, I think, nearly eighty years of age when I taught her, in spite of which she studied the longest and most difficult sonatas by Beethoven with me—and also Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon, of *Lady Audley's Secret* fame), who studied with me as recently as four years ago, with great earnestness, and practised for me diligently between each lesson. She lately wrote a novel into which she introduced me under a thin disguise. The old-fashioned courtesy and reticence which made her write, "I did not feel at liberty to give even a hint of your personality in my book without submitting the proof to you," might afford an example to the indiscreet novelists of to-day.

CHAPTER IX

RECOLLECTIONS OF RICHARD WAGNER

I first meet Wagner—He conducts at the Albert Hall—I attend the Third Cycle of *The Ring* at Bayreuth—King Louis of Bavaria—I attend a reception at Wagner's house—"Wahnfried"—Wagner's performances in Paris—"Bravo les chiens!"—I hear *Tristan and Isolde* at Munich—The Prinz Regenten Theater.

I HAD the privilege of meeting Richard Wagner at Schott's music-shop in Regent Street, in 1877. He had come over from Bayreuth to conduct the Wagner Festival given at the Albert Hall to collect funds for the Wagner Festspiel (Wagner Festival performances) at Bayreuth, and Mr. Wolff, the manager of Schott's, introduced me to him. He wore felt shoes, as he was then suffering from gout. I had my little daughter Georgina with me, and he stooped down and talked to her and gave her a kiss. I showed him some bills of my Orchestral Concerts, which were hanging up in the shop, and contained the names of some of his own orchestral works which I was going to perform. When I pointed this out Wagner said, "I am very glad indeed of that, as we badly want money." He meant to carry on the *Ring des Nibelungen*,

The Wagner Concerts at the Albert Hall were composed entirely of his works, and he conducted the first part of the programme himself. Unfortunately, he was no longer at his best, and had lost something of his great skill as a conductor.

The second part of the Wagner programme was conducted by Dr. Hans Richter, who, when he mounted the conductor's desk, was received most enthusiastically by the members of the orchestra. That was Richter's first appearance in London, and everybody knows what a wonderful career he has had during so many years of activity, and how greatly he has improved orchestral concerts—not to mention his numberless performances of Wagner's operas at Drury Lane Theatre and Covent Garden.

The singers engaged for this festival were principally those who sang in Wagner's operas in Bayreuth. They were Frau Materna, Herren Scaria, Grimm, Schloesser, Unger, and others. I remember giving a supper-party at my house at which Materna sat next to me, and several more of these great artists were also my guests, and so was our well-known German doctor, Carl Harrer. The latter was himself a great Wagner singer, although only an amateur, but he could have become a first-rate opera-singer had he not entered the medical profession. We were all lively, and passed a most pleasant evening. Wagner, when in London, stayed at the house

of his young friend, Edward Dannreuther, 12, Orme Square, Bayswater. Before he left England Dannreuther gave a reception in his honour at which no end of musical people were present, and to which I was also invited. Madame Albani was among the guests and she asked me to introduce her to Wagner, which I did, and they had a very animated conversation together. I wonder whether Wagner knew that the lady he was talking to had so often sung his Elizabeth, Elsa, and Senta with great credit to herself.

In the year 1876 I went to Bayreuth and heard the *Ring*. On the way there a very agreeable coincidence happened. Starting from Charing Cross Station, my neighbours in Harley Street, Dr. Critchett (father of Sir Anderson Critchett), and his daughter, Mrs. Boursot, sat next me by accident in the railway carriage, and we travelled together all the way to Bayreuth, which was a very pleasant occurrence. What was still more strange was that my seat was near theirs at the Bayreuth Theatre, although we did not buy our tickets together.

In those days the seats were very expensive —I paid £15 for mine, buying them at Schott's— now you can get them for twenty-five shillings for each performance, £5 for the whole series of four operas.

Dr. Critchett was a great admirer of Wagner,

and when *The Flying Dutchman* was performed at the Lyceum, he went to hear it every night during the season.

The First Cycle at Bayreuth commenced on August 13th, and the third, which I attended, was given from the 27th to the 30th. I had a very nice lodging in the house of the verger, just behind the church, and I was most comfortable there. On the first evening, in *Das Rheingold*, the following singers appeared : Betz, from Berlin, as Wotan—he was a native of Mainz, where I was born—Frau Grün Sadler as Fricka, Schloesser as Mimi, Herr Gura from Munich as Donner, Vogl as Loge, Hill from Schwerin as Alberich.

Fräulein Johanna Wagner, a niece of Wagner, took the part of Erda. She was a rather tall woman, with a resonant contralto voice. Fasolt and Fafner were taken by Eiler and Von Reichenberg.

I was present at Her Majesty's in 1856 when Johanna Wagner made her début as Romeo in Bellini's opera, a part which suited her admirably. Afterwards I met her with her father, Albert Wagner, the eminent tenor, at a soirée at Countess Bernstorff's, when he asked me to accompany her in three songs : she was particularly charming to me.

In *Die Walküre* the Siegmund was Herr Niemann from Berlin ; a tall, handsome man, with a fine figure, he had light blond hair and

wore a big beard. He certainly had one of the finest tenor voices I have ever heard—I mean, among the German artists, for I don't wish to compare him with Mario, Giuglini, and other Italian tenors. I remember first hearing him at the Royal Opera in Berlin, in 1858, when he sang the Prophet in Meyerbeer's opera most splendidly. The Sieglinde was Fräulein Schefzky, and Brünnhilde was sung by the incomparable Madame Materna.

In *Siegfried* the leading rôle was sung by Herr Unger, and in *Die Götterdämmerung* Gutrune was Fräulein Weckerlin; Hagen, Herr Scaria; Brünnhilde, Madame Materna; and the Rheinmaidens, Fräulein Lilli and Marie Lehmann (from Berlin) and Fräulein Lammert.

Of all the great moments in this music drama I shall never forget the impression the Trauermarsch made upon me. I had no difficulty in following any of the music, and the various *Leitmotifs* with which each opera was interwoven came out perfectly clear to me.

The theatre, which was built from designs given by Wagner, was so arranged that one could see quite well from every seat in the stalls. There was no pit, only rows of gradually ascending stalls, and at the end of every few rows there were doors of exit. There was only a small gallery or circle, in the middle of which was placed the royal box, and also several smaller boxes. The gaslights were lowered

during each performance—of course, electric light was not then invented.

When Wagner appeared, walking across the stalls during the *entr'actes*, he was cheered to the echo. King Louis of Bavaria attended the four performances, and before the beginning of each opera a fanfare of trumpets was sounded, giving a few bars of a *Leitmotif*. I remember quite well seeing the King drive up to the theatre. The theatre stands at the top of a hill. The King drove up in a carriage with four horses. The horses were most beautifully caparisoned, the harness being exquisitely decorated with silver most artistically wrought.

The King, on the carriage drawing up at the centre entrance, which is reserved now for special royalties, jumped hastily from the carriage, and with a stride or so was within the doors, which shut immediately behind him, as he was anxious not to be seen. At the end of the performance the door opened and the King, with the same hurried stride, practically leaped into the carriage and was drawn at full speed back to the palace in the town. The beautiful harness which he had had made, I believe by Bavarian artists, is still to be seen on the first floor of the magnificent stables in Munich. After the close of the *Götterdämmerung* all the lights were suddenly turned up and the whole house rose and cheered the King, who had to bow, very much, I fear, to his own dislike. He

was a tall, handsome man, with a fine head covered with thick black hair. I noticed that he looked rather melancholy, and he evidently hated the public notice; but on this occasion he could not help himself.

Wagner did not allow any of the artists to bow their acknowledgments at the end of each act; he allowed it only when the opera was finished (I think quite rightly too), and it was but natural that when they did appear the audience applauded them enthusiastically. I also remember that, in the intervals between the acts, the principal male singers sat in their costumes outside the stage door, at the back of the theatre, refreshing themselves with Bayrisches Bier (Bavarian beer)—a very curious sight!

The audience also had a chance of refreshing themselves during the intervals, which were very long, lasting one hour. Special restaurants were built in the grounds of the theatre; they were thronged by a hungry and thirsty crowd, and one had great difficulty in being served. Dr. Hans Richter conducted the *Trilogy*, and he performed a great feat in conducting them without having the score before him, entirely from memory, such a thing having never been done before in the musical world. I have already mentioned that my father conducted the classical operas by heart, but this was child's play compared with Dr. Richter's accomplishment of conducting the difficult and complicated music, vocally

and instrumentally, of the *Ring*, and in those days it was extraordinary that a work so intricate and difficult should be memorised by one man.

Dr. Richter, like the members of the orchestra, was in his shirt-sleeves as the heat was so great.

Wagner was the first to conceal the orchestra, by sinking the floor and thus placing them below the stage and stalls, screening them from the audience, who thus had an uninterrupted view of the stage. Wilhelmj, the great violinist, was the leader, and he told me that Wagner had asked him to alter some of the violin passages—many of which were almost unplayable and extremely difficult—and to make them more playable. As the orchestra was placed underground and not seen by the public, the poor fellows could see nothing of the stage or the artists. Wagner's idea has now been adopted at the continental theatres and in the various opera-houses in this country, and I suppose also in America and other countries. In consequence of it the various scenes look more like a series of pictures, as nothing intervenes between stage and audience—it also concentrates the volume of sound more effectually. Many new instruments were used, such as the saxophones, which were specially manufactured for Wagner's operas.

On the next evening a reception was given by Frau Wagner at "Wahnfried," as Wagner's

house was called. It was a most interesting soirée. All the principal singers—whom Wagner adopted as his children and addressed as "du" —were there. They, on their part, venerated and loved him, calling him "Meister." A number of foreign visitors from all parts of the world were also present, among whom were the most celebrated composers and instrumentalists. I had the honour of being invited, with Dr. Henry Wylde and my fellow-townsman, Herr Sigismund Lehmeyer, the pianist.

An amateur tenor, M. Robsart, from Brussels, was asked to sing Siegmund's "Liebeslied," and as neither Richter nor Herr Rubinstein (the usual accompanist of the opera) was present, I had to play the accompaniment, and as the song is extremely difficult, I was perhaps a little timid at being asked to do so in the presence of its great composer. But it went off well, and the singer was greatly applauded.

"Wahnfried" is a splendid house, with large reception-rooms on the ground-floor. At the back of the drawing-room there is a large library with many volumes of bound music. Looking through them, I noticed that the only composers omitted from the walls of the great master were Mendelssohn and—I believe—Meyerbeer.

I fancy that Wagner did not like Jewish composers, especially as these two I have named belonged to rich families, and Wagner was poor and had constantly to fight for his living, and

was often, as one reads in his Life, obliged to borrow money, until King Louis took him up and helped him to make his fortune and a great name.

Mendelssohn, by the way, was not a Jew, though he belonged to a Jewish family. Wagner wrote a brochure called *Das Judenthum in der Musik*, in which he speaks against Jewish composers, theoretically only, for he had many staunch friends amongst them. It created a great sensation at the time, and he sent a copy to Offenbach, who, after reading it, wrote to him:

"DEAR WAGNER,
"You had better stick to music."

Wagner thereupon sent Offenbach a copy of the score of the *Meistersinger*, and a few days later had the following:

"DEAR WAGNER,
"I think you had better stick to writing books."

At Frau Wagner's reception refreshments were served at several buffets, and I remember that, while I was partaking of some in one of the back rooms with some of my friends from London, Wagner came up to where we stood and said jokingly, "Darf ich nicht auch etwas zu essen bekommen?" (Am I not going to have anything to eat?) We all made room for

him at once, and were highly pleased that he came amongst us.

Perhaps the following incidents may interest my readers; they happened during the first three performances of *Tannhäuser* in Paris, the first of which was on March 13th, 1861, now fifty-two years ago.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie were present on the first night, and the opera was received in cold, significant silence.

On the second night the audience, from the second act onward, made a great row, fighting among themselves and disturbing the singers.

On the third night there was a terrific noise, and no member of the audience could hear a note of the music the whole evening, but the one success of the opera was the appearance of the sporting dogs, which the Emperor had specially lent from the royal kennels. One of my friends played the part of the page who had to lead the dogs on the stage towards the end of the first act, and he told me recently that the audience cheered them and called them before the curtain, shouting, "Bravo les chiens!" "Bis les chiens! on vous rappelle!" But the page would not comply with their sarcastic demands.

Now all this has been changed, and whenever Wagner's operas are performed in Paris the house is crowded, and even the *Ring* has become very popular. Naturally, the operas were splen-

didly given in Paris and the scenery could not have been surpassed. At the Lamoureux and Colonne orchestral concerts extracts from his operas were constantly given and received with acclamation by an enthusiastic audience.

It was at Munich that I first heard Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, which was then a comparatively unknown work: I was very much impressed and deeply moved. Herr and Frau Vogl sang the title-rôles. I heard them both later at Bayreuth. Musicians came from far and near to hear the performance, which created a great sensation. Munich has always been celebrated for its performances of Wagner's operas, and has had excellent conductors, such as Von Bülow, Hermann Levi, Richard Strauss, and Mottl. The last time I was there was in 1901, the year of the opening of the Prinz Regenten Theater, the new Festspielhaus, which had been built a little way out of the town in the same style as the theatre at Bayreuth.

The performances of Wagner's operas, which included *Tristan and Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, were some of the finest I have ever heard. Ternina's performance as Isolde I had already known and admired in London. She sang with all her wonted beauty of voice and rose to the greatest heights of dramatic intensity. In the *Meistersinger* I was particularly struck by the perfection of the *ensemble*, and the sunken orchestra added greatly

to the unity of the general effect. Gura, the great baritone, made one of his last appearances as Hans Sachs, and was superb. The performance of *Lohengrin* was remarkable for the fine singing of the choruses, which are always cut in London, so as to alter the whole balance of the opera. Madame Nordica gave a beautiful rendering of the part of Elsa.

One evening I went to see an excellent performance of Mozart's *Cosi fan tutti* in the little rococo Residenz Theater, a charming setting for the gay and spontaneous opera. Another feature was the small orchestra and the rapid succession of scenes arranged on the revolving stage. I used to meet some of the artists after the performances at supper: they were all delightful companions.

CHAPTER X

SOME GREAT PERSONALITIES

I meet the Abbé Liszt, at Bayreuth and in London—Gounod at Tavistock House—Mrs. Weldon—*Roméo et Juliette* in Paris—I attend the special performances—An annoying incident—Gounod *chez lui*—I accompany his son to a concert at the Conservatoire—Ambroise Thomas—Léo Delibes—Madame Patti's Christmas-tree—Two great pianists—Rubinstein—Hans von Bülow—His grimaces while playing—Story of a pupil.

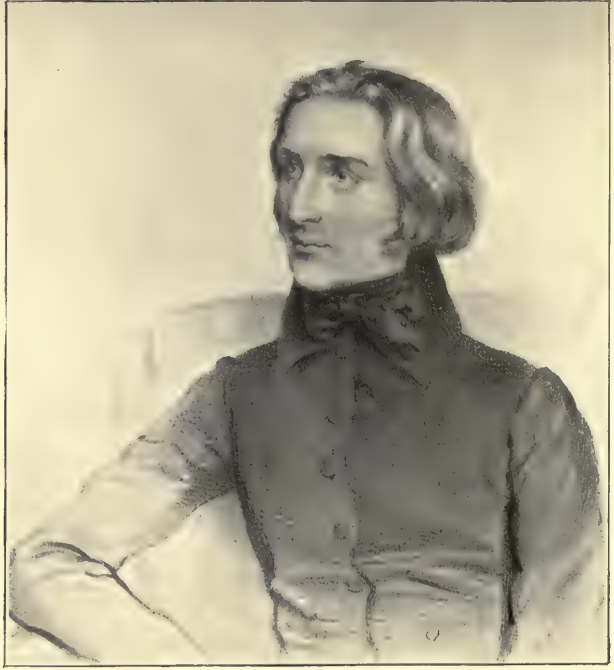
WHEN I was introduced to Liszt, who was staying with Wagner, he said he knew my name on account of my uncles in Berlin. He was dressed in the clerical garb of an Abbé, and was a very tall man, but stooped a little and spoke very gently. His long, white, silky hair hung down picturesquely, and he was very affable to me and had most charming manners. I saw him every day whilst I stayed at Bayreuth. Liszt was one of the greatest friends and warmest admirers of Wagner and his operas, and he was the first to bring out *Lohengrin*—the *première* of which took place at Weimar in the year 1850, with Liszt as conductor. I met Liszt again in London on Saturday, April 3rd, 1886, when he came over to England as the guest of Mr. Henry Littleton, head of the firm of

Novello & Co. Liszt arrived at Westwood House, Sydenham, very late in the evening and very tired, and was received by a distinguished company of between three and four hundred people who had been specially invited to meet him. He had come over to hear his oratorio, *Saint Elizabeth*, performed at St. James's Hall on April 6th under the direction of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. I went to hear the performance, and noticed that Liszt occasionally fell asleep, but woke up at hearing the great applause that came at the end of each important part.

I also saw him one Sunday morning at the house of my old friend the late Mr. Beatty Kingston, in St. John's Wood, where he had been invited to lunch. A song composed by his host's daughter was sung, and immediately afterwards Liszt sat down at the piano and extemporised beautifully on the theme of the song, never having heard it before.

A brilliant reception was also given in his honour, arranged by his pupil and friend, the late Mr. Walter Bache, at the Grosvenor Galleries in Bond Street, where I had the good fortune to hear Liszt play. He was then seventy-five years old, having been born on October 22nd, 1811, so one could hardly expect that his playing would have been so astonishing. He still had wonderful fire and technique, and one could easily imagine his former greatness, as the first pianist of his day. He may be said

Ant. Rubinstein



F. Liszt

1847 Aug. 1

to have created a new school of pianoforte playing, and now his works are constantly being performed at all the recitals given by modern pianists, and his orchestral works, such as his symphonies and symphonic tone-poems, are in the programmes of most of the orchestral concerts in London and the provinces. I have already mentioned that I gave the first performance in England of his "Divina Commedia" Symphony at my Orchestral Concerts in 1882.

After Liszt's death I stayed at Weimar and saw the houses where Schiller and Goethe and other great German poets and writers lived. There they have a Liszt Museum of his presents, testimonials and portraits, etc., and his old housekeeper showed me over it. She pointed out a lithograph portrait of Beethoven, and said that Liszt had always spoken of it as being the best likeness of him. Liszt, when a boy of twelve, had played before Beethoven.

In 1870, when the Franco-German War broke out, Charles Gounod, like many other Parisians, came over to England to get out of the war. He lived at Tavistock House, with Captain and Mrs. Weldon, where Charles Dickens once resided, near Euston Square. Georgina Weldon used to receive her friends, including a number of distinguished artists, on Sunday afternoons, and on those occasions Gounod used to accompany her in some of his newest songs, many of which he had dedicated to her. She had a

lovely high soprano voice, and was, in those days, a great beauty. She used to call Gounod "Papa."

Gounod also sang his own songs, such as "Maid of Athens," with perfect charm. He had only a small voice, but he sang exquisitely, every word being distinctly heard, and of course he played his own accompaniments to perfection. I used to go with the 'cellist, M. Paque, to these Sunday Réunions, and accompanied him in a fantasia which he had composed on airs from Gounod's *Faust.*

It was about this time that Gounod had organised a series of orchestral concerts, consisting of his own new works. These concerts, which were most interesting, were given at St. James's Hall, and he had engaged a fine orchestra. Several new works were performed, such as "The Funeral March of a Marionette." Mr. Edward Lloyd made a successful first appearance as a young English singer at these concerts. I remember complimenting him on his singing after the concerts had finished, and he seemed very pleased at my praise.

Gounod always admired English choral singing, and his famous oratorios, *The Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*, were both written for Birmingham Festivals. I was present at the rehearsal of *The Redemption* at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, when Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Edward Lloyd, and Charles Santley were

among the singers. Gounod conducted it himself, most splendidly.

When the Franco-German War was over he returned to Paris. The Parisians had been clamouring for his return, and complaining that he had been so long kept away from them. They even twitted him with having become an Englishman, to which he replied, "If I were not a Frenchman, I should like to be an Englishman." Many years afterwards, in December 1888, I visited him in Paris and renewed my acquaintance with him under the following circumstances.

Gounod and the directors of the Paris Grand Opera wished to give some special performances of *Roméo et Juliette*, and one of the directors, M. Gailhard, came over to England and travelled west to Craig-y-nos Castle to invite Madame Patti to go over to Paris and sing, and she kindly consented to do so. Signor Nicolini invited the late Mr. Augustus Spalding, Mr. Percy Harrison, the late Mr. N. Vert, and myself to go over to Paris and hear the performances. We four, accordingly, travelled over to Paris and stayed at the Hôtel Meurice in the Rue de Rivoli. *Roméo et Juliette* was a brilliant success, and was sung to packed houses. Madame Patti surpassed herself as Juliette, M. Jean de Reszke was Roméo, and M. Edouard de Reszke Friar Lawrence, and the opera was well conducted by M. Taffanel, who used to play the flute in the

orchestra—Gounod only conducting the first of the four performances.

We had seats in a box in one of the upper tiers that night, and for the next three performances had very good seats in the stalls. The *mise-en-scène* was very fine, the choruses excellent, likewise the ballet. The Ball Scene, where Juliet faints through the effect of the potion given her by Friar Lawrence in the second act, is always omitted at Covent Garden, but it was given in Paris, and altogether it was a memorable occasion. This was the first time I had seen the New Opera-house, with its grand staircase and superb *foyer*. The only thing which threw a kind of damper on my enjoyment was that I lost my pocket-book in the crush while trying to get my overcoat at one of the cloak-rooms connected with that part of the stalls where we sat. There were a great many other people trying to get their coats, and I felt a man pressing against me who, I suppose, was the one who stole my little book. Fortunately it contained no money, only my return-ticket to London, and, what I regretted most, a card from Gounod introducing me to Ambroise Thomas, in which he was kind enough to call me his *confrère*. I advertised and offered a reward, but nothing came of it.

On the Saturday morning following I called on Gounod at his house in the Boulevard Malesherbes and found him at home, sitting in

CHARLES GOUNOD.

his study on the first floor, dressed still in *négligé* and wearing his velvet cap. He received me most kindly, and, as Mr. Vert was waiting in the carriage outside, I asked M. Gounod whether I might bring him up and introduce him, and he at once said "Yes," and greeted Vert most affably. He talked a great deal about music in England, and said he regretted the cause which prevented him from coming over to England again and conducting some orchestral concerts of his own works, which he would have dearly loved to have done. This cause was a lawsuit, which he had lost in London and had been condemned to pay a heavy fine, and had he returned to England he would have had to settle it.

I asked him to write something in my autograph album, which he did, and I begged him to give me a piano-score of *Roméo et Juliette* signed with his name. He went to look in his library and returned, saying: "I am very sorry, but I have not a single copy left. People come to visit me, and take away all the piano-scores of my operas from my shelves."

In looking over my album he noticed the title and also a phrase of one of his own arias, "She alone charmeth my sadness," from his opera, *La Reine de Saba*. I told him that Signor Foli had made it very popular in England, but, strangely enough, he did not seem to recollect the song at all!

Gounod asked me if I would like to go to the Conservatoire Concert next morning, and of course I said "Yes": he then offered to fetch me from my hotel and take me there with him. Unfortunately, he was taken ill, so could not go, and his son came in his stead and we went together to the concert, which took place in the Salle du Conservatoire. It was conducted by M. Taffanel, and was a wonderful performance. The orchestra is celebrated all over Europe, and I must say I never heard a finer performance of Beethoven's *Eroica*. It was a revelation to me, and "The Funeral March" affected me to tears. Choruses from Gluck's *Armida* and *Iphigenia in Aulis* were also given.

In the afternoon I attended a reception given by the director of the Conservatoire, M. Ambroise Thomas, in his rooms at the Conservatoire, and renewed acquaintance with Madame Thomas, who had known me in London when she came over with her sister, Madame Montigny-Rémaury, the celebrated pianist, who had played several times at my orchestral concerts, and both sisters had visited my house. A great many artists, principally French, and other distinguished persons were present at the reception. Ambroise Thomas was very tall, and had a commanding presence; he was most sympathetic, and made everybody feel at home.

During the siege of Paris, Ambroise Thomas

was much troubled about the fate of his villa at Argenteuil, and as soon as he could leave Paris he hastened there. To his surprise, amidst the surrounding ruins of the place, he found his villa "Elsinore," with its garden, untouched. On opening the door of his house, he found the explanation. A visiting-card was lying there bearing the name "Lieutenant ——," and underneath in pencil was written, "nephew of Meyerbeer."

Later in the evening I visited Monsieur Léo Delibes in his rooms at the Rue de Rivoli. I found him at home and told him that Madame Patti had sung his "Bell Song" from *Lakmé* at the Albert Hall, under my direction, with immense success; in fact, she had to repeat the last quick movement. I asked him to put his autograph on my orchestral score of this song, which I had brought with me, which he did, and we had a most interesting chat. He died soon afterwards, on January 16th, 1891, when only fifty-four years old, and by his death the musical world lost a genius who could ill be spared. His grand Opera Ballets, *Sylvia* and *Coppélia*, alone will never let his name be forgotten, to say nothing of his many charming songs.

Madame Patti invited me to remain as her guest over Christmas, saying that she would have a Christmas-tree in her apartments in the Hôtel Meurice; but I could not accept her invitation, as I knew my wife and children would

be disappointed if I were away on such a family festival; so I thanked Madame Patti and her husband for the great treat I had had in hearing the festival performances of *Roméo et Juliette*, and we said "good-bye" for the time being.

The greatest pianist I have ever heard was Anton Rubinstein. He was a veritable giant in his playing. He used to come over from Russia in the summer, and I heard him at John Ella's Musical Union Concerts. He was a man of extreme artistic sensitiveness, and very moody, and was noted for his playing of rapid and spirited movements.

I also heard his opera *Il Demonio*, which was performed here by a Russian company and made a great impression.

In 1881 he gave a series of historical recitals in chronological order at St. James's Hall, and gave me two tickets for each concert. Seats were a guinea each, an unheard-of price in those days, and after each concert he used to invite his friends to a reception at the Hôtel Dieudonné in Ryder Street, to which I also received an invitation.

Rubinstein had a fine head, and people thought him like Beethoven. One evening I was invited by Carl Rosa to dine, to meet him and his agent, Mr. Wolff. We played whist afterwards, but not for money. Rubinstein was very fond of gambling, and lost lots of money at the roulette-table at Baden-Baden and other watering-

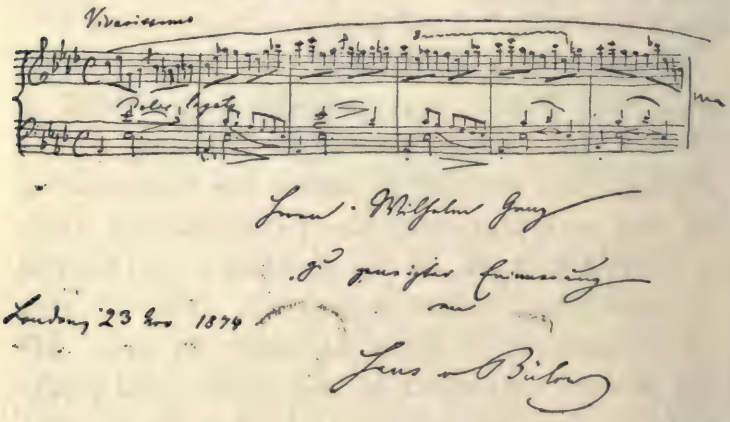
places. Sometimes he lost so much that the Russian Grand Duchess Hélène had to send him his travelling expenses so that he could get back to Russia. He was, all the same, a very generous man and never minded what he gave away.

A young girl I know was once taken to see Rubinstein, and he asked her to sing to him: she chose his "Du bist wie eine Blume." When she had finished his comment was, "Too much Belgrave Square!" He put his hand on her heart and said, "Any Army or Navy there?"

It was a long time before the great pianist, Hans von Bülow, was properly appreciated in London, for people, instead of listening to his playing, only seemed to notice his mannerisms. He was, as a fact, very short-sighted, and when he played he took off his spectacles and moved his head about rather grotesquely; but this was not affectation, it came naturally to him. He was always entranced in the music, and really could not see his audience at all without spectacles; but his gestures and apparent grimaces used to amuse them.

I call to mind one day meeting Arthur Chappell in Bond Street, when he asked my opinion about Bülow, which I gave him, lauding the pianist up to the skies; but Chappell did not agree with me. Bülow had only been a short time in England then, and I fancy Arthur Chappell changed his mind, for he engaged him to play at his popular concerts.

Bülow, apart from being such a great player and musician, was also a distinguished literary man, and wrote pamphlets on musical subjects. He was a clever composer as well, and a first-rate orchestral conductor, of which he gave proof when he was Kapellmeister at Munich and conducted Wagner's operas there. He also conducted orchestral concerts here, and used to give piano recitals at St. James's Hall, at one of



which he performed the last four Sonatas of Beethoven, which, as everybody knows, are immensely difficult; but he played them so clearly, especially the fugues, that it was a great treat to listen to him. You never heard a wrong note, and what I particularly admired was the feat of playing these difficult works by heart. At the present day all the great pianists do the same thing, and nobody thinks it at all extraordinary; but in those days it was a *tour de force*.

As everybody who takes an interest in musicians knows, Frau Cosima Wagner was the wife of Bülow before she married Wagner, and the daughter of Franz Liszt.

Bülow was a little man, thin and wiry, and full of wit and sarcasm. He was very sensitive about his slight build, and on one occasion, when he was conducting a concert at Berlin, he wrote and asked my uncle the Conzertmeister whether he couldn't come to his aid, saying:

"Muss ich, bei meiner anti-Murphy Statur, Madame Clara Novello vorführen? Oder wird sich nicht ein besserer Cavalier zu dieser Repräsentation auftreiben lassen?" (Must I, with my anti-Murphy stature, lead on Madame Clara Novello, or cannot a better cavalier be raked up?)

Murphy was a well-known Irish giant of the period.

A young English pupil of Bülow's told me a characteristic story of him. Bülow always impressed upon him the importance of the serious study of musical form and structure. Happening to come into the room one day, he heard his pupil playing Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte.* Bülow remarked, "Mendelssohn! Das ist eine Krankheit für die Jugend!" (which might be liberally translated: "Mendelssohn! A malady, like measles, to be got over in youth!") No one, except perhaps Liszt, worked harder for Wagner's fame—in which he certainly succeeded.

CHAPTER XI

MADAME ADELINA PATTI

Her wonderful career—Enthusiasm at Swansea—"A Royal Progress"—Annual charity concerts at Swansea, Brecon, and Neath—Life at Craig-y-nos—A kind chatelaine—Her Bijou Theatre—The Albert Hall concerts—How Patti practised—Her marriage with Baron Cederström—Sir George Faudel-Phillips's joke—Patti's many escapes from death—Her wonderful *sang-froid*—Her dresses and jewellery—Some musical amateurs I have known.

I HAVE already mentioned that Madame Adelina Patti sang at my concert at St. James's Hall in 1870 (see page 86). I cannot refrain from saying a few words about this charming lady, who has been my staunch and valued friend for forty-three years, since I first met her in 1870. Everybody knows her wonderful career, which began in 1850, when she was only seven years old, and appeared at Tripler's Hall, New York. She then sang "Casta Diva" from *Norma*, Eckert's "Echo Song," and "Home, Sweet Home," evoking the greatest enthusiasm. Her first appearance on the operatic stage took place when she was not yet seventeen years of age, at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1859, when she sang the title-rôle in Donizetti's opera

ADELINA PATTI, IN "LA TRAVIATA," 1859.

Lucia di Lammermoor, and carried everything before her.

She came to London with her father, and on May 14th, 1861, she made her début at Covent Garden in Bellini's opera *La Sonnambula*, when her success was phenomenal, and from that day she became the reigning favourite at the Opera, where she sang, for twenty-five consecutive years, twice a week. She told me herself that she had a répertoire of thirty-nine operas, and knew them by heart, the text and all the changes, with the various embellishments and cadenzas. Her memory is prodigious; no other singer in the world can show such a wonderful record. Her teacher was her half-brother, Ettore Barili.

She first invited me to her beautiful castle in South Wales, called Craig-y-nos (the Black Mountain or Mountain of the Night), to assist at a charity concert, which she gave for the Swansea Hospital in the eighties. The distance from her home was about twenty miles by rail, and all along the embankments crowds of miners stood with their wives and children, watching the train go by, and cheering her and waving their caps and handkerchiefs as she passed along. On her arrival at Swansea she was received by the Mayor and some members of the corporation, and a company of the local volunteers with their bands playing. She drove in an open carriage with her husband, and other

carriages followed with the rest of the artists and her friends staying at the castle, through the streets to the Albert Hall. The ships in the harbour were decked with flags, and on each side of the way, bunting with such mottoes as " God bless the Queen of Song," " Welcome," " Long live Adelina Patti," etc., decorated the route. From the house windows the inhabitants cheered, and likewise the crowds of people in the streets.

The Albert Hall at Swansea was crowded to suffocation. She sang several of her favourite songs, and ended with the ever-popular " Home, Sweet Home," which made many of the audience shed tears. Numerous floral offerings which consisted of the choicest flowers were handed to her on the platform. At the end of the concert the Member of Parliament for Swansea made an eloquent speech, in which he thanked her for her generosity and kindness in coming so far to help the hospital. A suitable reply was made for her by a friend. Our return to the railway station was again a scene of enthusiasm and deafening cheering, her castle being reached in time for dinner, and the Diva was happy in having done such good work for the suffering poor.

These concerts took place every year in rotation, viz. at Swansea, at Brecon, and at the Gwyn Hall, Neath, with the same result, and at each she was received by the Mayor and local

authorities. At these annual concerts the Diva was assisted by distinguished artists, who also gave their services, and I had the honour of being the conductor at them all. At the conclusion of our stay Madame Patti always presented handsome gifts of jewellery to all the artists as a souvenir of the occasion.

Craig-y-nos Castle occupies a beautiful position, three hundred feet above the level of the River Tawe; it stands in a lovely valley surrounded by high mountains. The reception-rooms are large and beautifully furnished. In the billiard-room there is a big orchestrion, which has a répertoire of all the popular operas, a large number being those of Wagner. Madame Patti generally joins in these airs, singing them while they are being played. She told me that Wagner asked her repeatedly to sing the soprano parts in *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, but she always declined his request. She would have made a splendid Elsa, but she was afraid that Wagner's operas might hurt her voice, particularly in the dramatic parts. The orchestrion is generally wound up to play after dinner, to the delight of the Diva's guests. There is a large Winter Garden with an electric fountain, which is lit up in various colours, and makes the *coup d'œil* a fairy place. The gardens are large, with a great number of hot-houses. There are two artificial lakes filled with fish, and wild-duck fly about everywhere.

Many years ago, when Madame Patti was looking out for a place to purchase, she was advised to consider the claims of a castle and estate near Turin called *Casa di Val di Casotto.* One of the attractions which it possessed was that the purchaser would be entitled to assume a title connected with the place. "When I was told I could call myself Duchessa di Val di Casotto," said Patti, "I replied that I preferred *Risotto*!"

I have always found it a real pleasure to be her guest, for as a hostess she entertains her friends in the most charming and hospitable manner. Madame Patti has an enormous correspondence, having friends all over the world, and this generally occupies her time the greater part of the morning. In the afternoon she, with her husband and guests, takes long drives, and it is a sight to see how the villagers turn out of their cottages with their little children to salute and bow to her as she passes along. In the winter time she provides the poor of the neighbourhood with coals and blankets, and gives them winter clothes. Her accomplishments do not end with her beautiful singing; she plays the piano perfectly, as well as the harmonium, the guitar, the mandoline, and the zither. She speaks and writes Italian, Spanish, Russian, Portuguese, German, French, and English perfectly. She does the finest embroidery, and has painted some charming little sketches

in water-colour. She is a courageous horsewoman, and drives splendidly, and delights in playing croquet.

She has had a pretty little bijou theatre built in the castle, which seats over three hundred persons, and where she often performs little plays and pantomimes. On one occasion she asked me to arrange a performance of *La Traviata*, as her husband, Baron Rolf Cederström, had never seen her on the stage. I had engaged some singers from London, and a small orchestra from Swansea, which I conducted. It was a memorable performance, and I never heard her sing better, nor with more pathos, than in the last act, in the dying scene, when everybody was moved to tears and felt as if, in the death of Violetta, they had lost a personal friend.

The audience consisted of her friends staying at the castle, and the rest of the stalls were filled with the families of her neighbours, while the little gallery contained her personal attendants and tenants. Of course the applause of the audience was most enthusiastic. A performance of Grand Opera in a private house, under such circumstances, was most interesting.

For many years Madame Patti was engaged by Mr. Percy Harrison of Birmingham, for concert tours in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, in which I acted as conductor. The concert-halls were crowded to excess, and the enthusiasm of the audience was so great that

she was obliged to accept encores to all her songs. The concerts at the Albert Hall given by the late Wilhelm Kuhe, the late N. Vert, and afterwards by Percy Harrison, must be remembered by all who had the good fortune to be present on these occasions, at which I both conducted the orchestra and accompanied on the pianoforte.

Madame Patti has always found her audiences insatiable in the matter of encores; and while she has never been unwilling to comply with the fair requests of her enthusiastic admirers, she found that, after all, there must be some limit set to them. Of late years she found a subtle way of indicating to the house that they should not ask for more. After "Home, Sweet Home," or "Coming thro' the Rye," she would retire, and then, in response to continued applause, return to the platform with a scarf on her shoulders, thus making it clear that it was really "good-night."

I have already mentioned Madame Patti singing to Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle. Later I referred to the wonderful concert given by the Marchioness of Lansdowne at Covent Garden on February 22nd, 1900, in aid of the officers' widows and families, in connection with the South African War.

It may be interesting for students of the vocal art to know that Madame Patti, at the beginning of her career, practised the fugues of Bach, which

are not only very difficult to play, but even more so to sing, as she herself told me, and also the " Rondo Capriccioso " of Mendelssohn. Her voice is a soprano of the purest quality; her roulades come out of her mouth like pearls, and her shake is exquisite and the finest I have ever heard.

The practice of introducing new cadenzas and making alterations in the music without the composer's approval has always been disapproved of by Madame Adelina Patti. She has told me that Rossini strongly objected to the liberties which singers used to take with his music, and that when M. Maurice Strakosch, her brother-in-law and teacher, introduced certain staccato notes into an aria, Rossini remarked, " Ce sont des Strakoschonneries ! "

The very brilliant cadenzas to " Bel Raggio," which Madame Patti used to sing, were specially composed and written out for her by Rossini himself. He had a great admiration for her singing, and asked to come and hear her practising her *solfeggi*, and would not listen to her objections. He would come upstairs in the hotel where they were staying and stand outside the door of the room while she was practising.

I attribute the miraculous manner in which Madame Patti has kept her voice to the way in which she has spent her life in actually living for her art, to a degree never exercised by any

other singer. She can actually count on her fingers the times she has disappointed in her singing career. In her desire to keep faith with the public and not to fail in her appearances through any cause avoidable by herself, she was most careful in her diet, never overtired herself, keeping early and regular hours; after singing she would only take a light supper. So conscientious was she before her engagements that I know of many pleasures she has voluntarily given up. Now that she has retired she is able to enjoy visits to Bayreuth or Munich, where she constantly goes to the festivals, or to Paris, where she has so many old friends, including M. Jean de Reszke and his wife, and when staying in London she is a great theatre-goer.

It will not be out of place if I mention that her marriage with Baron Rolf Cederström took place at Brecon in January 1899, and after the ceremony a special train took the bride and bridegroom, with their guests, including my wife and my daughters, Georgina and Adelina, and myself, and many friends and relations, to London. The wedding breakfast was served in the train, and Sir George Faudel-Phillips proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in felicitous terms, and jokingly said that he had made speeches before in curious places, but he "had never before made one in a tunnel," as we were passing through the Severn Tunnel at that moment.

Madame Patti has had several narrow escapes from death. On one occasion, when she was about sixteen years of age, she was singing the Mad Scene in *Lucia*, when the sleeve of her dress, which was very long and of some light, flimsy material, caught fire in the footlights. Tearing it off with her hand, she extinguished the flames, only stopping singing for a few moments, and then caught up the flute *obbligato* exactly where she left off. There were thunders of applause at her plucky action. Another time, in America, when she was singing in opera, an assassin threw a bomb at a man in the stage box. Madame Patti had taken several calls from the right-hand side of the stage, and was going to appear again to bow from that side, when something seemed to tell her to go to the left-hand side instead. It was well she did so, for just then the anarchist threw his bomb, which missed the stage box and fell on the stage at the exact spot where she had just been standing. Fortunately it did not explode.

On another occasion, when she was a young girl, a messenger left a pair of gloves at her house, with a note asking her to accept them, as the sender wished to call them the "Patti gloves." Her father looked at them and thought they had a suspicious appearance and smell, so he took them to a chemist, who analysed them and found they had been steeped in a most deadly poison.

Once, when Madame Patti returned to the artists' room after singing, she helped herself to a glass of water from the carafe provided for her; but the moment she tasted it she found it had such a strange flavour that she would not drink it. It was afterwards discovered that a box of matches had evidently been soaked in the water to poison her, for it was found to be full of brimstone.

Even at an early age she was entirely fearless. When a little girl she toured in Porto Rico with her father, riding on a white horse, and met with all sorts of adventures. She never seemed to know what danger meant. When she was only ten years old she was singing at a place called St. Thomas, in America, when an earthquake took place, and the building in which the concert was held began to rock ominously. Of course everybody proceeded to rush away, but little Adelina called out from the platform: "Why do you all run away? I am not running away," and started singing an extra "Home, Sweet Home," which prevented a panic. She did a similar thing when an overcrowded gallery threatened to give way and the people were terrified by the sinister cracking of the boards.

Once when Madame Patti was singing in *Traviata*, during the duet "Parigi o Cara" the tenor, by mistake, began to sing the soprano part. Quite undaunted, Patti immediately rose to the

occasion, and dropped into his part quite naturally. "When he was kind enough to let me," she says, in telling the story, "I took my own part back again." Nobody noticed the mistake, and the tenor afterwards thanked Patti, with tears in his eyes, for saving the situation.

When Patti was on a concert tour up the Mississippi River, she used to leave the boat, sing at some concert-hall, and then continue the journey. On one occasion she got out at a place called Bâton Rouge, but, not feeling well enough to sing, was obliged to disappoint the audience by not appearing. While she was resting in the hotel she heard a child crying bitterly in one of the rooms, and, in her kindly and impulsive way, went to see what was the matter. She found a little girl sobbing because "mother had gone to hear the great Patti sing and she was left behind." Patti soon cheered her by singing "Home, Sweet Home," and "Kathleen Mavourneen," and when the mother came back, very disappointed, from the concert, the child exclaimed, "I've heard her! I've heard her!" "What *do* you mean?" said the mother, and her feelings can be imagined when she learned what she had missed.

As an instance of Patti's interest in the opinion of the humblest of her hearers I may mention that once, when a mutual friend of ours was

coming out of the Albert Hall after a concert with Madame Patti, she said to her: "I have just heard a policeman going into raptures about your singing!" "What did he say?" said Patti, intensely pleased, "I *do* want to know what he said." It was characteristic of her that, with the plaudits of the whole Albert Hall audience still ringing in her ears, she was eager to hear what a policeman on duty there had thought about her voice.

I have not said half enough in praise of Madame Patti, but words fail me to give expression to the admiration I have for her as a friend, artiste, and woman. She has given pleasure to more people all over the world than any other living singer, and it is to be regretted that, being still in full possession of her powers, she has given up her public career; but, after all these many years of arduous work, singing in operas and concerts, and travelling thousands of miles nearly all over the world, she deserves her well-earned rest.

In former years, when she was still active in her profession, she never had an opportunity of visiting various cities (where she was not singing), visiting theatres, museums, and other places of entertainment, or artistic instruction, because she never had any time to give to these sights. She was always so devoted to her profession. Her husband, however, is himself a great admirer of art, and encourages his wife to

visit the fine museums, and they generally spend a few months every winter in Rome.

She did not formerly accept any invitations to dinners or receptions, as she was afraid of catching cold, and of disappointing not only the public, but also her managers.

She is the soul of punctuality, always arriving in ample time for her engagements. The method and order observed in her castle are very characteristic of her.

She is very fond of animals, and cannot bear to see them in pain. Often when driving along the country roads she will stop to see why a lamb is bleating or a dog whining. Once, when a thrush knocked against her window and fell stunned she went out to pick it up, nursed and revived it and then let it go.

She is adored by her servants, Welsh, English, German, and Italian, and her sympathetic kindness to her old retainers is the admiration of every one.

When staying at her house it was a sight to see her coming down to dinner dressed magnificently. She varied her jewellery according to the dress she wore—diamonds and rubies, pearls and emeralds. Her toilettes are elegant, and never over-elaborate. I have mentioned these particulars as I thought they would interest my lady readers, and I may add that the Baroness Cederström has been kind enough to work a waistcoat for me.

Shortly after one of Patti's concerts, at which I conducted the orchestra, *Puck* had an excellent cartoon with the following verses :

"OPORTET PATI"

OR

"WE ALL WANT PATTI!"

'Tis said that Hector Berlioz once wrought
A novel version of an ancient adage,
And clothed in words expressing modern thought
One of the grimmest notions of a sad age.

"Oportet pati" was the monkish text
He dealt with, saying, "It is meet to suffer"
Was its translation by some dull, unsexed,
Monastic, gloomy, superstitious duffer.

Next came a cheerfuller interpretation
Ingeniously excogitated by
A French *gourmet* of world-wide reputation,
Who vowed the axiom meant "Bring up the Pie!"

The rendering by Berlioz devised,
Was the most graceful, sympathetic, natty ;
He gave it thus : "Correctly modernised,
'Oportet pati' means 'We all want Patti.'"

Our version of the Latin saw shall be
The same as that of France's great musician ;
"We all want Patti." Ever fain are we
To court the song-spells of that sweet magician.

See! PUCK has drawn her nestling in a pie—
A mimic paté, pasty architectural ;
The Nightingale is just about to fly,
No longer her departure is conjectural.

She leaves her island home and friends to reap
A golden harvest on a foreign shore ;
Heaven guide her safely o'er the storm-toss'd deep!
Good luck, dear Queen of Song, and "Au revoir."

"OPORTET PATI," OR WE ALL WANT PATTI (PATÉ).

Mr. Ganz (under Mr. Harrison's clever auspices) has dished us up a "patée" always to our taste.—"Puck."

The late Duke of Edinburgh, throughout his life, retained his love for the violin, and when he founded the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society he himself led the orchestra. The early meetings of the Society were held in private at Metzler's, in Great Marlborough Street, and there was no audience. I joined as a violinist, and I remember one occasion when the Prince of Wales was present. In conversation with me he asked if I knew the Duke of Edinburgh, and, when I replied that I had not that honour, he took me by the arm up to the Duke and introduced me.

I have known many charming lady amateurs in my time, all skilled in the art of music. Lady Augustus Hervey used to sing duets with Lord Dudley, and Lady Rumbold is an admirable exponent of the *bel canto*. Lady Arthur Hill has written many favourite songs, such as "In the Gloaming," and made a melodious setting of the hymn "O perfect Love," which was sung at her daughter's wedding. Mrs. Arkwright sings cleverly to her own guitar accompaniments, and Lady Parkyns, a true musician, has composed some beautiful lyrics.

Lady Folkestone once arranged a performance of Romberg's Toy Symphony, and invited all the best-known musicians of the day to take part. It was given at a charity concert on May 14th, 1880. We all chose instruments we had not played before. Charles Santley played the violin and I the viola. Benedict took the bells, and

Arthur Sullivan amused us all with his imitation of the cuckoo. Henry Leslie wielded the bâton with great skill.

While I am speaking of musical amateurs, I must not omit to refer to my friend the late Mr. John Woodford. He was the son of Field-Marshal Sir Alexander Woodford, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and was for forty years in the Foreign Office. He never failed to be at the Opera when Mario was singing, and he imitated his style to perfection. His pronunciation of Italian could not have been surpassed. He was a great favourite in society, not his least attraction being his good looks. He used to help me when I had my Amateur Vocal Reunions in 1858, and we continued our friendship until he died. Since then I have kept up the friendship with his charming widow and daughter.

Another great friend of mine, an amateur tenor, was the late Mr. George Gumbleton, familiarly known as "Gumby." He sang Irish national songs to perfection, accompanying himself faultlessly on the piano. He could converse in four different languages. It was a pleasure to listen to him in songs of Schubert and Schumann, which of course he sang in the original German. Apart from "Salve Dimora" in *Faust* (in Italian) he also excelled in Gounod's songs, such as, "Ce que je suis sans toi," "Medjé," and "Quand tu chantes."

He was very clever in his profession as a

barrister, and a very versatile man. I remember his writing some Greek verses on the present German Emperor.

I was put in rather an awkward predicament by a present he made me at the time of my Orchestral Concerts. It was a black ebony silver-mounted conducting-stick, a beautiful thing in itself, but quite unpractical. I always used a white stick, so that the orchestra could see my beat. In order not to offend him I took both sticks with me to my desk at the next concert and used his for a piece where I thought I could safely take the risk.

The late Mr. Augustus Spalding was a notable figure at the Opera, and for very many years could always be seen sitting in his corner seat in the stalls close to the stairs leading to the exit by the orchestra. A confirmed admirer of the old school of Italian Opera, it was only by slow degrees that he became accustomed to and learned to appreciate the beauties of Wagner's operas. I remember his telling me that his special abhorrence was the beginning of the second act of *Lohengrin*.

The magnificent music of *Ortrud* and *Telramund*, so interesting as the forerunner of Wagner's later style, had no charms for him.

He used to explain how convenient it was for him to slip out at his usual dinner-hour and return to the Opera-house when the dawn breaks in the middle of the second act!

CHAPTER XII

PARTIES AND POLITICIANS

My first guinea—Lord Cardigan—The Balaclava Charge—Music at Lady Rothschild's—Private concerts at Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's—The Prince of Wales and other guests—Madame Patti and a fee of £1,000—M. Jacoby—Mr. Charrington's private concert—Story of three *prima donnas*—Baroness de Reuter's receptions—Music at Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill's—Mentmore—I meet Disraeli—A recollection of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone—Tring Park—Sir Alexander Cockburn.

I HAD already begun playing at private parties when I was fifteen, and used to get a fee of half a guinea. The next year I earned my first guinea under rather curious circumstances, which I described in my diary at the time :

" *Saturday.*—To-day Miss Messent sent for me, and said that she was to sing to the Duchess of Somerset, and would I oblige her by playing her accompaniments. If she pleased the Duchess, she was to sing at her party that evening, and I was to go too. As we had to be there at 4 o'clock, I went home quickly, flung on my 'gala,' and drove with Miss Messent to the Duchess of Somerset's, 1, Park Lane, Hyde Park. The Duchess had asked this morning at Mitchell's Library for a singer, and he had suggested Miss Messent, and that is how it happened. We

pulled up at the 'palace,' and a liveried servant with powdered hair opened the door. We went through a splendid hall to the first floor to await the Duchess. The room, or rather 'salon,' where I now found myself was more beautiful and splendid than any I had yet seen. The carpets, mirrors, and furniture were all very fine. Suddenly the door opened, and a stout, elderly lady came in, and we bowed deeply, for we thought it was the Duchess, as it really was. She asked Miss Messent some questions, and what her fee was for a soirée, and finally asked about me. Miss Messent sang something and I accompanied her. After this I was asked by Her Grace (the title for the Duchess) to play a pianoforte solo, and I played a short piece. To her inquiry as to what I asked for the evening I said, quite unabashed, 'A guinea!' She smiled, for she considered it very cheap. To Miss Messent she said that, for this evening, it would not be possible for her to sing, as chiefly Ambassadors were coming, and they would talk so much about politics that they would not listen to singing. So that I was to come and play some little solos, and be there at 10 o'clock that evening. I was very pleased to play for such a high personage, as I had not expected it. I drove back again with Miss Messent, who probably was very much annoyed that I had cut her out. . . . This evening I flung myself into my 'best state' (clothes) and drove up to the house in a cab. In the entrance-hall were some five servants, and everything was lit up. I was then shown into a side-room by a servant in black clothes, and there I had tea. At 10 o'clock I was announced to the Duchess. I was, however, immediately told that I could not play at present, as the French Ambassador had suddenly been

taken ill—I was to wait. The servants said, in fun, that the Ambassador had dined *too well.* The wife of the late Duke of Sussex (an English Prince) was there, also the Russian, Turkish, Danish Ambassadors, and also many lords and ladies and others whom I did not know. The Duchess was covered with diamonds, and told me herself that I could not play yet. I also saw her husband, who was simply in evening dress with a star. After waiting for two hours, a servant came to me and said that he had been requested to give me a guinea, and that it was not necessary for me to play to-day, and I could go home; the Duchess would engage me another time. He paid me the guinea (12 florins) *for nothing*, and also 2*s.* for the cab, and I went home doubly pleased. It was the first guinea that I had earned, and I went to bed with a happy heart and soon fell asleep."

In January 1857 I was engaged to go down for the night to play at Deene Park, the Northamptonshire seat of Lord Cardigan, the hero of Balaclava. In the fine oak-panelled hall with rich carvings I saw the diplomas presented to him on his return from the Crimea, and a large oil-painting of the famous charge. There was music in the evening in the hall. Verdi's new operas were much *en vogue*, and Lord Cardigan asked me to play something from *Rigoletto.* A handsome, tall man, he wore court dress with black silk stockings, and I noticed he had on his orders and stars. He spoke to me in French, and was particularly affable.

He asked me to stay on for a week, and send to

London for my things. Unfortunately, I could only stop two days, as I had to be back in town.

While we were talking, the Earl of Westmorland came up and spoke to me. Lord Cardigan said, " Ah, vous connaissez Monsieur Ganz ? " "Mais oui, et ses parents. Ses oncles étaient mes premiers violon et violoncelle à Berlin." Lord Westmorland, who had been English Minister in Berlin, was one of the most distinguished musical amateurs of the time. He composed operas and cantatas, and founded our Royal Academy of Music. His grand-daughter, the present Lady Londesborough, was a pupil of mine. As he was going away Lord Westmorland said, " I live only five miles from here, and would be very happy to see you if you will come over."

There were many distinguished guests there, including Count Pourtalès, Lord and Lady Ernest Bruce, the Earl and Countess of Jersey and their daughter, the beautiful Lady Clementina Villiers. The day after we had music in the afternoon, and I played to Lady Clementina, and she played some Chopin Valses and other pieces to me very beautifully. Mrs. Dudley Ward, a pupil of mine (afterwards Mme de Falbe), sang the same evening. While the party were out hunting, I went over the beautiful garden and visited the splendid stables.

I was there shown the actual charger which Lord Cardigan rode when he led the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. As I had to

leave, I suggested to Lord Cardigan sending some one to take my place. He said, "Cela ne vaut pas la peine: ce n'est pas comme vous." I heard that an artist who had been there before me had given offence by playing something other than sacred music on a Sunday, and Lord Cardigan did not ask him again.

I remember, many years ago, attending a musical party given by the late Baroness Lionel de Rothschild, mother of Lord Rothschild, at her country house in Gunnersbury Park, near Kew. I accompanied a young Italian singer, Mlle Finoli, and played some piano pieces, one of which was a fantasia on airs from *La Traviata*, which I had arranged and wished to dedicate to the Duchesse d'Aumale, who was present. I had written to her a day or two previously about it. When I had played it she sent word to me that she would be very pleased to accept the dedication, and when I went to Orleans House, later on, she presented me, as a recognition of it, with a set of coral studs set in diamonds. Another French royal lady, the Duchesse d'Orléans, was also present at the party, and among the guests were Cardinal Wiseman, in his full ecclesiastical dress, also the Bishop of Oxford (Bishop Wilberforce), and Lord Clarendon, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs. It seemed strange, at that time, that at the house of the Rothschilds the representatives of many religions should have been present.

This was as it should be, in my humble opinion, as it showed that religious susceptibilities were wearing off, and that the representatives of all creeds could meet amicably together.

I was once asked by Herr Leopold Auer to accompany him at a soirée given by Count Schouvaloff, the Russian Ambassador, at the Russian Embassy, in Chesham Place. When he and I walked in, the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Alexandra, was sitting at the piano, accompanying Madame Christine Nilsson. Her Royal Highness got up at once from the piano when she saw us enter, not without my having noticed her beautiful touch. Then the men guests came in from the dining-room, among them being our late King Edward and the young Prince Louis Napoleon, who met with such a tragic end in the Zulu War.

When the concert was over, a Hungarian band played, and after twelve o'clock dancing began in one of the salons and was kept up with great spirit. I noticed that Prince Napoleon danced with one of my pupils, Lady Augusta Rous, daughter of the Countess of Stradbroke.

I used also to arrange the musical parties given by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, at which the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cambridge were often present. I remember being rather amused, on one occasion, to see, on entering the house, Disraeli and Lord Granville walking arm in arm up the staircase. It showed

that, though political opponents, they were friendly enough in private life. A foreign lady singer, who had been recommended to the Baron, sang that night, and also Mr. Edward Lloyd.

At one of the musical parties that I arranged for Lady Rothschild Madame Melba sang, and M. Pugno, the well-known French pianist, and M. Hollman, the 'cellist, played. The house is really magnificent, and the acoustics, from a musical point of view, most excellent.

The private concerts I have arranged and conducted have been many and varied in character. At the annual soirées given by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild at his beautiful house in Seamore Place, Park Lane, Madame Adelina Patti always sang for him and was supported by artists I engaged from Covent Garden, such as M. Alvarez, M. Plançon, and Mlle Scalchi, by Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Charles Santley.

Mr. Alfred de Rothschild took great interest in arranging the programme with me, and I had to see him frequently beforehand at his house in the mornings. King Edward (then Prince of Wales) honoured all these soirées with his presence, and after the music he would speak to me very graciously, saying in German, "Sie haben sehr schön begleitet" (You accompanied beautifully). Well-known figures in London society were always there, and it was a fine sight to see the magnificent toilettes and rare jewels

of the ladies in the glittering light of the white-and-gold drawing-rooms, their walls hung with the masterpieces of Gainsborough.

The music generally began about a quarter past eleven and ended at one o'clock. Then supper was served, and the Prince of Wales generally escorted Madame Patti to the supper-table. Later on dancing took place, the late M. Jacoby conducting the band.

Jacoby was for many years conductor at the Alhambra, for which he composed a number of ballets. He was a German, and as a boy lived with his parents in Berlin, where my eldest brother, Eduard, taught him the violin, and he always spoke of him to me with the greatest gratitude and respect. His father afterwards settled in Paris, and then young Jacoby came over here and made his home in London, and also his reputation.

I remember once being asked by a very rich gentleman to engage Madame Patti for a private concert he intended to give, for which he said he would pay her a fee of a thousand guineas if she would consent to sing. I told him at once that she would not sing anywhere privately, as she never accepted such engagements, and that I could not, on any account, try and persuade her to sing for him, as it would be quite useless. So that finished the matter.

At one of the soirées at Mr. Rothschild's, at which Madame Patti sang, I had engaged three

remarkable artists from the Opera, namely, M. Alvarez, Signor Ancona, and M. Plançon, to sing, besides their songs, the Trio from *Faust*; but when it was over the Prince of Wales, who sat close to the singers in the front room, said to me: "Ganz, the singers sing as if they thought they were in Covent Garden; it is much too loud."

I am bound to say he was right, but it was magnificently sung all the same. We did not have a trio next year.

On one occasion I arranged a private concert for Mr. Charrington, at his house in Pont Street, for which, at his desire, I engaged three *prima donnas*, Madame Calvé, Madame Emma Eames, and Mlle Marie Engle. I had fixed upon some concerted music for this soirée, one item being the Quintette from the *Meistersinger*, and I had arranged to have a rehearsal for the concert at my own house. One of the ladies objected to rehearsing, saying that the pitch of my piano was much too high; but I told her that I should order a French-pitch piano for the soirée, and after some persuasion I got her to rehearse. When the evening came this lady, instead of singing a grand aria, elected to sing a little American ballad, while another wanted to take Plançon's place in the programme, saying, "Je dois chanter demain devant la reine Victoria à Windsor, et il faut que je parte aussi vite que possible" (I am going to sing to Queen Victoria

at Windsor to-morrow, and must get away as quickly as possible), but Plançon would not give way, saying to her, "Mais, madame, vous avez déjà chanté une fois et je ne peux pas vous donner ma place" (But, Madame, you have already sung once, and I cannot give you my place). She reluctantly consented to remain until her turn came to sing her last song. I tried to smooth things over and pacify these exacting artists, in which I succeeded. The concert took place in a large music-room and afterwards Mr. Charrington presented each lady artiste with a beautiful bouquet. The united fees of the artists on this occasion were over £1,100, and the programmes were printed on white satin.

The late Baroness de Reuter used also to give receptions at her house in Kensington Palace Gardens, where many unknown young artists had the chance of appearing before a distinguished audience. These receptions took place in the afternoon; the big salons were on the ground-floor and attached to them was a spacious conservatory, containing choice flowers and marble statues.

On one occasion I engaged a small orchestra, which I conducted, and Madame Christine Nilsson sang and won the hearts of all her listeners. The other artist was Herr Alexander Reichardt, the Viennese tenor, who sang German Lieder with exquisite taste.

Baron de Reuter was a clever and charming

man. It was he who succeeded in laying the first Atlantic cable to America, by the *Great Eastern* steamship, which was the largest steamer then built. He was also the founder of Reuter's Telegraph Company, which gives the news to this country from all parts of the world and has made the name of Reuter famous. We used to chaff each other, and the Baron would often say in fun : " Ganz, I have composed a wonderful new opera, which will be performed very shortly."

When I first knew the Reuters they were then Mr. and Mrs. Reuter, and lived in a small house in Doughty Street, Mecklenburg Square. Through his energy and good luck in organising the telegraphic service during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870–71, he became a well-known man and was created a baron by the late Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg-Gotha. This Duke was the brother of Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, and composed several operas, one of which, called *Casilda*, was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre.

At another private concert I had engaged a good number of artists, and the lady who was giving the concert wanted some concerted music performed, and I had therefore to engage two *prima donnas*. One of them, when she saw the list of artists, complained that I had engaged too many and made the programme too long. I assured her that I was obliged to do so, and

told her the reason, and said it would not be fair to ask her to sing too often. Anyhow, I had arranged a splendid programme, and all the items went well; but I mention this to show how extremely difficult it is to please everybody —especially *prima donnas*!

Mrs. Mackintosh of Mackintosh is another hostess who gives concerts at which such artists as Madame Calvé, Madame Emmy Destinn, Madame Clara Butt, Mr. Ben Davies, and M. Plançon are heard. The playing of The Mackintosh's piper in full highland dress during supper always interests the foreign artists.

I remember accompanying at a small musical party given by Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill at their house in Connaught Place, at which King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was present. Mlle Sigrid Arnoldson, a Swedish operatic vocalist, who had a high, fresh soprano voice, sang most beautifully, while Miss Nettie Carpenter played the violin. When Miss Carpenter entered the drawing-room the Prince beckoned me to him and asked me all about her and whether she played well. Of course I replied in the affirmative, and told His Royal Highness that she was an American girl, who had studied at the Conservatoire in Paris, where she had gained the *premier prix*.

When the little concert was over, everybody adjourned to the billiard-room, which was on the same floor, where we all had supper. During

a conversation I had with Lord Randolph I asked him whether he ever felt nervous when addressing the House of Commons, and he said, "Yes, always, at the beginning of my speech; but when once I am warmed up I get on all right." It was a very enjoyable and unceremonious evening; several of the host's married sisters, who had been my pupils, were present. I noticed on the staircases no end of addresses to Lord Randolph—some being from his constituents. The house was beautifully appointed and full of *objets d'art*.

Many years ago I stayed at the country seat of Baron and Baroness Meyer de Rothschild at Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard. That fine mansion had not long been finished, and Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild and his bride, Baroness Evelina de Rothschild, daughter of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P. for the City of London, were staying there at the same time on their honeymoon. The Baroness Evelina had a good mezzo-soprano voice, and sang occasionally in the evenings, and I accompanied her. She died within a year of her happy marriage, to the great grief of her husband, who founded the Evelina Hospital for sick children at Southwark in memory of her.

Among the visitors staying there at the same time was Benjamin Disraeli, who had his secretary, Mr. Montague Corry, afterwards Lord Rowton, with him. I sat next Mr. Disraeli at

dinner sometimes, but was always too timid in those days to address him—he used to come into the drawing-room to listen to my playing, and would stand by my side, holding his little eye-glass to his eye; but he never uttered a word.

Mr. Corry knew me well, as I used to teach his sisters, and he would willingly have introduced me to Disraeli, but I fought shy of him. Other guests were the Count and Countess Bernstorff; the Count was then Prussian Ambassador. The Countess was a pupil of mine, and had a fine contralto voice, excelling in Schubert's songs, which she often sang. Then there was the Hon. Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, father of the present Marquis of Crewe. He was, as everybody knows, a fine poet, and his lyrics were often set to music One of them, "The Beating of my own Heart," was set by Sir George Macfarren, and Madame Clara Novello sang it into popularity. In later years my daughter Georgina sang it a great deal at country houses where she stayed, and the melody was so infectious that people used to hum it all over the house.

I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to Mentmore, and meeting so many distinguished people. Before the present mansion was built I used to stay at Mentmore Cottage and gave a few singing-lessons to Miss Hannah de Rothschild, who married the present Lord Rosebery.

The Bernstorffs were great favourites of Queen

Victoria and Prince Albert, and I remember that the Prince Consort was godfather to one of their sons. I used to teach two of their children the piano, Count Andreas and Countess Teresa. They often gave evening parties at their fine house in Carlton House Terrace, which lent itself well for big entertainments. Many German artists appeared there, who thus had an opportunity of being heard by the best English society. Some of them the Countess introduced to me, and I did all I could to be useful to them. After Count Bernstorff left he was succeeded by Count Münster, who was very fond of music, and often asked me to arrange musical parties for him. He was a widower, and his daughter, the Countess Marie, did the honours for him. The present German Emperor created him a Prince.

Count Münster was always most affable and friendly to me. I remember, one evening, Joseph Joachim and I were invited to dine with him. After dinner he asked Joachim to play something, but he had not got his violin or any music with him. I suggested the Kreutzer Sonata, and Joachim sent a messenger to fetch his violin and music, and we played the sonata together. Joachim afterwards made appreciative remarks to me which pleased me very much.

Although these reminiscences are supposed to be only connected with music and musicians, I cannot refrain from mentioning my several

interviews with the late great "Tribune of the People," Mr. William Ewart Gladstone, as it was principally at musical entertainments that I met him.

On one occasion the "grand old man" was staying on a visit at Lord and Lady Rothschild's, at Tring Park, Hertfordshire, with Lord Redesdale, Mr. John Morley, M. de Staal, the then Russian Ambassador, and other distinguished guests. Of course Lady Rothschild did the honours, assisted by her daughter and her son, Mr. Walter Rothschild. We used to have music in the evenings, M. Joseph Hollman playing the 'cello and I accompanying him. One evening I sat next Mr. John Morley at dinner, and in the course of conversation spoke to him about becoming a Cabinet Minister again. This, he assured me, would never happen; but of course it did, for Mr. Gladstone soon became Prime Minister again, and Mr. Morley entered his Cabinet, and in later years was created Viscount Morley.

In conversation with Mr. Gladstone I asked him whether he did not feel very tired after addressing his constituents for so many hours at a time at the Corn Exchange in Edinburgh; but he said no, and added that, to moisten his throat, he took the yolk of an egg beaten up, and that made it all right.

I asked him to be so kind as to favour me with his autograph, and he said: "Give me a

little time, and let me have your address, and I will attend to it." He did not forget his promise, for one cold day in March, not long after, he drove up in a victoria to my house in Harley Street while we were at lunch. When I saw him drive up I went to the door and his footman handed me a large envelope. I knew what it was, and walked out to the carriage and thanked Mr. Gladstone, who said he had preferred to bring the packet to me himself instead of sending it by post, so that the photograph inside it might not be damaged; and I thanked him again for his kindness. It was a large photograph signed by himself. I had it specially framed, and it now graces one of the walls in my house.

Mr. Gladstone was particularly fond of music, and used to sing in his younger days. Unfortunately, I never heard him; but I remember the late Countess of Bernstorff, who had heard him, telling me about his singing. He went one evening to the Music-hall in Great George Street, Edinburgh, when Madame Adelina Patti sang and I was conducting. During the interval he came round to the artists' room to speak to Madame Patti, addressing her in Italian. But when he found she spoke English quite perfectly he continued the conversation in that language, and offered her his congratulations on her superb singing.

Mr. Gladstone at one time had a house in

Harley Street close to where we then lived, and I remember, one Sunday afternoon, walking down our usually quiet street and seeing a cordon of police drawn across the road to prevent people approaching Mr. Gladstone's house. It was at the time of the "Jingo" excitement, and his windows had been broken by a mob.

At that time Harley Street was not merely a street of doctors ("Pill-box Lane" it has sometimes been called), but my neighbours and friends included, besides Sir Richard Quain, the great diner-out, who was always amusing, and Sir Morell Mackenzie, the Kendals, the Chappells, who gave famous musical parties, Mr. Gully, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Charles Russell, Mr. F. Wootton Isaacson, M.P., Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, at whose parties one met all the celebrities of the day.

Some most artistic private concerts were given by the late Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, at his house in Hertford Street, and he did me the honour of asking me to arrange them. Joachim generally played at these soirées, and so did Piatti, and some distinguished artist always sang, one of these, I remember, being the beautiful Mlle Belocca, of Her Majesty's Theatre. People listened most attentively, and there was no talking to disturb the performers, as often happened at other houses, where pianoforte-playing was usually the signal for general con-

versation to begin. While on this subject I may mention what happened once at a musical party given by Mrs. Dudley Ward, sister-in-law of the late Earl of Dudley, which I helped to arrange and at which I played all the accompaniments.

It so happened that the great Madame Schumann was engaged to play some pianoforte solos, and she began by playing Chopin's Polonaise in A flat. But, alas! during the whole time she was playing the people talked incessantly. Knowing what her feelings would be, I stood by her side and condoled with her; but I don't think she ever played at any private party in England again.

The fact was that the great attraction that night was Giuglini, who had then not long made his first appearance at Mapleson's opera, as Arturo in *I Puritani*, and became at once the idol of the British public. Of course, a few years afterwards, when Madame Schumann became a leading attraction at the Popular Concerts, she was always received with acclamation, and I have seen the audience in the stalls throwing flowers at her; but on the night of Mrs. Dudley Ward's party she could not get a hearing.

To return to the soirée at Sir Alexander Cockburn's, among the audience used to be a good many judges, the confrères of the host. Sir Alexander was a very charming and fascinating

man; he was particularly fond of Beethoven, and I remember that, after attending some of my Orchestral Concerts at St. James's Hall, where I performed some of Berlioz's symphonies, he told me that he did not care for Berlioz, but preferred the old classical masters. He had a very melodious voice, and always spoke to me in German, which he had learnt fluently at the University of Jena, where he studied, and he also spoke French and Italian perfectly. He was the English representative at the Court of Arbitration that dealt with the Alabama dispute, and of course presided for many months at the Tichborne Trial, which was so sensational, and ended in a verdict approved by all sensible people.

He once asked me to join him at dinner one Sunday at Richmond; but I told him I had already accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. J. M. Levy (proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*). I said I would, however, explain matters to Mr. Levy, who I knew would excuse me.

"Don't do that," said Sir Alexander; "as Mr. Levy can be much more useful to you than I can, we will arrange for another Sunday"; which he did. He was always most considerate, even in small matters.

He told me that his grand piano at Hertford Street was wearing out, and I suggested his buying a new Erard grand; so we fixed a day to go to Erard's in Great Marlborough Street

to select one. I tried several pianos and he chose one he liked, but did not purchase it, and when we got outside he told me the reason. He said rather despondently that, after all, he would rather not buy a new instrument, as he might be dead the following year; and so it really happened, for he died suddenly November 20th, 1880. I have often thought since of his curiously prophetic words, and of his strange premonition.

He was full of eloquence, combined with great learning and sound judgment, and was a great loss to the musical world.

At one of his soirées Madame Sembrich, the new *prima donna* from Covent Garden, sang. She was an extraordinary woman, not only a great singer but a splendid pianist and violinist. She showed all three talents at a concert she appeared at given at the Albert Hall by Sir Julius Benedict, where she roused the large audience to great enthusiasm. At Sir Alexander Cockburn's soirée she surpassed herself. There were a great many distinguished people present, amongst whom was the handsome Countess Grosvenor.

Other eminent personages in the law I have known have shown a cultivated taste for things musical.

The late Lord Chancellor, Lord Herschell, was a proficient performer on the violoncello, and often of an evening he used to arrange trio parties, in which he took part and played classical

works. The present Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, has a baritone voice and may often be heard taking part with the choir in the singing at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington.

But not all eminent judges have the same partiality for good music. One of them had been invited by a friend to go with him to a concert devoted to the works of John Sebastian Bach. When the concert was over, and he was asked what he thought of it, he replied, "I had rather hear Offenbach than Bach often!"

CHAPTER XIII

MY ITALIAN TOUR

I attend the first performance of Mascagni's *I Rantzau* in Florence—My notice of it in the *Daily News*—Rome—Clement Scott and I continue the journey—A dinner-party of celebrities—Cardinal Rampolla—Madame Ristori—Naples—Scott goes on to Egypt and India—Pisa—Genoa—Paganini's violin—I visit Verdi at the Palazzo Doria—His *Falstaff* — Nice — Monte Carlo — Cannes — Turin —Milan —Signor Ricordi and his great publishing house—Venice—Farewell performance at the Teatro Rossini to Tamburlini —His triumph—The audience sings with him.

In 1892 I was asked by my co-directors of the Carl Rosa Opera Company to go to Florence to hear the first performance of Mascagni's new opera, *I Rantzau*, and to report on it for possible production by the company. My travelling companion was the late Mr. Eugene Ascherberg, the music-seller, who purchased the rights of Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci*; he also wanted to hear the new opera, to see if it was worth his while to publish it in England. Thanks to him, I made the acquaintance of Signor Sonzogno, Mascagni's publisher, through whom I was introduced to Mascagni, who conducted the performance at the Pergola Theatre, which is very

large and has six to eight rows of boxes, but no gallery. Signor Ferraris, the ordinary conductor, had a splendid orchestra and fine chorus. Madame Darclée, a Roumanian soprano, took the part of Luisa. De Lucia, whom I remembered hearing at Covent Garden, was the tenor. The most prominent artist in the cast was the great baritone Signor Battistini, whom I visited during the interval in his dressing-room and asked him why he never came to England. He replied that he would like very much to come, only had not yet had any offers of an engagement. But I think Sir Augustus Harris had wished to engage him, only that his terms were so high. The fact was that Battistini was a great favourite in Russia, and got high fees there. In Russia a baritone was a draw, in England not at all—even the former great baritones, Ronconi and Graziani, never drew crowded houses.

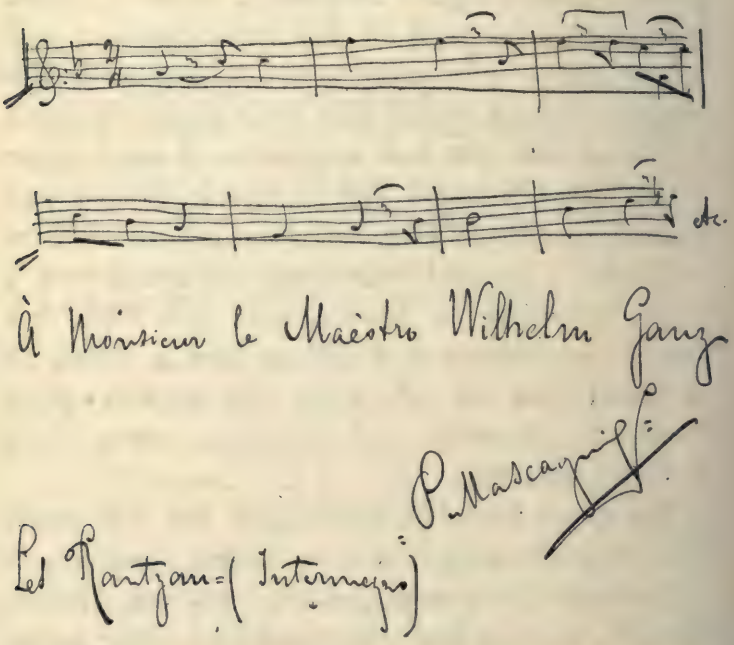
The great Russian, Chaliapine, has now come here to prove that this is no longer the case.

Battistini was engaged in 1905 at Covent Garden, to sing Don Giovanni and other parts, and he pleased very much.

But to return to our journey. We left London the morning of November 8th, and travelled to Paris, and thence direct to Florence, via Dijon, Chambéry, Mont Cenis, Turin, Genoa, and Pisa. We reached Florence on the morning of the third day and had already engaged

rooms in the Kraft's Hotel, which had been formerly an Italian nobleman's palace.

I am sorry to say that *I Rantzau* was a failure, notwithstanding the thunderous applause the audience bestowed upon the composer and the singers. Mascagni was recalled twenty or thirty times. *Entre nous,* I suppose the



claque had something to do with it. The ladies in the audience were presented with fans made of fancy straw, each one having a photograph of Mascagni and some roses attached to it.

I had been asked by my friend, Mr. Percy Betts, to write a notice of the opera for the

Daily News. The performance did not finish until very late, and at about one a.m. I went to the post office and wrote a notice of 841 words, which I telegraphed to the Paris Office of the *Daily News*. It cost me £5, but was worth it, for my notice filled two columns of the London *Daily News* next morning. When the other English critics saw me writing and sending off my copy they wondered for whom I was doing it, as they had never seen me do such a thing before; but I did not give them any information. I heard them remark to one another, "What *is* Ganz doing here?" and I must say it amused me to see their curiosity.

Mr. Ascherberg soon went back to England, telling me before he started that he was not going to buy the English rights of Mascagni's opera. I stayed on and saw Sonzogno very often, and also Mascagni, at whose house I visited and made the acquaintance of his wife and children. I went from Florence straight to Rome.

I know that many of my readers have already seen "The Eternal City" of Rome, but I hope they will forgive me for adding my impressions of it. I arrived in the evening and stayed at the Hotel Quirinale in the Via Vittorio Emanuele. At the table d'hôte I had a pleasant surprise, for who should I see sitting opposite me but my old friend Clement Scott, the eminent writer and critic of the *Daily Telegraph*.

I went to the Church of St. Peter's, built by

Michael Angelo, every day during the ten days I was in Rome. I had to drive there as it was a long way from my hotel. The first time I entered St. Peter's I am ashamed to say I felt disappointed. The fact was I could not grasp the grandeur of this magnificent building all at once; but every day it grew on me more and more, and I visited over and over again the fine chapels with the kneeling statues of the various popes in marble, and admired the wonderful sitting statue of St. Peter, whose toe millions of people have kissed, and gazed up to the summit of the dome, with its gallery, and the magnificent High Altar, above which is the loggia of the Pope.

I also went up the famous winding staircase, upon which one can ride on horseback, to the top of the principal tower, from which I had a splendid view over Rome and the Campagna, with the mountains in the distance.

One evening I went to the Constanza Theatre, when a new opera by a—to me—unknown composer was given, through the influence of Signor Tamagno, who played the leading tenor rôle. Notwithstanding the efforts of this great singer, it did not meet with much success. In Italy no end of new operas are given during the season, but the greater number of them are failures, and never reach other countries.

Another evening I was invited to a most interesting dinner-party given by Signor Angelo

Basevi, a friend of Signor Tosti's, who had introduced me to him. There I met Targioni-Tozzetti, part author of the libretti of Mascagni's operas, and also Count Sacconi, architect of the colossal monument to Victor Emanuel, which was then being erected. Mascagni was also there, and played and sang extracts from *I Rantzau* to Sgambati, and told us he was receiving seven or eight hundred letters a day asking for his autograph. We were all very jovial, and passed a delightful evening.

I was much impressed by the ruins of the Colosseum, and I also visited the Church of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, a few miles outside the city—a splendid building, with marble columns on each side, which I could not help thinking would have made a fine concert-hall. As I was leaving, I saw a priest kneeling at his devotions in one of the side-chapels, evidently some important personage, as his attendant, dressed in black, was in the corner waiting for him; so I went up to the attendant and asked who he was. He replied that it was His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State to the Pope. When the Cardinal rose from his prayers and walked out he passed me, and I bowed to him, and he returned the salutation with a gracious smile. He was tall and commanding-looking, and extremely dignified and handsome. He entered his carriage and drove off.

When Pope Leo XIII died, Rampolla had

to vacate his official position at the Papal Court. In former years, of course, the Cardinals drove about in magnificent state, with gorgeous liveries, and I contrasted this with the plain carriage and unostentatious appearance of Cardinal Rampolla, who, great man as he was, went about with no pomp or ceremony.

On one of my visits to St. Peter's, on a Saint's Day, I heard a mass the music of which was most trivial. It was said by a Cardinal, but was not impressive, and the singing was not at all out of the ordinary.

One day I visited the celebrated actress, Madame Ristori, who in private life is the Marchesa del Grillo, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from my friend, Paolo Tosti. She received me most kindly and introduced me to her son, the Marchese del Grillo. She is a madonna-like woman, with wonderful eyes; very queenly in bearing, and of striking appearance. I told her I had had the pleasure of seeing her in London as Maria Stuart in Schiller's play. She regretted that Tosti never came to Rome, and we talked about London and music and a variety of subjects. Before leaving she handed me these beautiful lines:

"L'Arte è un grande inesorabile riposo dello spirito.

"ADELAIDE RISTORI DEL GRILLO.

"Al gentilissimo Wilhelm Ganz, Roma, 18 Nov. 1892."

I found her a most charming hostess, and am always glad I had the opportunity of meeting her.

It was once suggested that *Macbeth* should be translated and so cut down as to give greater prominence to Lady Macbeth. Ristori exclaimed, "What! cut Shakespeare? God forbid that I should commit such a sacrilege!"

Before leaving Rome I visited the King's palace, and also the Conservatoire, where I was introduced to the director, Signor Marchetti, by Signor Sgambati, who was one of the professors there. I went into the various class-rooms, and was much interested in the different arrangements. Marchetti's opera, *Ruy Blas*, was performed at Her Majesty's many years ago, with Mlle Salla and Mlle Belocca in the caste, and, as I told him, I was present at the first performance. Signor Sgambati had also frequently been in England, and has played at London concerts. He told me that, during the winter months, he went every Monday evening to the Palace to play to Queen Margherita. She was very fond of Beethoven's music, and he played most of the sonatas to her and arranged performances of the trios and quartettes.

After leaving Rome I went with Clement Scott to Naples, where we took our rooms at the Hotel Vesuvius, which stands on the long, beautiful esplanade facing the bay. The manager, who knew Scott from having been manager of the "Greyhound" at Hampton Court, was

much pleased to see him, and very attentive to us. We drove together to Sorrento, which lies in the Bay of Naples a little way from the town, and had our lunch at a restaurant, sitting at the open window, to the accompaniment of some mandoline players, who sang Tosti's songs and folk-melodies and made us feel quite happy and contented. Before us was the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in the distance and the beautiful Island of Ischia. Scott was enchanted, and said he would like to live there for ever. After lunch we sipped our coffee and smoked our cigars, and then drove along the coast to Pausilippo, passing some picturesque villas, the property of old Lablache, who had bought land there, and saw the house where Thalberg, his son-in-law, lived.

Next day we parted company, Scott going on to Egypt and India and other distant parts of the world—to write an account of his travels for the *Daily Telegraph*. After he had left I visited Pompeii, driving there in a small one-horse carriage through Portici, and saw the wonderful ruins.

I remained a few days longer in Naples and then travelled back to Rome without stopping anywhere *en route*, and then went on to Pisa, Turin, Nice, and Monte Carlo. At Pisa I stayed at an old-fashioned, rather small hotel, called the "Arno," and while there visited the famous Campo Santo, where so many distinguished

Italians are buried, and saw the Cathedral and the Baptistery. Of course I also ascended the wonderful leaning-tower, but was disappointed with the view from the top of it.

Next day I travelled to Genoa, where I arrived on November 26th, and took my room at the Grand Hôtel du Parc. I was most anxious to see Verdi, so I called at his home, the historical Doria Palace; but his servant told me he was at the opera, rehearsing his new opera, *Falstaff*, and asked me to call again the following morning, when he would receive me.

I then went to the Palazzo Municipale and saw Paganini's "Guarnieri" violin, which was locked up in one of the cupboards. Sivori, who lives in Genoa, is sometimes permitted to play upon it. As I knew Sivori, having often accompanied him at concerts, I called to see him and asked him to give me an introduction to Verdi, which he did, writing some lines on his card.

I went to see the world-renowned *Campo Santo* at Genoa, which, like that of Pisa, is filled with the graves of Italy's famous men and contains a very fine monument to Mazzini. The next day, which was Sunday, I went to the Palazzo Doria to visit Verdi—my appointment being for eleven. I gave the servant my card, and that of Sivori, and was shown into a very elegantly furnished salon, where I noticed a large glass cabinet containing Verdi's orders

and various laurel wreaths, with one of gold, as well as a conductor's baton.

Presently Verdi himself appeared, a fine, handsome man, with a high forehead and grey hair, and beard, who received me most amiably. I mentioned to him that this was my first visit to Italy, and showed him some of the programmes of the Carl Rosa Company's Opera performances of *Aïda* and *Otello*, giving him all particulars about the first performance of *Otello* in English, and reminding him that the directors, including myself, had wired him to Busseto an account of its great success. He said our cable had never reached him, and that in future we were always to address him at Genoa. I left him the programmes, and told him what Carl Rosa had done for English Opera, and of his wife, the charming Euphrosyne Parepa. He asked me how long the company had existed, and how often they performed his operas, and seemed very much interested in every detail.

I next spoke to him about Madame Patti, and he asked me where she lived and where she was at the present time; so I said she was at her castle in South Wales, called "Craig-y-nos," and described it to him, with its beautiful surroundings, and showed him a programme of the Albert Hall Concert I had conducted, at which Patti had sung his aria "Ernani Involami" from *Ernani*. He also asked whether Nicolini still sang, and I said yes, but very rarely, adding

that he had sung Verdi's famous "La Donne è mobile" a short time before at a charity concert organised by Madame Patti. I told him Patti knew all her operatic rôles by heart, and he said charming things about her and asked me to remember him to her when I returned to England.

Verdi heard Madame Patti again in 1893 in his opera La Traviata at the Scala, Milan: she wrote me an interesting letter about the performance.

"MILAN,
"*January* 1893.

"MY DEAR PAPA GANZ,

"I must send you a line at once, to tell you of the *enormous* success I had last night in the *Traviata*. The place was packed full, and when I came on the reception was so great, all the people standing up, that I know, had you been there with that big heart of yours, you would have cried your poor eyes out, just as Verdi did. I am told that throughout the performance he did nothing but sob, he found that my phrasing was so pure and touching. At the end of the Farewell Scene, just as I was rushing off, my foot caught in the lace of my skirt, and I fell right down on the floor. 'Dieu Merci,' I did not hurt myself much. . . . It is a real pleasure to sing to these Italians, they do so well appreciate each phrase, to the highest degree; and then their 'Brava' always comes in just at the right moment. You could have heard a fly, so quiet they were, and took everything in, and at the end the enthusiasm was *glorious*—oh!!!

"I *love* to sing to them; 'Cela fait un *vrai*

plaisir,' and a *real* success here is something worth having.

"Now I must close, as Verdi has just come to see me. Love to all your dear family, not forgetting your dear self. Always affectionately yours,

"ADELINA."

I recalled to Verdi that I was present at the Royal Albert Hall when he had conducted his famous *Requiem*, sung by Madame Stoltz, Madame Waldmann, and other great artists. He then asked whether Signor Randegger was still in London, and I told him yes, and very active into the bargain.

In reply to my question as to whether he had finished *Falstaff*, he said: "It will be given in Milan at the end of January. Are you coming to the first performance?" I told him I much regretted it was impossible. He said there were a great many rôles in it and the tenor had the lover's part, "which," he added, "is very sweet." He went on to say, "For a long time I have wanted to compose a comic opera, but I could not find a suitable libretto; but I did once write a comic opera." He paused, and did not tell me its name. Evidently the thought crossed Verdi's mind of the tragic bereavement he sustained over fifty years before, when he lost his wife and his two only children within a few months, and, though stunned by the blow, had to complete a comic opera called *Un giorno*

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di Regno which he had been commissioned to write. He had already engaged the soprano and tenor for his *Falstaff* when I saw him.

He told me he enjoyed composing, which gave him real pleasure, and that he hoped he would live long to continue to write. He spoke about Sivori, as if he thought him very old; but I reminded him that the latter still played the violin and was by no means past work.

I asked Verdi for his autograph, and before writing it he said: "What is the date of to-day?" and added the date—then gave it to me. I noticed that he had not put my name down, so he took the trouble of going back to his study and bringing it back with my name on it. I mention this because Verdi is, as a rule, very chary about giving his autograph; so I considered it a great compliment.

I then said good-bye to him, and thanked him for his very kind reception, for I had remained with him about an hour. I may add the following characteristic story of him. A friend who went to see Verdi when he was staying in a villa at Moncalieri found him in a room which, Verdi said, was his drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom combined, adding, "I have two other large rooms—but they are full of things that I have hired for the season." Verdi threw open the doors and showed him a collection of several dozen piano-organs.

"When I arrived here," he said, "all these

organs were playing airs from *Rigoletto*, *Trovatore*, and my other operas from morning till night.

"I was so annoyed that I hired the whole lot for the season. It has cost me about a thousand francs, but at all events I am left in peace."

I then took the twelve-ten train on to Nice, where I arrived in the evening and engaged a room at the Hôtel des Anglais, facing the sea. Next morning I called on my old friend, Signor Tagliafico, but found him busy teaching singing, so did not interrupt him. Then I called on an old friend belonging to the Royal Somerset House Lodge in London, who invited me to dinner, and he and his wife took me for a long drive through the town of Nice. We drove along the sea-shore to Beaulieu, where we visited a London friend, Mrs. David, who is also a friend of Madame Patti's.

Next day I went by rail to Monte Carlo, where I visited the Casino and went to an orchestral concert conducted by M. Jehin, whom I had known in London when he was conducting at Covent Garden, and who conducts concerts at Monte Carlo, where the most admirable artists appear. I chatted with several English friends at the rooms and in the gardens and then returned to Nice. In the evening I went to the Municipal Theatre.

Then I went on to Cannes, and saw the little English Chapel and the villa where Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, lived and died. The

sea was perfectly smooth and blue, and the beautiful scenery of the Riviera appealed greatly to me. While at Nice I saw Miss Minnie Tracy by appointment, and engaged her as soprano for the Carl Rosa Company. Signor Vianesi, a former conductor at Covent Garden, called upon me to introduce a young singer who was one of his pupils. I heard her sing, but was not sufficiently struck by her capabilities to recommend her for an operatic engagement.

During the four days I was at Nice I met General Stevens, Adjutant to the late Duke of Cambridge, a friend from London who is an amateur violinist. He is very fond of music, and we often played duets together; therefore he was sorry when I left and wanted me to stay longer, but I was obliged to go on to Turin. It was a long journey, and the weather was rather cold as we entered Italy. At Turin I stayed at the Hôtel de l'Europe, which stands in the large Square. I saw the Royal Palace, the fine armoury, and the Teatro Regio, where I witnessed a performance of which I cannot remember the name, but I fancy it was the ever-popular *Cavalleria*.

On December 3rd I travelled from Turin to Milan. Of course I saw all the "sights" and thought the Duomo one of the most wonderful churches in the world, the summit having small marble towers so finely decorated as to

give the effect of embroidery. I went to the top and found it difficult to walk about up there, the stone paths being so intricate.

I was greatly struck with the Brera Picture-gallery, and I saw the world-renowned and almost obliterated " Last Supper " by Leonardo da Vinci, which is painted on a wall of the Refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie. It seems a pity that nothing could have been done to preserve this masterpiece from fading.

One evening I heard a performance, of course well given, of the *Cavalleria* at the Teatro dal Verme, and I also went to see the celebrated Opera-house, La Scala; but, as it was holiday-time, there were unfortunately no performances there. However, I went on the stage, which is enormous, the house being much larger than Covent Garden, and there are reception-rooms at the back of each box.

I made a point of going to see my old friend Bazzini, the eminent violinist and composer, who played for me in 1857, and was glad to find him looking so well after his long and strenuous career. He talked of his visits to London, where I often accompanied him at concerts, and his duties as director of the Milan Conservatoire, which, he regretted, prevented him travelling as he had done formerly.

Bazzini was one of the many great artists who appeared at the concerts of the Musical Union: he will be seen standing first on the left-

hand side of the picture reproduced on an earlier page. I accompanied him there in 1853, when his beautiful tone and finished execution astonished everybody.

Both music publishers, Signor Ricordi and Signor Sonzogno have large establishments at Milan; Ricordi has bought the whole of Madame Lucca's (the former rival of Ricordi) musical stock, containing all the old operas of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and the earlier operas of Verdi. He invited me to visit his music-printing, engraving, and publishing works, where he showed me the proof-sheets of Verdi's *Falstaff*. He is the publisher of Puccini's operas, and has, I believe, the largest musical publishing-house in Europe. All my own compositions are published by Ricordi, although, in connection with the above-mentioned great composers, my small name ought not to appear; but I state the fact because Madame Lucca bought the copyright of my little works, and they were transferred to Ricordi.

Ricordi's great opponent in the musical trade is Sonzogno, who buys the rights of all Mascagni's and Leoncavallo's operas; but all the same I don't think he does Ricordi any harm. He is also the publisher of the Italian newspaper *Il Secolo*.

From Milan I travelled to Venice, and on arriving at the station was shown into a gondola steered by two boatmen, in which I traversed

several canals and finally arrived at the Hôtel Britannia. Next morning I was awakened by loud knocking. Some workmen were driving big wooden posts into the sandy earth and singing all the time. After breakfast I walked, by way of very small streets and alleys, to the Piazza to see San Marco, the King's Palace, the Campanile, and the Palace of the Doges. I went through the royal palace and up the Campanile, and then visited the Doges' Palace, with its grim inquisition-chamber, and admired the splendid paintings by Paul Veronese and Tintoretto.

I then took a gondola on the Grand Canal and passed the house where Wagner lived and died, and saw the Bridge of Sighs and the other wonderful sights of the city. In the evening I went to the Teatro Rossini and heard Boito's fine opera, *Mefistofele*. It was being given as a farewell performance to Signor Tamburlini, who had quite an ovation, being called and recalled many times, and was not only presented with a great many bouquets, but with a small statue of himself. In the last act the audience in the gallery joined Tamburlini in his singing, and altogether it was a most impressive performance. The theatre is rather small, but the orchestra and chorus were good and the principal singers quite acceptable.

I was very much impressed by the excellent operatic conductors they had at the Italian

theatres I visited, and the tenors and baritones were splendid artists; but I did not care for the female singers, who were rather mediocre. In nearly every theatre I visited I heard *Cavalleria*, which, as I said before, seemed to be the rage.

CHAPTER XIV

NOTABLE MUSICIANS

Sir Julius Benedict—Edouard Silas—Sir Arthur Sullivan—He pays me a compliment—M. Camille Saint-Saëns—I arrange a concert for him—Four composers at Cambridge—I meet Tschaikowsky—Leschetizky—Some of his stories—His dog "Solo"—Paderewski—Richard Strauss.

For many years I had the good fortune to be honoured with the friendship of Sir Julius Benedict. It was a real pleasure to be in his society, he was so full of information of every kind, musical and social.

Benedict settled here in 1835, and became a famous teacher of the pianoforte, he himself having been a favourite pupil of Carl Marie von Weber, the composer of the immortal operas *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon*. I never knew such a hard worker as he was; he was up early teaching and out late at musical soirées and other entertainments, which he arranged during the season, and frequently during the night he would, like Balfe, be busy composing. He wrote and brought out several English operas, one of which was *The Lily of Killarney*, founded on Dion Boucicault's *Colleen Bawn*, which was produced at Covent Garden under the direction

of the Pyne and Harrison Company in 1862, and had a great success, and is still "running." Benedict had quite caught the spirit of Irish music, and his opera is full of melody. Louisa Pyne sang the Colleen Bawn, William Harrison, Myles-na-Coppalean, and Santley, Danny Man. One of the songs in the opera, "Eily Mavourneen," became a great favourite with tenors. I was at the first performance.

Benedict would have filled any position with éclat, especially that of a diplomatist, being not only a great administrator, which was so necessary in arranging the productions of opera (not his own only) and concerts here and in the provinces, but he was a man full of *savoir faire* and energy and had great tact. He made friends with most of the people he was associated with, and, what is more, kept their friendship. He spoke not only English, but French and Italian perfectly, and of course his own mother-tongue, German. He was born at Stuttgart. He not only spoke these languages, but wrote them with equal fluency.

He often conducted operas, and for some years the Philharmonic Concerts at Liverpool, for which he wrote the analytical programmes. After a long day's work in London he would travel at night to Liverpool, hold a rehearsal there in the morning and conduct the same evening, giving piano lessons in between. He was an excellent pianist, and had a prodigious

memory. I call to mind a lecture he gave on Weber at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, at which I played some pianoforte duets with him.

I have made it a rule, all through my professional life, to do what I could in a small way to honour and foster the interests of my musical friends by getting their compositions performed, in addition to the public performances of them.

In the sixties I arranged a series of amateur vocal Réunions at my house, at which cantatas, oratorios, and *scenas* were performed, one of which was Benedict's *St. Cecilia*. I had practised it with my choir for some time, and when I considered it to be perfect, and ready for production, I gave an evening performance of it. I invited Benedict to conduct, and asked a number of friends to come and listen, and I played the piano accompaniments. The performance went off exceedingly well, and everybody was charmed with this beautiful and melodious work. Benedict, who conducted, was very pleased, and when it was over he made a little speech, thanking me and the choir and the soloists, to which I made a suitable reply.

His annual concerts at St. James's Hall were always a feature of the London season, for he engaged a galaxy of stars, among whom were the best opera-singers. He used to wait anxiously at the top of the staircase leading to the artists' room to see them arrive so as to be

able to begin the concert. One of them was Sims Reeves, who once, after keeping Benedict on the tip-toe of anxious expectation, relieved his mind by turning up, accompanied by his wife and all their children and various friends! In those days Reeves was a great attraction, and sang at all Benedict's concerts. The programme generally consisted of forty items, and very often lasted from one-thirty till six-thirty. They were particularly interesting to people who had no opportunities of hearing the great artists without going to the opera and paying for expensive seats. The prices at Benedict's concerts ranged from one guinea to one or two shillings in the gallery. I generally helped with the accompanying, sometimes taking part in the pianoforte quartettes, for four performers, which Benedict composed for these occasions. It was a great pleasure to me to visit him at his house in Manchester Square on Sunday mornings and hear all the news of the day, especially the musical gossip. So far as I know, he composed only one oratorio, *St. Peter*, which was composed for the Norwich Festival, of which he was conductor for many years.

I remember a cantata of his called *Undine*, in which Madame Clara Novello took her farewell of the British public. It was performed at St. James's Hall, and she sang, as always, most beautifully, and her voice seemed as fresh as ever; but, as she had married an Italian Count,

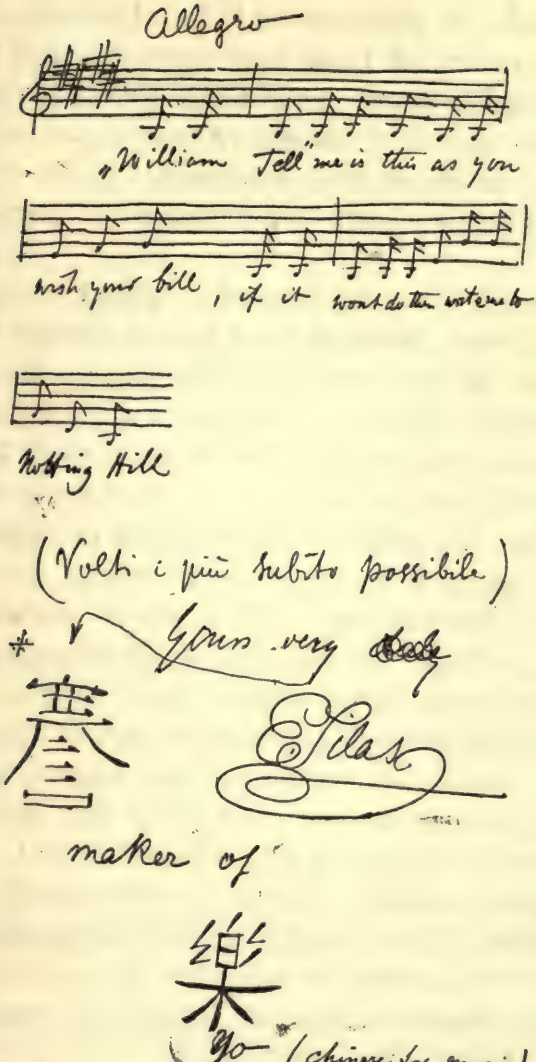
and was well off, there was no need for her to remain any longer in the profession. I was present at this interesting concert and heard the great ovation accorded to this most charming singer, who had to bow repeatedly to the audience before they would let her go.

Benedict still followed his profession when he was well over eighty years of age. He had married, as his second wife, Miss Fortey, a clever pupil of his. The son of that marriage was a god-son of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and also of Lord Lathom, who was a great friend of the Benedicts, and himself a generous patron of music and musicians. Mr. A. E. Benedict is now on the stage.

I am reminded that, at our silver wedding in 1884, Sir Julius was present and, in responding to his health at dinner, said he hoped to be present in 1909 at our golden wedding. He was then eighty.

Benedict died in 1885, and Lady Benedict afterwards married Mr. Frank Lawson. She was a great friend of mine, and of my family, and was a most charming and accomplished lady, who not only played the piano extremely well but also composed.

Not so very long ago she invited my wife and me to luncheon at her house in Cromwell Place, and then seemed quite well and very bright, and in good spirits; but a week or two afterwards I heard, to my great regret, that she


Allegro
„William Tell" me is this as you
wish your bill, if it wont do then write to
Nothing Hill
(Volti i più subito possibile)
Yours very
Silas
maker of
樂
Yo (chinese for music)
Kiun (faithful)

was dead. A few months before the sad event I spoke to her of these reminiscences, and told her I had written something about her first husband, and read the above lines aloud to her. She was much pleased, and said, "I thank you for helping to keep the memory of Benedict green."

Edouard Silas was another gifted musician resident here, whom I have known almost from the time of my coming to England. He was wonderfully prolific, producing compositions in every form, perhaps his best-known work being a Gavotte in E minor written in the old style. An admirable pianist and all-round musician, it always seemed to me that he ought to have achieved the wider recognition due to his talents. It was, perhaps, his incurable habit of seeing the funny side of things which stood in his way. Most of his time in later years was devoted to giving lessons in harmony, the lessons being always popular owing to the witty and amusing way he had of dealing with things musical. His pupils were always convulsed with laughter. I remember, after he had given my daughter some lessons in harmony, he sent me his account with the characteristic note, introducing the first bars of the *Wilhelm Tell* overture.

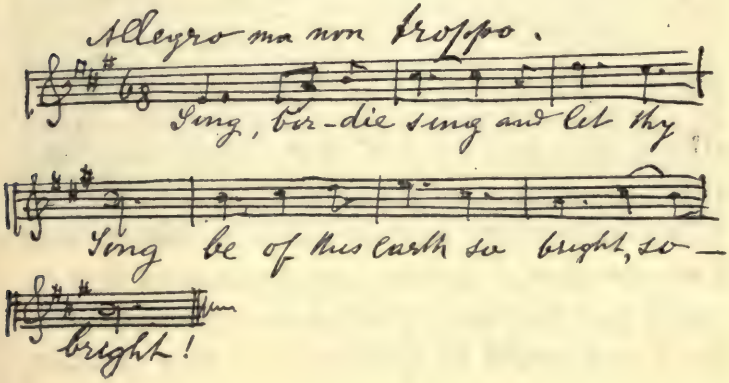
Sir Arthur Sullivan has done more for English music than any other English composer. It is needless for me to enlarge on his light operas, which were so successful, beginning from the

eighties, at first at the Royalty Theatre and then at the Savoy, which was built by the late Mr. D'Oyley Carte for the purpose of making a home for them. Of course I was one of his fervent admirers, and went to see all his operas, not only at the Royalty but also at the Savoy.

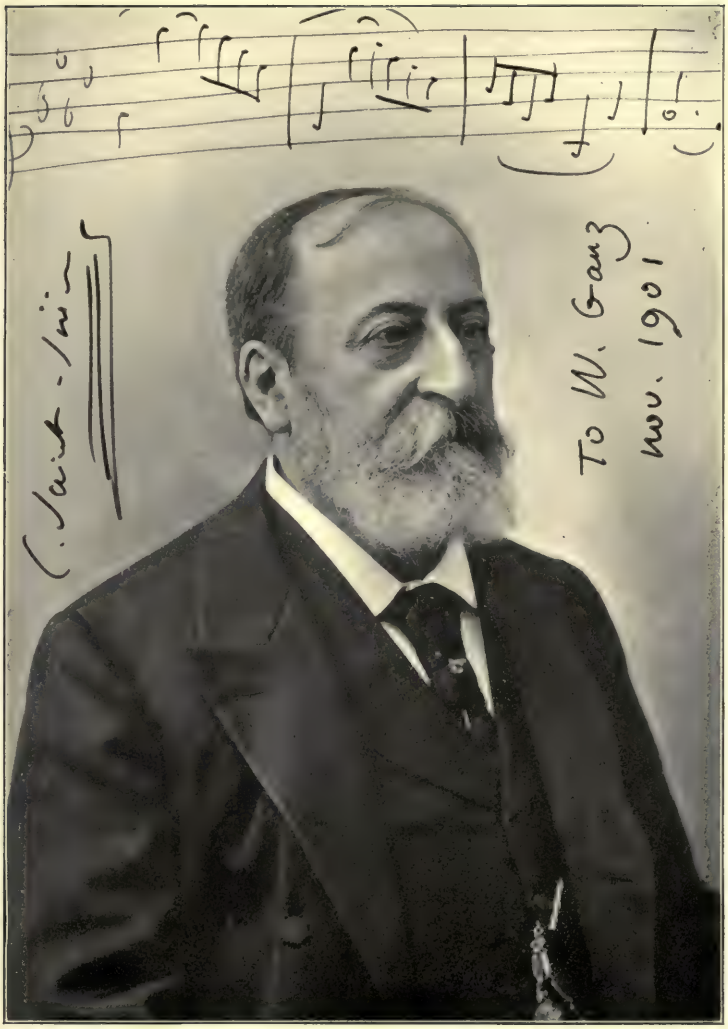
Sullivan is dead, but his music will live on, and help to make the world brighter.

Sullivan once paid me a very high compliment at the old Hanover Square Rooms, where he and I had both been conductors. He walked up to me in the artists' room after a concert, and said, "Ganz, where did you get that melody from?" (meaning my first song, "Sing, Birdie, sing"). I did not tell him that I had composed it in an omnibus!

He went on to praise the song very much, and because he did so (and not from pride), I here subjoin a few bars.



M. Camille Saint-Saëns I have always regarded as one of the most wonderful men whose friendship I have been privileged to enjoy. His many-sided genius, his amazing versatility, have always filled me with intense admiration. I am therefore naturally proud to have been the first to enable him to play his splendid concertos in England. I have already spoken of this in dealing with my Orchestral Concerts. I want now to refer to a unique concert which took place in June 1887, the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Saint-Saëns asked me to arrange an orchestral concert for him at St. James's Hall, and on that occasion he played his four concertos, one after another, which was a wonderful feat. He played them all by heart, and when he had finished seemed as fresh as if he had done nothing at all. I had engaged a first-rate orchestra, which I conducted. Unfortunately, the hall was not very full, and Saint-Saëns lost heavily, but he apparently did not mind in the least. The concert was given on a Saturday afternoon and at that period Saturday was not popular as it is to-day for concerts and matinées. It was also an unfortunate time to give a concert, as people were full of the Queen's Jubilee and had no time for concerts. Since then Saint-Saëns' popularity has so much increased that I am sure that, if it were ever announced that he would play his four concertos in one programme, the house would be crammed. I may mention



CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS.

that he also played at one of the Brinsmead Symphony Concerts in 1885 which I conducted. He later composed a fifth concerto, and his famous opera *Samson et Dalila*, after being debarred for years from having a hearing here, on account of its Biblical story, is now repeatedly performed at Covent Garden with stupendous success. In 1893 I endeavoured to arrange for the production of one of his operas by the Carl Rosa Company, of which I was a director. He wrote me saying:

"J'ai le plus grand désir que l'on joue mes opéras en Angleterre, mais jusqu'à présent c'est un désir que l'Angleterre n'a pas paru partager; si vous arrivez à modifier cette situation, soyez sûr que je vous en serai tout à fait reconnaissant." (I am very anxious that my operas should be performed in England, but up to the present it is an anxiety which England does not appear to share: if you can manage to modify the situation, you may be sure that I shall be very grateful.)

Saint-Saëns is a most charming man, and speaks English perfectly. In French he talks so quickly that it is difficult to follow him. Some years ago, at Dieppe, his native town, I attended an afternoon concert of his works at the Casino, and, when he came out of the artists' room, accompanied by several friends, and saw me, he was astonished and asked whether I had left England for good. I told him I was only in Dieppe for a holiday, and we had a chat. He

is a great traveller, and often visits Algiers and the Orient, and gives you vivid descriptions. The Square in which the Dieppe theatre stands is called the "Place Saint-Saëns," in honour of its distinguished townsman. As is well known, he is a most prolific composer, and, besides his piano concertos, has also written concertos for the violin and 'cello, one of which, his violin concerto, is one of the most beautiful compositions of its kind, and is constantly played by Ysaye, Kreisler, Mischa Elman, and other great players. His symphonic poems, such as "Le Rouet d'Omphale," his "Danse Macabre," and his opera *Henry VIII*, which has been performed at Covent Garden, have all added to his fame. Knowing what a brilliant pianist he is, I was much struck by his telling me once that he hardly ever practises.

His powers of improvisation are remarkable, and he has often, when I have been with him and other artists, sat down to the piano and astonished us by his skilful handling of a theme. His literary works are fine examples of musical criticism, and in conversation he shows the same keen perception and incisive wit. It is a real pleasure to be in his company. He amused me once by beginning the conversation with the remark, "Ne me parle pas de la musique : ça ne m'intéresse pas du tout." It was not for long, however, that the subject was barred. He wrote me a letter in 1886 which is a good

example of his pointed literary style. The drawing which accompanied it is also characteristic.

"MON CHER AMI,

"J'ai examiné les analyses de M. ——; je les trouve plus qu'insuffisantes. Il ne paraît pas avoir compris les morceaux qu'il a analysés. Il donne des citations inutiles et ne met pas des choses indispensables. Le thème du Final de mon Concerto en Ut est rendu méconnaissable ; il a copié une partie de l'hautbois sans s'apercevoir qu'elle était tantôt partie principale et tantôt partie intermédiaire ; c'est le comble de l'étourderie et du ridicule.

"Mieux vaudrait pas d'analyses du tout que des choses pareilles qui ne peuvent servir qu'à égarer l'auditeur.

"Tout à vous,

"C. SAINT-SAËNS."

("MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have examined the analyses of Mr. ——; I find them more than insufficient. He does not appear to have understood the pieces which he has analysed. He gives useless citations and omits things which are indispensable. The theme of the Finale of my Concerto in C minor is made unrecognisable : he has copied an oboe part without noticing that it is at one time a principal and at another an intermediate part : it is the acme of stupidity and absurdity.

"Far better no analysis at all, than such things which can only help to confuse the listener.

"Yours,

"C. SAINT-SAËNS.")

On June 12th, 1893, my son Albert, an under-

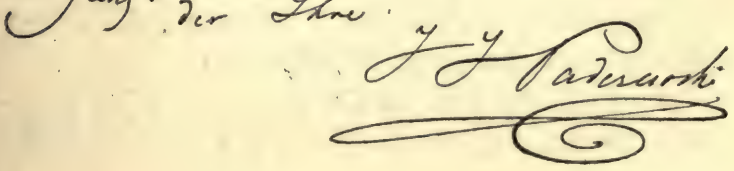
graduate at the time, asked me to come on a visit to Cambridge : a concert was to be given by the Cambridge University Musical Society, of which he was a member, in honour of Max Bruch, Boïto, Saint-Saëns, and Tschaikowsky. All four composers took part in the concert at the Guildhall, Max Bruch conducting a scene

A SKETCH BY SAINT SAËNS.

from his *Odysseus*, Boïto "The Prelude in Heaven" from his *Mefistofele*, and Tschaikowsky his *Francesca da Rimini*. Saint-Saëns played his fantasia *Africa*, and Stanford's *East to West* was also given. The members of the Musical Society sang the choruses, and they gave the composers a tremendous welcome. After the concert was over I met my boy, who was

quite hoarse from singing and cheering, and we went down to the river to see the boats "bumping." That evening there was a reception at the Fitzwilliam Museum, and I had a long talk with Max Bruch, whom I had not seen since 1878, and chatted with Boïto and Saint-Saëns. Seeing Tschaikowsky standing alone, I went up and spoke to him. He was most affable. On my referring to the frequent performances of his works in London at that time he said, "Je ne demande pas mieux." The next day the composer received honorary degrees from the University.

Of Leschetizky's greatness as a teacher of the pianoforte, of the enthusiasm with which he inspired his pupils, there is no need for me to speak. But I remember his telling me of Paderewski's coming to him for the first time. The young Pole played to him in a manner which at once arrested his attention. There was a strangeness and fire about his playing which betokened the great artist, as yet unable to express himself: the technical finish was wanting, and the just balance of his powers. These qualities Leschetizky was able to educate in



such a way that his pupil should lose none of the natural poetry and charm in his playing. Paderewski always acknowledges the great debt he owed to Leschetizky, who speaks of him as one of the most lovable artists he has known. Leschetizky's memory goes back a long time, and he told me that, when a boy, he played to Marie Louise, the widowed Empress of Napoleon, and mother of the Duc de Reichstadt (L'Aiglon). He has an inexhaustible fund of good stories, which he will relate to you after dinner till late hours. He once told me of a young lady who asked Moszkowski to write something in her birthday-book. He turned over the leaves and found a page upon which Hans von Bülow had written: "Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, et tous les autres sont des crétins." Moszkowski wrote underneath: "Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski, et tous les autres sont des Chrétiens."

Leschetizky speaks of the curious questions which are sometimes put to him. "An American lady once asked me," he said, "which composer I liked best, Wagner or Brahms; to which I replied 'Tschaikowsky.'"

Of an old professor who still thought himself a capable performer on the concert platform he remarked, "Er spielt die leichteste Sachen mit der grösster Schwierigkeit" (He plays the easiest things with the greatest difficulty).

A charming trait in his character is his affection for his dog, "Solo." "My dog is a faithful

and true friend to me," he says; "he is always sympathetic, and when I'm sitting at the piano composing and cannot think of a second subject for my piece, my dog pities me."

Talking of the fortunes which are made by piano manufacturers, he remarked "Chi fa piano, va sano!"

His energy and vitality are amazing, and it is extraordinary, to me, to think of the amount of work he is still able to get through. When he was over here a few years ago I was delighted to hear him play again. He had kept all his old fire and unerring sense of rhythm. He used often to come and see us, as he was living close by in Duke Street, Portland Place. One Sunday evening I had asked him to come to supper, but suddenly a thick fog came on so that it was impossible to see a yard in front of you. My son went round to see if he was coming. Of course he was, and thought it a great joke groping his way across Portland Place.

Since the advent of Richard Wagner, no composer has created such a sensation or aroused such controversy as Richard Strauss. I remember being present at the first concert which he conducted here: it was at the Queen's Hall one evening in December 1897. From the outset there was no mistake about his gifts as a conductor. He had the lights lowered in the hall when he began Mozart's "Eine kleine

Nachtmusik," and it was a real pleasure to note the sympathy he showed for the music and the beautiful balance and phrasing of the orchestra. There was immense *Schwung*, as the Germans say, about the performance of his fine tone-poem, "Tod und Verklärung"; everything was made beautifully clear and understandable. It was apparent that another great figure had arisen in the musical world. There was great enthusiasm, and Mr. Leonard Borwick, who happened to be sitting next to me, was also full of praise for Strauss's work. I attended several of the concerts of the Richard Strauss Festival in 1903 at the St. James's Hall, for which Herr Mengelberg brought over his splendid orchestra from Amsterdam. The public showed comparatively little interest in these fine concerts.

At one of them Herr von Possart, the well-known director of the Hoftheater in Munich, who was also a most distinguished actor, appeared and declaimed Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," giving this fine poem in German and from memory, whilst Strauss played the incidental music, which he had composed on the piano. There was, unfortunately, only a very small audience, but it was a most appreciative one, and cheered both artists to the echo. Neither of them was at all well known in England at that period. I paid them both a visit in the artists' room, as I knew them personally. They seemed quite satisfied, and did not mind having

performed to an empty hall. Strauss also accompanied his wife on the piano most beautifully.

Very few years later public interest was at last aroused by Sir Henry Wood's and Mr. Thomas Beecham's performances of Strauss's works at the Queen's Hall, and at the first performance of *Ein Heldenleben*, which I attended, the hall was packed. A young Strauss enthusiast, who was sitting next to me, said, "I was in the Rocky Mountains when I read that *Heldenleben* was to be given in London, so I packed up and came straight back."

The climax came with the production of *Elektra* at Covent Garden under the enterprising direction of Mr. Thomas Beecham. I went to the rehearsals of the opera, so as to get to know the music, and at the first performance on February 19th, 1910, as I could not get a seat, I stood for the whole of the performance—not bad for a man of my age!

CHAPTER XV

RECOLLECTIONS OF KING EDWARD, ETC.

Lord Dupplin's dinner-party — My Masonic jubilee — King Edward at Warwick Castle—His joke about Madame Clara Butt and myself—Sir Augustus Harris—The New Meistersingers' Club—Maurice Farkoa's first appearance—I engage Miss Pauline Joran—"Westminster Bridge"—The Marchesis—"Mamma Puzzi"—A telegram after midnight—A scare at Manchester.

I FIRST had the honour of meeting our late King at the house of my pupil, Viscount Dupplin, son of the late Earl of Kinnoull. He gave a dinner-party in honour of King Edward (then Prince of Wales) at his house in Albert Gate, Hyde Park. I had arranged that Signor Gardoni, the tenor from Her Majesty's Theatre, should sing my new National Anthem, "God save the Prince of Wales," and when dinner was over he sang it, the whole of the company, including the Prince, rising to their feet and remaining standing. Later on in the evening Lord Dupplin introduced me to the Prince, who asked me how long I had been in England and all about my career. He also wanted to know whether I knew Mr. Hallé, and when I said yes he remarked that he himself had had violin

lessons, but did not get on well with them, so gave them up. All the same, he was a great lover of music, which he showed by going often to concerts and the opera, and I also recollect, when Director Neumann brought over a German Opera Company, in 1882, to perform the *Ring* at Her Majesty's Theatre, the Prince went to all the performances, some of which began at 5 or 6 p.m., and remained until the end. He also went several times to Bayreuth to hear the operas there.

That same evening at Lord Dupplin's I asked him to allow me to dedicate my song to him, and he at once graciously gave me permission. I had composed it after the Prince's recovery from his serious illness. This song of mine had no chance of becoming popular, because Brinley Richard's song, "God bless the Prince of Wales" had already been taken up as the national song for the Prince.

Lord Dupplin was a thorough musician by nature. He had not studied music, but extemporised most wonderfully and played and sang beautifully. I used to teach him, when he was in the Life Guards, at Knightsbridge Barracks. His uncle, the late Duke of Beaufort, was a great patron of music, and was President of the Glee and Madrigal Society. He sometimes invited me to be present at their meetings, which I always enjoyed very much.

I have been for many years an active Free-

mason, and celebrated my Masonic Jubilee in 1906. All my various lodges presented me with handsome presents on that occasion, consisting of silver vases, entrée dishes, and vegetable dishes, as well as an ebony conductor's baton with an inscription on a silver plate, and a handsome dinner-service.

I was elected Grand Organist of the Grand Lodge of England in 1871, and when I walked up to the daïs of the Grand Lodge, where the Pro-Grand Master, the late Earl of Carnarvon, presided, the whole Masonic company assembled in the beautiful Temple of the Fraternity in the Freemason's Hall cheered me, and Lord Carnarvon, in investing me as Grand Organist, remarked that he could tell by their cheering that my appointment was a very popular one. I held that post for three years.

My friend Sir Edward Letchworth, the secretary of the Grand Lodge, is a universal favourite with the craft.

Everybody knows the vast amount of good this Society does, all over the world, and especially in England, with their Boys' and Girls' Schools and Home for aged men and women. The Masonic Boys' School is in Bushey Park, and the Girls' School at S. John's Hill, Wandsworth; both schools educate many hundreds of children. I remember, on one occasion, when I had arranged a concert for the Countess of Warwick (who had been one of my pupils before

and after her marriage) at Warwick Castle, the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was a guest there. It was soon after the event of the centenary of the Royal Masonic Boys' School took place at the Albert Hall, followed by a grand banquet at which the Prince had presided and the enormous sum of £141,203 was subscribed. I took the liberty of congratulating H.R.H. on the success which had been achieved under his presidency, and he seemed much pleased by my remarks, and took them very graciously.

I had engaged Miss Clara Butt for the concert at Warwick Castle, and when it was over the Prince of Wales called me and said, "Mr. Ganz, Miss Clara Butt is ready to take you under her mantle when you go away!" Everybody laughed at this, Madame Butt being immensely tall and I rather a small man; so I walked up to her, but she did *not* take me under her mantle. We drove back to Leamington to the hotel, as the castle was full of guests and there was no room for the artists.

I have stayed several times at Warwick Castle, and arranged musical parties there for Lady Warwick. It is, as everybody knows, a magnificent old place, full of art-treasures, well-known to connoisseurs in this country, and often exhibited at the Winter Galleries in London.

My wife and I received invitations to the Royal Garden Party, at Windsor Castle, in

1908. Thousands of well-known people were there, and it was most enjoyable. At about five o'clock King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and other members of the Royal Family, with their special guests, walked down from the castle terrace in a procession to the tents, where they partook of tea, next to the royal tent being one in which were the Indian Rajahs and foreign Princes.

Later on the Queen walked in the garden, near to where I was standing, and when she saw me she stopped and shook hands with me and said how sorry she was that she could not come to my Jubilee Concert (which had taken place the previous May), but she had heard how well it had gone off. Then the King saw me and beckoned me to him and said, in German, that he was very glad to hear that my concert had been such a great success and congratulated me on the event.

The following year I met His Majesty again, at Stafford House, when, in passing me, he graciously shook hands with me and said, "Wie geht es Ihnen?" (How do you do?) That, alas! was the last time I saw the King to speak to; he looked the picture of health, and no one could have imagined that he would die the following year, to the great grief of the whole nation, by whom he was universally beloved. The occasion on which I met him at Stafford House was when the Duchess of Sutherland,

now Duchess Millicent, held her annual exhibition of Scotch homespuns. That afternoon the King and Queen had a children's party at Buckingham Palace to celebrate the birthday of one of the young Princesses; but King Edward would not disappoint the Duchess, and with characteristic kindness of heart came to her garden party before his own.

Before Sir Augustus (then Mr.) Harris became manager of the Covent Garden Theatre, he started Italian Opera at Drury Lane. That was in 1886, and I remember one evening on which a grand opera (I think it was *Faust*) was given, at which I was present, when Ella Russell, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, and other good artists sang.

Harris was sitting in the stalls immediately in front of me, and, turning round, said to me in a despondent way: "Ganz, look at this empty house!"

With such good singers he felt quite discouraged, but he had his reward later on. After Signor Lago, who was then the director of Covent Garden Opera, had given up its management, Harris stepped in and became the director of the Royal Italian Opera, which title he changed and called it the Royal Opera. Then Jean de Reszke became one of the greatest favourites of the season, creating a sensation as Faust, Romeo, and Siegfried, and he and his brother Edouard drew splendid houses. Harris

was the first to break with old traditions and give operas in the languages in which they were written.

It was many years, however, before the fashion of giving all operas at Covent Garden in the Italian language was finally abandoned. *The Meistersingers* in the nineties was usually played in Italian (certainly with great advantage from the vocal point of view, with such artists as the two de Reszkes and Lassalle). There was a transitional stage when the leading parts in German Opera were sung in German, while the chorus still relied upon their native Italian. In the first act of *Lohengrin* one heard cries of "Der Schwann!" intermingled with "Il Cygno!"

Sir Augustus Harris engaged the best artists, such as Melba, Calvé, and Emma Eames, and I ought not to omit to mention that he persuaded Madame Patti, after her retirement from the operatic stage, to sing in several of her favourite operas the rôles which she sang with so much charm. They were *La Traviata*, and Rosina in the *Barbiere di Seviglia*, and Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, all of which were exquisitely sung by this great singer, and created the same furore as they did in former years.

Another *prima donna* followed Patti in singing *La Traviata*, Madame Sembrich, who had come fresh from her American triumphs; but she could not eclipse Madame Patti, notwithstanding her fine singing.

Harris produced *Pagliacci* and many other favourite operas. He did his best to give the best performances, and he succeeded. He was also a genius in theatrical matters, and carried on the pantomime and Drury Lane dramas in a sumptuous manner, in which he has been worthily succeeded by Mr. Arthur Collins. He also originated the annual receptions on the stage on Twelfth Night, when the Baddeley Cake is cut.

I was on the stage one morning during a rehearsal when Harris lost his temper, and, turning to me, said in great wrath, "These *prima donnas* drive me absolutely mad; but you'll see, I shall be a tyrant." Of course he was nothing of the sort, being a most kind, good-natured man; but he had a quick temper.

Poor "Druriolanus!" He died comparatively young, and had done a great deal for music during his life. His widow became the wife of the popular actor, Edward Terry.

Some years ago I became a member of the New Meistersingers' Club, in St. James's Street, and arranged the musical soirées, for which I generally engaged a good number of artists, and at which I introduced some débutantes who had been specially recommended to me, one of these being Miss Pauline Joran. She played some violin solos very well, and a few days later I examined her voice and discovered that she possessed a lovely soprano; so I suggested to her

that she should give up her violin-playing and take to the operatic stage, especially as she was very good-looking and had a beautiful figure.

She followed my advice, and, through my recommendation, was engaged by the Carl Rosa Company for the rôle of Beppo in *L'Amico Fritz*, in which she had to sing and play the violin at the same time; so her violin-playing came in very useful. She had a great success, and, later on, was engaged by Sir Augustus Harris as one of his *prima donnas*, at Covent Garden, where she appeared as Margherita in *Faust*, as Carmen, and in other operas. She married Baron de Bush, and consequently gave up her operatic career. Unfortunately, the Baron was killed by falling out of a railway carriage while going to Scotland, and thus ended the happy married life of poor Pauline de Bush, who has, however, a sweet little daughter, also named Pauline, left to comfort her.

Another débutant I engaged for the soirées of the Meistersingers' Club was M. Maurice Farkoa. He sang French songs which pleased the audience immensely. Later on he went on the stage, and sang humorous songs, which he does to perfection, both in French and English, and he has become a great favourite in society and at the theatre.

At the opening of the Meistersingers I gave an orchestral Wagner Concert, and engaged a good band. We performed the *Meistersinger*

overture and other extracts from Wagner's works. Unfortunately, the club did not pay expenses, and its proprietor and manager, Colonel Wortham, was obliged to close its doors. This was a great pity, because it was a pleasant rendezvous for artists and their friends, especially on Sunday evenings, when they could gather at the Club and listen to the concerts. The building is now called the Royal Society's Club.

Speaking of clubs, I was also a member of the Arts Club in Hanover Square for many years, Henry Leslie having proposed me; but I found it dreadfully dull, as hardly any musical people belonged to it except Signor Randegger and Mr. Sutherland Edwards, the *littérateur* and musical critic, and Mr. Stanley Lucas; so eventually I left it.

A much-esteemed friend of mine is Sir Frederick Bridge, who now conducts the Oratorio Concerts of the Royal Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall—"Westminster Bridge," as he is playfully called by his brother musicians—the worthy successor of the late lamented Sir Joseph Barnby, who, unfortunately, died in the prime of life, and at the height of his musical career.

In the Coronation year (1911) Sir Frederick, although very busy, paid me a lengthy visit, telling me all his arrangements about the Coronation music, his difficulties with some of the officials—which he happily smoothed over—

and the proposed programme, in which he gave some of the best English composers an opportunity of being performed. He also told me about his own compositions, and how he had introduced Luther's hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," into one of his anthems.

He said he would send me an invitation to hear the rehearsal at St. Margaret's Church, which he did; but, unfortunately, I could not avail myself of his kindness, as I was not well enough to go. Bridge had invited no end of artists to supplement the choir, amongst whom was Edward Lloyd, who, of course, had retired from public life, but who sang a small solo. He told Bridge that, as he began his musical career as a choir-boy at the Abbey, he wanted to finish it in the same holy building.

Madame Mathilde Marchesi was, without doubt, the greatest lady teacher of singing during the last century. Her pupils who have become famous include Melba, Calvé, Nevada, Gabrielle Krauss, Marie Duma, Esther Palliser, Emma Eames, Susanne Adams, Frances Saville, Sybil Sanderson, and Etelka Gerster. I knew her when she was in London in the fifties, and her name then was Fräulein Mathilde Graumann, and I often accompanied her at concerts at which she was singing. She had a mezzo-soprano voice. She married the Marquis Salvatore (Castrone), who sang here in English opera, and he was the first to sing "Mephistopheles"

in *Faust,* and became very famous in operas, as well as a concert singer. They settled afterwards in Paris, where Madame Marchesi followed her profession of singing-teacher, till recently. Her husband died in 1908.

She has a worthy representative in her daughter, Madame Blanche Marchesi, who has followed in the footsteps of her distinguished mother, and has become one of the most popular teachers of singing in London. She is a most versatile artist, and speaks ever so many languages. Her greatest successes have been gained in the dramatic parts of Wagner's operas, which she has sung in England and on the Continent, causing quite a sensation.

Her vocal recitals here are most interesting, and she has brought to light old forgotten classical songs. She excels in all styles, and it is a great pleasure to watch the changing expression of her face when singing songs of many different characters. She married a Corsican nobleman, the Baron Caccamisi, who is a great lover of art, and their charming house at Kilburn contains a wonderful collection of souvenirs of all the great artists of bygone and present days, such as composers, singers, instrumentalists, and other distinguished personalities, and also some splendid engravings of famous singers in their various operatic rôles.

Madame Mathilde Marchesi has now left Paris and has settled here.

I must not forget to mention Madame Giacinta Puzzi, generally known by her Italian friends as "Mamma Puzzi." She was an eminent teacher of the old Italian operatic school of singing, and her house was the rendezvous, and second home, of all the Italian operatic stars over here. She was always ready to give them good advice in their difficulties with their managers, and generally smoothed things over by her tact and *savoir-faire*.

On Sunday afternoon the drawing-room was full of musical celebrities, and it was also very pleasant to meet all the new operatic arrivals at her house. For many years she and her husband, Signor Giacomo Puzzi, made the engagements for Benjamin Lumley, the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, among these being Mlle Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini. Their three daughters, Emilia (Bini), Fanny, and Giulia, helped their mother to keep open house after their father's death, and to entertain the numberless visitors. When I felt out of sorts I used to go there, and very soon regained my equilibrium and felt happy and contented once more in their congenial society.

"Mamma Puzzi" was an extraordinary woman, full of high spirits and cheerfulness. Since her death there has been no one in the musical world who can quite fill her place. She often spoke of the old times when she heard such great stars as Pasta, Persiani, Rubini, Tam-

burini, and Malibran, and to me it was always most interesting to hear her memories of these giants of bygone days.

One is perhaps sometimes rather heedless in expressing an interest in a forthcoming appearance of an artist at a concert in the provinces. I remember one singer who showed her gratitude by sending me a telegram from Manchester after the concert, which was delivered at my house long after midnight, and contained this interesting information : " Grosse succès. Hallé entzückt " (Great success. Hallé delighted).

The late Dr. Francis Hueffer, critic of *The Times*, told me that, on one occasion, he was knocked up by a special messenger at his house in Brook Green at two o'clock in the morning. After paying a special fee for the telegram, which had been brought from the General Post Office, he opened it to find : " First act of the opera just over ; had immense success. Will telegraph to you again at the end of the opera." He hastened to inform the messenger that he needn't bring him any more telegrams that night, as he would not take them in.

Singers, conductors, and accompanists need plenty of *sang-froid* when they are on the platform. I remember once, when I was at Manchester on the occasion of the opening of the New Victoria Music-hall, an incident happened which illustrates this. Madame Parepa, one of the artists, was singing " On Mighty Pens " from

the *Creation*, when, all of a sudden, there was a loud crack like the firing of a pistol, and someone shouted out "Fire!" Up jumped the large audience, and there was a sudden stampede, the occupants of the pit and stalls trying to reach the stage over the orchestra. I got up from the piano, where I was accompanying, and rushed to Madame Parepa, holding her arm so that she could not move, and waved my other hand to the audience to keep them back. Seeing us both still on the stage, they hesitated and remained quiet, and so a panic was avoided; but had we both left the platform many would have been crushed in their frantic endeavours to gain an outlet from the hall. There was no fire; what had really happened was only the cracking of a long wooden bench on which some people were standing, and which gave way. After that excitement the concert went calmly on, and we congratulated ourselves that no misfortune had happened.

Accompanists must, of course, be ready to transpose music and read anything at sight, and I have found my knowledge of foreign languages is also most valuable in order to be able to follow singers when they lose their places. Accompanists should remember that they will probably be assumed to be at fault if anything goes wrong. I remember, once, when a well-known violinist skipped a whole page in a Handel sonata; I at once picked him up, and he wasn't even aware of what had happened.

CHAPTER XVI

CHARITY CONCERTS AND DINNERS

Royal concert for the restoration of Kew Church—H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck—An array of stars—Concert at the German Embassy—The Crown Prince Frederick William's thoughtfulness—Lady Lansdowne's concert—I go to Paris to get M. Alvarez—A "kidnapped" singer—Charity dinners—The German Hospital dinner—Royal General Theatrical Fund—Dinners—Middlesex Hospital—The Throat Hospital—The Newspaper Press Fund—My foreign orders—Mr. Bernal Osborne, M.P.—False hopes—Some curious mistakes.

THIS is a great country for charity in all its phases; there is no other country in the world where so much money is subscribed for good causes, and in my long career I have assisted at a great many charity concerts. My first experience of a London charity concert was at Drury Lane Theatre on March 17th, 1853, St. Patrick's Day, when an entertainment was given in aid of the London District Letter Carriers' Pension and Widows' and Orphans' Annuity Society.

I give this interesting play-bill of a charitable entertainment in which I took part in the year 1853 which I must value. It was, as I said, in aid of the funds of the London District Letter

Carriers' Pension and Widows' and Orphans' Annuity Society.

The programme was a very long one. First came Tobin's comedy *The Honeymoon*, played by Her Majesty's servants, including Mr. Davenport and Miss Fanny Vining. This was followed by a grand concert in which Miss Poole and Miss Messent sang English songs, and Signor and Madame Lablache operatic excerpts. I was announced, in the quaint phrase of the day, "Herr W. Ganz will preside at Kirkman's Grand Piano Forte." Then came the *clou* of the entertainment:

MR. RICHARD SANDS'
GREAT ANTIPODAL EXPERIMENT,

As Demonstrated by him at the New York Amphitheatre.

WALKING ACROSS
THE CEILING
WITH HIS FEET UP
and
HEAD DOWNWARDS.

The Entertainment concluded with an Oriental Spectacle, entitled, The

TURKISH LOVERS

The characters in which were Abdallah, Selim, Scamp, Captain Tandem, Loo-loo, Shireen, and Bustle. In the course of the Spectacle, a

GRAND BALLET

PAS NEAPOLITAIN by Misses SHARP and SMITH.

PAS DE FASCINATION by Miss ADA MONTGOMERY.

GRAND PAS DE SCHAL

By Mademoiselle JULIE and the whole of the Corps de Ballet.

All this was to be seen at

☞ REDUCED PRICES!

Stalls, 4*s*. Dress Boxes, 3*s*. Pit, 2*s*. Gallery, 1*s*.
Upper Gallery, 6*d*.
Second Price—Boxes, 1*s*. 6*d*. Pit, 1*s*. Lower Gallery, 6*d*.
Private Boxes, £1 1*s*. and £2 2*s*.

No Second Price to Stalls or Upper Gallery.

VIVAT REGINA

The "Great Antipodal Experiment" was, I rather think, the chief attraction!

In 1883 I was asked by H.R.H. the late Duchess of Teck to help her in getting up a concert for the restoration of Kew Parish Church, and it took place at St. James's Hall on May 31st.

The Duchess herself wrote to most of the artists and lady patronesses, and worked day and night for the concert. She frequently came to my house in Harley Street to attend the committee meetings, and my wife always provided tea for her. She greatly enjoyed the tea, especially the brown bread and butter, which

she told me she liked immensely, and she took a great fancy to one of my arm-chairs, a low, comfortable one, and always sat in it during the meetings, and was delightfully unceremonious.

I often visited her at Kensington Palace, where she was then living, and she complained to me of the way in which the Government made her pay for coals and other necessities, which I suppose had in former years been freely granted to her. We also had a committee meeting at Devonshire House, under her presidency, at which the Duchess of Devonshire, the late Countess of Rosebery, and other lady patronesses were present, and I was much struck by the splendid, business-like way in which these ladies carried out every detail. On that occasion the Duchess read aloud a letter from Queen Victoria, in which the Queen addressed her as "Dearest Mary," and said she would take some tickets and wished the concert every possible success.

This wish was fulfilled, for it realised over £1,100, and the agents and some artists told me afterwards that it spoilt the other concerts of the season by taking away so much money! What would these fault-finders have said in these days, when so many charity concerts are constantly being arranged, and large sums collected?

The concert was under the patronage of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, most of

whom were present, and the following great artists took part: Madame Albani, Madame Trebelli, Madame Alwina Valleria, Madame Patey, Madame Christine Nilsson, Miss Agnes Larkcom, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, Mr. Bernard Lane, Mr. Barrington Foote, and Mr. Frederick King. The instrumentalists were: Madame Norman Neruda, Mr. Charles Hallé, and Mr. Franz Neruda, the brother of Madame Neruda. Signor Tosti accompanied one of his popular songs, and apart from this great array of artists we had an additional attraction in Sir Henry (then Mr.) Irving, so no wonder the hall was crowded, and nearly the whole of the hundred and four patronesses were present. I conducted the whole concert, and received the gracious thanks of the Duchess, who was delighted with the result.

Another great charity concert with which I was associated took place at the German Embassy, in Carlton House Terrace, and was arranged by me for the late Prince (then Count) Münster, who was then German Ambassador. It was in aid of the families of the officers and sailors of the German battleship, *Der grosse Kurfürst*, which foundered off Dover with all hands on board, and it took place in the year 1878.

The Crown Prince Frederick William and the Crown Princess of Prussia, the Princess Royal of England, were present, and when the Imperial

visitors arrived and walked through the corridor leading to the concert-room Count Münster introduced me to the Crown Prince, who said in German, "Sie sind wohl gar ein Berliner Kind?" (You are, no doubt, a Berlin child?) and I replied that I was not, but came from Mainz. He said he knew my name through my uncles, Leopold and Moritz Ganz, in Berlin.

Just as the concert was about to begin the Crown Prince noticed that, as I sat at the piano, the sun was shining into my face through the window, and thoughtfully pulled down the blind, and, later on, when I was opening the top of the grand piano he got up immediately and came and helped me. The following artists assisted on this occasion: Madame Etelka Gerster, Madame Trebelli, Herr Henschel, William Shakespeare, and Charles Hallé.

Another memorable charity concert took place at Covent Garden Theatre on February 22nd, 1900, in aid of the widows and families of the officers who fell in the Boer War. The concert was organised by the Marchioness of Lansdowne, whose husband was then the Secretary for War. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild took an active part in the arrangements, and asked Madame Patti to give her services, which she at once did. He consulted with me about everything, and, as we wanted a good operatic tenor, and there was none available, he suggested that I should go to Paris and see if I could obtain

the help of M. Alvarez. I accordingly went to Paris the following morning, and in the evening went to the opera, where *Faust* was being performed, and was shown into the director's box, where I met M. Gailhard and M. Capoul, whom I had known from meeting them in London. M. Jean de Reszke, whom I knew well, was also in the box. During the interval I spoke about Alvarez, and M. Gailhard said he had no objection to his singing, and I had better telegraph him to New York, where he was then singing.

I accordingly sent Alvarez a long wire asking him to appear in a scene from *Roméo et Juliette* with Madame Patti, and asked his terms. The same evening I received a wire from him in which he said he would be most happy to sing without any fee, as the English public had always been very kind to him.

Next day I showed the wire to M. Gailhard, who, however, made some objection to Alvarez singing in London, as the Parisian public wanted him first when he returned from America. I wrote to Mr. Alfred de Rothschild telling him the difficulty, and when I saw him in London on my return he said he would send a confidential clerk to "kidnap" Alvarez and bring him over to London, which he succeeded in accomplishing!

I had engaged a very good orchestra, which I conducted. The scene from *Roméo et Juliette* with the "Alouette" duet, was the *clou* of the evening, and everything went off well. The con-

cert was a huge success; all the tickets were sold and the boxes fetched as much as a hundred guineas, and the stalls ten guineas. The sum-total was £11,000: such a large amount has never been collected through any other single concert.

When it was over supper was served in the *foyer* of the opera. A large round table was reserved for the Prince of Wales, at which he graciously invited M. Alvarez and me to sit.

Lady Lansdowne afterwards presented me with a gold cigarette-case, with a diamond star in the corner, inscribed as follows:

ROYAL OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN

CONCERT

Given on the 22nd Feb., 1900

PRESENTED TO

WILHELM GANZ

WITH THE MOST GRATEFUL THANKS OF THE MARCHIONESS OF LANSDOWNE'S COMMITTEE, THE OFFICERS' WIVES AND FAMILIES FUND

S. A. WAR

General Herbert Eaton told me afterwards that, while Madame Patti was singing, the soldiers on the stage cut holes in the drop-scene in order to peep through and see her.

The National Anthem was sung by Madame Patti and Mr. Edward Lloyd, and the orchestra and a military band accompanied the chorus.

Another big concert which I arranged was given in the summer of 1890 for the benefit of

the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; a society in which Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, took a great personal interest. As a result of the concert a sum of £876 5*s.* 3*d.* was handed over to the Executive Committee.

I also arranged a great entertainment in July 1904 in aid of the Ophthalmic Hospital of the Order of St. John at Jerusalem, at His Majesty's Theatre. Among the artists were Madame Albani, Ben Davies, Kubelik, and Madame Ada Crossley.

Then there are the charity dinners, at which large sums of money are collected. I have assisted with musical entertainments at many of them; for instance, the annual dinners in aid of the German Hospital at Dalston, of which the late Duke of Cambridge was President for many years, and presided at the annual dinners every second year.

I have had no difficulty in getting the assistance of first-rate English and foreign artists. At these dinners I always had books of the words, with full programmes, which is often a troublesome affair, as it is difficult to get the titles and words of the songs beforehand from the artists. I have arranged the music at these dinners for at least fifty years, twenty years with Sir Julius Benedict, and afterwards alone, and one of the standing toasts given by the chairman is to the health of the artists, with best thanks for their kind services and coupling

my name, to which I have always had to make a suitable reply.

Another annual dinner is that in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, at which all the well-known actors, such as Irving, Toole, Bancroft, Hare, and Alexander have presided, as well as politicians and other friends of the theatrical profession. For many years I have arranged the music at these dinners, and also at those of the Newspaper Press Fund (of which Lord Glenesk was president and was succeeded by Lord Burnham), and the German Society of Benevolence.

The dinners given in aid of the Middlesex Hospital I often attended, and gave them a good musical entertainment, and for several years I helped at the dinners given by Sir Morell Mackenzie in aid of the Throat Hospital in Golden Square, which he built and equipped, where we generally had a galaxy of singers. I also frequently assisted in getting up the musical soirées of the Austro-Hungarian Franz Joseph Institute, at which Count Mensdorff always presided.

I have received several Orders from foreign sovereigns, one of which is the Order of the Crown of Prussia, bestowed upon me by the Emperor Wilhelm I, on December 12th, 1881, as a recompense for the work I had done for the German Hospital and the German Society of Benevolence by arranging the music at their

dinners for so many years. Count Münster, the German Ambassador, presented it to me.

Then I received from the present Emperor, Wilhelm II, the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle, Fourth Class, presented to me by Count John Bernstorff, who represented the German Ambassador after the death of Count Hatzfeld.

The Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, honoured me by giving me the Franz Joseph Order, presented to me by His Excellency Count Mensdorff, the present Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and King Oscar of Sweden presented me, through his Minister, Count Lowenhaupt, with the Order of Wasa, First Class.

The late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg gave me the Order of the Ernestiner-Sächsischer Family House Order of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha of the high rank of First Class, and I am very proud of being the possessor of these distinguished Orders.

A well-known politician I used to meet occasionally was the late Mr. Bernal Osborne, M.P., a popular wit of his day. I remember urging him to propose a vote of money for the Royal Academy of Music and kindred institutions, but he said the English were not sufficiently musical to be encouraged by Government support. We had a hot argument, as I held quite contrary views, and I flatly contradicted him and gave him my reasons, which I need not specify here. Many years ago I had the same argument with

the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, of "Lucifer Matches" fame, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer. In both cases my plea came to nothing.

I had another talk with Bernal Osborne at Mrs. Ronalds's on musical subjects, and he still maintained, as he always did, that the English are not a musical nation, and we had another argument about it. As a case in point, when Patti, Titiens, Nilsson, Trebelli, and the latest star, Tetrazzini, appeared at the opera here for the first time, they were always at once appreciated, without preliminary puffs. The English orchestral players read music at sight better than their *confrères* on the Continent, and abroad, when a new opera is produced, no end of rehearsals are needed before it is ready for production; while here only a few orchestral rehearsals are required to obtain a good result. I find the following note in my diary, apropos of the chorus at Her Majesty's in 1851:

"The chorus is very strong. The women, mostly English, read excellently at sight, and the men are German, Italian, French and English, the last of whom could be reckoned the best musically."

When *Faust* and *Carmen* were first produced in Paris they were a failure, and Gounod had the greatest difficulty in getting a publisher to buy his *Faust* for the English copyright. When both these operas were performed here under Gye

and Mapleson at Covent Garden and at Her Majesty's Theatre they were an instantaneous success. So who can say the English are not a musical nation ?

Mrs. Ronalds's musical parties on Sunday afternoons at her pretty house in Cadogan Square are well known, and she is a true friend to musicians. I first met her at Witley Court, Lord Dudley's house, where she sang most beautifully, having a very fine soprano voice. Sullivan composed and dedicated his " St. Agnes Eve " to her, and I accompanied her in it, and in all the rest of her songs. At her Sunday musical parties some of the best artists from the opera are frequently heard, and she also gives the chance of a hearing to young American artists (she being herself an American) and other promising singers.

I often regret the musical receptions given by Sir Julius Benedict and Sir Charles Hallé, where musical people had an opportunity of meeting one another. There is nothing quite like them nowadays.

I have before referred to the fact that the musical schools and academies, with their good and inexpensive teaching, have almost done away with private pupils. This brings me to the change in the style of vocal music taught at the present day.

Formerly, artists sang mostly Italian cavatinas and songs from Italian, French, and Ger-

man operas; but now these are seldom heard. One very seldom hears trios and quartettes from Italian or other operas, or concerted music at soirées and "At Homes," with the exception of the ever-popular quartette from *Rigoletto*.

I have asked concert singers who have come to me for engagements whether they knew this or that duet or trio, and their reply is generally in the negative.

I have often been asked to hear young singers and be useful to them, and, in examining them, I have found out that hardly any of them are capable of singing scales or shakes.

Not long ago a lady came to me to hear her voice. When she entered my study I could not help noticing her appearance; she was short and stout, and not at all prepossessing in any way. That would not have mattered if her voice had been good, or she had sung well. I heard her sing a few ballads, which she sang wretchedly. She said she was forty-two, and that she wanted to enter the musical profession. She added that she had been for four years under a master, who had told her she could easily earn four pounds a day by concert singing. I at once disillusioned her and told her she had better give up all idea of singing in public; and then she departed, very despondently. Poor woman! it was a nasty task to have to disappoint her; but it would have been far more cruel to have raised her hopes.

I have often had to disappoint young artists by telling them their voices were not what they thought them—contraltos saying they were sopranos, and baritones calling themselves tenors. Their professors had humoured them by falling in with their ideas.

This reminds me that a young lady once came to me bringing me the usual letter of introduction and sang the air, "With Verdure Clad," from the *Creation*. Her high notes were very flat, and she said they made her throat sore. I at once knew the cause, and asked her to sing a scale very slowly, singing downward and finishing at the low G. As she sang, the lower notes, beginning from the middle register, were perfect notes from the chest, and really beautiful. I then told her she was a contralto, and that her voice was of true contralto *timbre*—certainly not a high soprano, to which category "With Verdure Clad" belonged. I advised her to go on studying as a contralto, and she accepted my advice and later on became a well-known artiste.

It has so often happened, too, that "tenors" who came to me could not reach the high notes properly, because, being really high baritones, they forced their voices and sang flat, as well as getting their throats constantly out of order.

Nowadays English artists do not change their names as they did formerly by Italianising them, as, for instance, Signor Foli did, his real

name being Foley. Now they are proud of their nationality. Voice-training is taught on sounder lines, and although there is not much evidence of the traditions of the "bel-canto" school, yet our methods tend to bring out any charm there is in the pupil's voice. At the same time, there are always drawbacks. It is unfair to expect professors to give a satisfactory lesson in twenty minutes, which is the usual length of the lessons at some of the academies. Again, vocal students are led away by such tricks as singing on a particular tone, or singing a scale with interludes of counting between the notes to take breath, or lying down flat on the floor to learn breathing. All these tricks tend to ruin the young voice, and I must caution young singers against having their upper notes forced. Besides, they ought to be trained from the beginning to learn the A B C of the art, the scales and intervals. Far be it from me to suggest that the tricks I have mentioned are learnt at the academies; but they are too often taught by private masters.

I remember a young singer who had a beautiful production and method of singing, telling me that when he first came over from abroad he found great difficulty in getting anything to do, until, one day, he called upon a fashionable teacher of singing, who no sooner heard him than he said, "Will you be my show pupil? I will give you £3 a week."

CHAPTER XVII

MY JUBILEE CONCERTS, ETC.

My Jubilee Concert in 1898—Dinner at Lord Blyth's—My Diamond Jubilee Concert—Lady Bancroft's speech—Signatures in the autograph album—Recollections of Charles Kean—Other great English actors.

I GAVE a Jubilee Concert to celebrate my fifty years' residence in England. It took place at the Queen's Hall, June 7th, 1898, and was a tremendous success.

When first the idea struck me that I might venture to give such a concert I thought I would ask my dear friend, Madame Adelina Patti, to assist me, and I therefore called on her at the Hôtel Cecil and told her about the concert. She at once consented to sing, and I was overjoyed at her generosity.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family gave their patronage to the concert, and a representative honorary committee was formed. My brother and sister artists all came forward to show their friendship for me.

The morning of the concert I visited Madame Patti at her hotel and brought her a silver vase,

which made her shed tears of emotion, and to commemorate the occasion she gave me a silver paper-knife, and her two faithful attendants, Karo and Patro, also gave me silver presents, which I greatly appreciated.

The hall was crowded, and all the tickets were sold. There were so many wonderful hats worn by the ladies present that the hall looked like a garden of roses. The concert began with an organ solo, played by Mr. Tonking, and Madame Patti had a great reception. Being in mourning, she wore black, with beautiful diamonds. She first sang "Bel Raggio" from *Semiramide*, and her second song was my "Nightingale's Trill," and then, as an encore, "Home, Sweet Home," followed by "Comin' thro' the Rye." Mlle Marie Engle, from Covent Garden, sang my song "Sing, Sweet Bird," and had to repeat it, and also the duet "Sull'aria" from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with my daughter Georgina, which was encored. Miss Clara Butt had met with a carriage accident a short time before, and although not quite recovered she was determined to sing for me, and gave my song "Forget me not," which she had to repeat. Unfortunately, she was so overcome by the exertion that she fainted when entering the artists' room; but so far recovered that later on she sang "Oh that we two were Maying," with Mr. Kennerley Rumford.

Miss Ada Crossley sang "Caro mio ben" to perfection, and Madame Blanche Marchesi sang

three songs in her own incomparable way. Madame Alice Gomez, Madame Giulia Ravogli, Signor Ancona, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Ben Davies, and my old friend Santley also sang, and I played Mendelssohn's concert in G minor with quintette accompaniment by M. Johannes Wolff, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Emil Kreuz, M. Hollman, and Mr. Haydn Waud. Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore, Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Winifred Emery recited, and my son Charles sang the serenade from Tschaikowsky's *Don Juan*. My old friend, George Grossmith, gave some of his musical sketches, and at the end of the concert I had to make a speech, in which I thanked Madame Patti and the other artists for their generous help, and said I felt deeply grateful to the English people, who, during a period of fifty years, had been so kind to me in my musical undertakings. After this little speech I played two pianoforte pieces of my own.

I don't think there was ever a concert in which so many world-renowned and celebrated artists took part, and I must not forget the conductors and accompanists, Signor Alberto Randegger, Mr. Wilhelm Kuhe, Mr. Sewell, and Mr. Bendall.

Lord Blyth (then Sir James) gave two dinner-parties at his house, 33, Portland Place, in my honour on that and the following evening, at which Madame Patti, all the artists, and a most distinguished company were present, the guests numbering forty at each dinner.

When I had resided sixty years in this country I celebrated the event by giving a Diamond Jubilee Concert, and again Madame Patti most generously consented to sing. I also obtained the kind services of Madame Donalda, Miss Evangeline Florence, Madame Ada Crossley, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Gregory Hast, Mr. John McCormack, M. Edouard de Reszke (who, unhappily, was ill and not able to appear), Mr. Hamilton Earle, Mischa Elman, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Margaret Cooper, and Mr. George Grossmith. My son Charles also sang for me. The conductors were Mr. Hamilton Harty, Mr. Adolph Mann, and myself. Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and the rest of the Royal Family gave me their patronage, and H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg was present. Madame Patti sang "Voi che sapete" and "Pur Dicesti," and when I began the first few familiar bars of "Home, Sweet Home," the whole audience rose and thundered their applause. I played the first movement of Beethoven's C minor Concerto with quintette accompaniment and at the end of the concert my new "Adelina Valse," which I had just written and dedicated to Madame Patti.

Between Part I and Part II Lady Bancroft came forward with Madame Adelina Patti, all the artists, and the members of Executive Committee, and presented me with an album of autographs.

LADY BANCROFT'S SPEECH AT MY JUBILEE CONCERT

She began, "I am not going to make a speech, but will read you a letter."

"HONOURED AND MUCH-LOVED FRIEND,"

Here Lady Bancroft paused, and, looking up at the grand circle where my wife was sitting, said, "Don't be jealous, dear," and then continued:

"I am here to perform a most delightful duty. I have to congratulate you on your Diamond Jubilee, and to present to you, on behalf of the committee, a beautiful album, which contains the autographs of distinguished sincere admirers and affectionate friends.

"It is a tribute to you, not only as an artist who has lived amongst us for sixty years in this, your adopted country, but as a man who has won the hearts of every one by a kind and genial nature.

"In the midst of your own hard work you have never been unmindful of the necessity of others. You have never been deaf to the calls of charity. You have ever been ready and anxious to lend a helping hand—I may say, two helping hands—and with your whole heart you have contributed your talent when a good cause presented itself.

"Your gifted and sweet old friend has come from her retirement to give you a tribute of her affection—I mean, of course, Madame Patti, our well-beloved and never-to-be-forgotten Adelina.

"You have been her companion in art for so many years that to see one without the other on the platform would have made one wonder. The nightingale and its attendant bird. I my-

self have often heard you speak of her with adoration, and I know her love for you will endure whilst memory holds a place.

"This will be a red-letter day in your remembrance, and this book will be to you a treasured possession. It contains the autographs of most distinguished personages, celebrated artists, many of whom are here to-day to do you honour, and all good friends and well-wishers. It will be a joy to you to read it in years to come, and will be a proud inheritance for your family. And now let me offer you, in addition, my love, and God bless you. *Auf Wiedersehen.* And, in the words of Rip Van Winkle, 'Here's your good health,' and your family, and may you live long and prosper.

"Believe me to be

"Your affectionate old friend,

"MARIE EFFIE BANCROFT."

Naturally I felt quite overcome. Madame Patti, noticing this, came forward and kissed me on the cheek and placed a laurel wreath on my head, and Lady Bancroft also kissed me. I could only say a few words of thanks in reply.

The audience cheered and sang "He's a jolly good fellow."

The album was signed by King Edward and Queen Alexandra, the present King and Queen, and all the members of the Royal Family, the Ambassadors, the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith), Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, the Speaker (Mr. Lowther), Lord Londonderry, Carrington, Cadogan, Derby, Selby, Alverstone, Cawdor, Dunraven, Mr. Henry

Chaplin, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, Mr. George Wyndham, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Alfred Emmott, Field-Marshals Lord Roberts, Lord Grenfell, Sir Evelyn Wood, and Sir John French, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Sutherland, Lords Londesborough, Kintore, Plymouth, Lonsdale, Esher, Howe, Blyth, Claud Hamilton, Arthur Hill, Burnham, Rothschild, and Mr. Alfred and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Lord Strathcona, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir Frederick Milner, Sir Horace Rumbold, Sir Charles Mathews, Sir George Faudel Phillips, Baron F. d'Erlanger, Baron Schroeder, Sir Henry Mackinnon, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Drs. Saint-Saëns, Max Bruch, Nikisch, W. H. Cummings, and Hans Richter, Sir F. Bridge, Sir Frederick Cowen, Prof. Leschetizky, Sir Douglas Powell, Sir William Church, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Sir F. Burnand, Mr. Anthony Hope, Sir Luke Fildes, Sir F. Carruthers Gould, Sir Douglas Straight, Sir W. S. Gilbert, Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir John Hare, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir George Alexander, Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, and others too numerous to mention, as well as the artists who took part in the concerts.

I have spoken of the great musical geniuses I have met since 1848. I ought also to mention some of the actors.

I had the good fortune to be engaged in the orchestra at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street when Charles Kean was the lessee and

manager. I say good fortune, because it gave me the opportunity of seeing Kean act. He was, as all the world knows, a short, high-shouldered man, and he spoke a little through his nose; but his acting was so wonderful that it overshadowed these defects.

His wife, Mrs. Charles Kean, was, on the contrary, a fine, tall woman, with a glorious and melodious voice, and her Lady Macbeth was, of course, historical.

I remember a performance of *King John* in which Mr. Terry and his daughter Kate (sister of Miss Ellen Terry) took part; she played the part of little Prince Arthur most pathetically. In those days *The Corsican Brothers*, by Dion Boucicault, had made a great sensation, and all London rushed to see it. The incidental music was composed by M. Robert Stoepel, and there was one air in it—the "Ghost Melody"—that had a great effect when played *pianissimo* on the strings. Charles Kean played the double-rôle of the brothers, Mr. Alfred Wigan the Marquis de Chateauneuve. Wigan was a fine actor, and in the Duel Scene he was splendid. The handsome Miss Murray was also in the cast.

In Kean's company was also Miss Agnes Robertson, who acted in Boucicault's plays and became his wife. She was the original Colleen Bawn in his play of that name. Other members were the beautiful and clever Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Mr. John Ryder, Mr. Paul Bedford, Mr.

Harley, and Dion Boucicault. The incidental music for the Shakespearean dramas was composed by John Hatton and others.

Kean used to arrange theatrical performances for Queen Victoria at Windsor; but he gave them up eventually. I believe I am the only person outside the theatrical world who remembers Kean's splendid season of Shakespeare at the Princess's. He was followed by Sir Henry Irving and Sir Herbert Tree, whose productions of Shakespeare's works have certainly eclipsed all that have gone before them.

I have seen on the stage, about 1848, the wonderful Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews. I knew Mathews personally; he was a great genius, and, curiously enough, acted in French both here and in Paris without being able to speak that language. I know this for a fact. In some of his own pieces, such as *Chatter* versus *Patter* he spoke at an extraordinary rate.

I also remember Fechter, who had a fine figure and resonant voice, and spoke English well, with only a slight French accent. I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Wright as Paul Pry, Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary, Mr. Benjamin Webster, father-in-law of Lord Burnham, Madame Celeste in the famous play *Green Bushes*, Mrs. Robson at the Olympic, and many others. I must not forget to mention my old and personal friends, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft; at the time of which I am writing Lady

Bancroft was Miss Marie Wilton, and brought out all the well-known and popular comedies written by Tom Robertson, such as *Ours*, *Caste*, *School*, and many others. She carried them on for many years at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, with her husband, Mr. Bancroft, and afterwards they took the Haymarket Theatre, where they remained until they retired. Sir Squire has made a great feature of his Dickens readings for charity, which have realised an immense sum. They have a charming house at Sandgate, facing the sea, where they welcome their friends on Sunday afternoons.

I recollect Madame Geneviève Ward (who was famous in a play called *Forget Me Not*), coming out as a dramatic singer in Bellini's *Puritani* in 1862. She continued on the operatic stage for some years under the name of Madame Guerrabella. She last acted, I believe, in Rudolf Besier's Greek play, *The Virgin Goddess*, and now lives in retirement at St. John's Wood. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal I have often seen play, and I must not forget my dear old friend, Johnny Toole. In his own time none could surpass him, and he had a heart of gold.

CHAPTER XVIII

MODERN ARTISTS I HAVE KNOWN

Jean de Reszke comes out as a baritone—I introduce Madame Melba to the English public—Carl Rosa forgets an appointment—Tetrazzini—Destinn—Calvé—Nordica—Kirkby Lunn—Ada Crossley—Clara Butt—Ruth Vincent—Maggie Teyte—Aïno Ackté—Huge fees paid to modern singers—Modern violinists—Ysaye—His "quick change"—Kreisler—Elman—Modern 'cellists—Hollman—Casals—Gérardy—Modern pianists—Paderewski—Eugen d'Albert—Godowsky—Busoni—Madame Carreño—Her Jubilee—Robert Hichens as musical critic—Conductors, past and present—Richter—His wonderful memory—Thomas Beecham—An interesting letter from him—Nikisch—He pays me a visit—Henry J. Wood—Landon Ronald—Sir Edward Elgar—Sir Hubert Parry—Sir Charles Villiers Stanford—Norman O'Neill—Dr. Vaughan Williams—Walford Davies and the Temple Church.

It is a strange fact that M. Jean de Reszke first came out in London as a baritone. He sang, under my direction in 1874, at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts, the aria "Sei Vendicata," from *Dinorah*, and his first appearance at Covent Garden was in the opera *Les Huguenots*, in which he played the rôle of the Count de Nevers—a baritone part. Signor Cotogni, who was in the same opera, helped him to dress and make up, and gave him some good advice about the part, little thinking that in

after-years he would become the great tenor who would captivate all his hearers not only by his marvellous voice, but by his clever and most intelligent acting. His brother, Edouard, has also been a great favourite—hardly any one else, except, perhaps, Plançon, could sing and act the part of Friar Laurent in *Roméo et Juliette* as well as he could, and his fine, commanding presence and magnificent *basso-profundo* made him greatly esteemed. Both brothers have long since retired from the operatic stage. M. Jean de Reszke has now settled in Paris, where he has become famous as a teacher of singing, and many young aspirants study grand opera with him.

I pride myself on being the first to introduce Madame Melba to the English public. She came to me soon after her arrival from Australia in 1886, and brought me a letter of introduction from a friend in Melbourne. I asked her whether she had brought any songs for me to hear, and she said "Yes." So she sang the grand aria "Ah! fors' è lui" from *La Traviata*. I was delighted. It could not have been better sung; the vocalisation was perfect, and she warbled her runs and shakes without any effort. When I asked her to sing something else, she pleased me very much with her rendering of my song, "Sing, Sweet Bird," and she told me she had sung it a great deal in Australia and made it popular there.

MADAME MELBA.

After hearing her, and being satisfied that she would be very successful in public, I said that I would like her to sing at Prince's Hall in Piccadilly (now demolished and changed to Prince's Restaurant), at a concert given by a pupil of the late Chevalier Emil Bach. I conducted the concert, and had a small orchestra, and Madame Nellie Armstrong (that was her real name in those days, as she adopted the name of "Melba" later on when she appeared in opera in Brussels and at Covent Garden) sang the two songs which I had heard at my house, and she was encored in both of them.

A few days afterwards I told her that I was arranging the music at the dinner of the Royal Theatrical Fund at the Freemason's Hall, when the late Sir Augustus Harris (at that time Mr. Augustus Harris) took the chair, and I asked her to help for this good cause, to which she consented. One of her songs was Gounod's "Ave Maria," with Mademoiselle Anna Lang's violin *obbligato*. It created a great sensation, and Augustus Harris, who had never heard this beautiful song before, was charmed with it. At the conclusion of the entertainment Mrs. Armstrong, with the rest of the artists who had assisted, remained to a convivial supper, at which I presided.

When I met Mrs. Nellie Armstrong again I suggested that she should become the *prima donna* of the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company,

and she replied that she would be glad to accept an engagement for that English opera company. I told her that I knew Carl Rosa very well, and should ask him to come to my house to hear her. I fixed the interview for the following Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock at my house, and called on Mr. Carl Rosa. He said he would come, and wrote the appointment in pencil on his shirt-cuff. Well, on the appointed Tuesday Mrs. Armstrong punctually came at three o'clock, and waited a whole hour for him; but, unfortunately, he never came. He told me afterwards that he had forgotten all about the appointment! That was very unfortunate for him, because I am convinced that, if Rosa had heard this Australian singer, he would have engaged her then and there for a number of years and the company would have made a fortune.

I asked Mrs. Armstrong to come on another day to meet Rosa, but she would not hear of it. She then told me that she was going to study with Madame Mathilde Marchesi, and was going at once to Paris for that purpose for eight or nine months. I said to her that I thought it was hardly necessary for her to do so, as her singing was then already so perfect. Shortly afterwards she wrote me the following letter:

"My dear Mr. Ganz,

"I am so sorry I was unable to come and

see you before I left London ; but I was so busy. I had no time, and we left a day sooner than we intended. Have you heard of any possible engagements ? I am so anxious to get on, I hope you will put in a good word for me whenever you can. Were there any notices in the papers about either entertainments ? I did not see any. Do you think I could get an engagement at any of the Patti concerts ? I would not mind singing there, for then I should have a chance of singing before a big audience. What beautiful weather we are having, quite a treat after all the rain.

" Give my love to Mrs. and Miss Ganz.

" Hoping you are all well.

" Yours sincerely,

" NELLIE ARMSTRONG."

She went, however, and made her first appearance in grand opera in Brussels, afterwards in Paris, and then at Covent Garden, where she appeared for the first time in 1888, as Lucia, under Sir Augustus Harris's management. I was present on that occasion. Everybody knows the brilliant career which she has had ever since in this country, on the Continent, in America, and Australia and New Zealand.

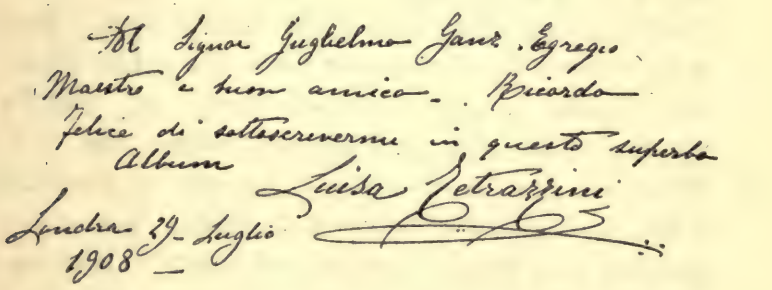
I ought here to mention that about the same time she called upon me she visited also Sir Arthur Sullivan and Signor Alberto Randegger, and sang to them with the object of getting engagements from the former and receiving lessons from the latter. Sir Arthur put her off by saying that he would give her a part in his

Mikado in a year's time, and the latter told her that he had no time to give her lessons. She has mentioned these facts in a book of her musical career in which she states that "the only musician who gave her encouragement was Mr. Wilhelm Ganz." In after-years, when she became famous here and met these two musical gentlemen, she and they had a good laugh on these, to them, unflattering events.

Curiously enough, when Madame Tetrazzini first appeared in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the tenor, Signor Carpi, who took the part of Edgardo, asked me, a few days before the performance, whether I would come and hear him in the opera. I told him I had heard *Lucia* so often that I should be glad if he would excuse me. He had not mentioned that there was a new *prima donna* making her first appearance, or I should have gone.

The next morning the papers were full of Tetrazzini's great success. There had been no previous announcement of her remarkable powers, and the public were taken by surprise and highly delighted, and I felt sorry I had not gone to hear her, even for a short while; but I managed to do so later on, and was charmed with her singing. The house had been sold out the nights she appeared, and I had the greatest difficulty in even getting standing room to hear her. There is no need for me to dwell upon the beautiful quality and exceptional compass of

her voice and her brilliant powers of execution. In the great Mad Scene she brought down the house with thunders of applause. The revival of interest in the old operas of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti is largely due to Tetrazzini. These florid operas exactly suit her style, and she has brought them again into vogue, such as *La Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Lucia*, and I will also include Verdi's *Traviata*, though it is not such an old opera as those I have mentioned.


Al Signor Guglielmo Ganz. Egregio
Maestro e buon amico. Ricordo
felice di sottoscrivermi in questo superbo
Album
Luisa Tetrazzini
Londra 29 Luglio
1908

Of course it requires a great artiste of exceptional powers to sing these old operas. I have been present in the stalls at Covent Garden when Tetrazzini was singing and noticed the delight in people's faces when they heard all the old familiar melodies, notwithstanding the fact that they were constantly hearing the Wagner operas, and those of Puccini and Richard Strauss, and the later operas of Verdi, such as *Aïda*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff*.

To conclude my impression of Madame Tetrazzini, I should like to add how wonderfully she

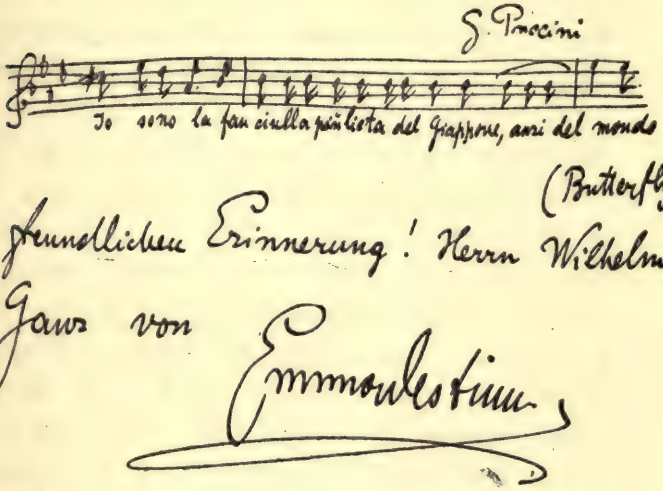
finished the Cabaletta in *Lucia*, commencing a shake on B flat and finishing her cadenza on the high E flat in Alt.

Soon after this I made the acquaintance of the gifted artiste and found her most charming and unassuming. One day when I called on her she asked me to try over some English songs with her, which she has since sung at concerts. When I gave my Diamond Jubilee Concert in 1908 she insisted on buying tickets for it, as she was very anxious to hear Madame Patti, whom she had *never* heard sing. She was, of course, enchanted with the great Diva, and spoke most enthusiastically of Patti's singing, and was full of veneration for her. When we gave a reception in honour of Madame Patti we specially invited Madame Tetrazzini to meet her, when I introduced them to one another, and they became the greatest of friends.

The splendid impersonations of Mlle Emmy Destinn in *La Tosca*, *Madama Butterfly*, and *Aïda*, won for her immediate recognition as a dramatic soprano of incomparable powers and the highest artistic gifts. In such rôles as Tess in Baron Frederic d'Erlanger's fine opera, she has the voice and personality that transfigure the part and move her hearers to tears. She is a native of Prague, and before she came to England was engaged at the Royal Opera in Berlin. Every winter she appears at the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York. Apropos

of her assumption of the part of Madama Butterfly, when it was first performed at Covent Garden, I heard a Japanese gentleman remark that it was the only truthful presentment of Japanese life on the stage that he had seen since he came to Europe.

My readers who have in years past had the advantage of hearing Signor Graziani, the



greatest foreign baritone of his time, will remember his luscious voice and the wonderful delivery of his Italian method. He has now a worthy successor in Signor Sammarco, the most admired baritone at Covent Garden. I shall never forget the first time I heard Sammarco's splendid singing of the prologue in Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, as his voice reminded me so much of Graziani's, and I do not wonder he has

become such a great favourite in England and America.

Madame Calvé's vivid presentment of the character of Carmen is still fresh in our recollection. Although she is a dramatic soprano, her voice is particularly sweet in the upper register and in florid music where her *coloratura* and her lovely shake show off to perfection. She revived the charming Barcarolle from Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffmann*, and another of her most attractive songs is "Les Couplets de Mysoli," by Félicien David, with flute *obbligato*.

Madame Nordica, the well-known and much admired American *prima donna*, has often sung her Wagnerian rôles at Bayreuth and at the Prinz Regenten Theater at Munich, while she is also a very fine concert singer. To my mind her greatest part is that of Isolde in Wagner's *Tristan*. I have already spoken of Madame Emma Eames on a previous page, and also of Madame Sembrich. Both these artistes have of late years sung principally at the American Opera-houses, where they are great favourites. Madame Kirkby Lunn, the great English contralto, first came out as Norah in Stanford's *Shamus O'Brien* in 1896, then joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Manchester, and then sang with great success at Covent Garden, where she created the part of Dalila in Saint-Saën's opera. How can we ever forget her delivery of the beautiful aria "Mon Cœur

s'ouvre à ta voix," or "Printemps qui commence"? She is also great as Amneris in *Aïda*, and as a concert singer she is simply perfection. I have heard her sing at most of her recitals and her voice reminds me very much of Alboni's. I cannot pay her a greater compliment than this. She is always accompanied by that accomplished musician, Mr. Percy Pitt, whose song, "Love is a Dream," she sings to perfection.

Another splendid contralto is the Australian singer, Madame Ada Crossley. I was not surprised to hear that on a recent tour in her native country the horses were taken out of her carriage and it was dragged by young Australians to her hotel. She is a fine musician and a universal favourite, and was chosen to sing the National Anthem when King George laid the foundation-stone of the Australian Commonwealth building in the Strand the other day.

England may certainly be proud of being the native country of Madame Clara Butt, who has made a great name for herself not only in Great Britain, Australia, and South Africa, but also in Germany, where she has sung in German before the Emperor and Empress. She excels in such songs as Liddle's "Abide with me," and in Frances Allitsen's "Song of Thanksgiving," and Elgar's "Sea Pictures," and is equally at home in oratorio. Her commanding presence—

she is over six feet in height—always creates an impression wherever she sings.

Madame Butt is ably assisted by her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, in her various tours and over-sea engagements. He is the possessor of a very attractive baritone voice, and is a thoroughly good artist. It is a pleasure to hear him sing duets with his wife, such as the "Night Hymn at Sea," which they sang at my Jubilee Concert. They are both such favourites that whenever they announce a concert they are always sure of a full house.

I should like to mention another English singer, Miss Ruth Vincent, who has made a good reputation for herself. One of her first successes was the part of Véronique, in Messager's charming opera, and it was chiefly owing to her singing and acting that it had such a long run. Since then she has been one of Beecham's *prima donnas* at Covent Garden, singing the leading rôles in *Hänsel und Gretel* and *Contes d'Hoffmann*. She has an extensive compass, and her upper notes are specially good. As *prima donna* in *The Grand Duchess* at the Savoy she was exceedingly popular, and by way of contrast she has sung in Handel's *Messiah* with great success.

A young and rising artiste is Miss Maggie Teyte, whose début at Covent Garden as Marguerite in *Faust* at once brought her into the front rank of singers. She created the part of Mélisande

in Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, and has been very successful at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, singing French like a native.

All these modern singers I have mentioned have often sung at my annual concerts, and I have accompanied them all, with the exception of Miss Maggie Teyte, who sang at my benefit concert at the Royal Albert Hall (of which I will write fully later on), when through my accident I was not able to be present, as did also Madame Aïno Ackté, one of the most distinguished singers who have appeared during this century. Her success as Salome in Strauss's opera is known to everybody, and she is a magnificent singer and actress in the most difficult rôles. She was born in Finland and made her first appearance in London in January 1907.

Things have moved very rapidly of late years. It was only in 1904, I remember, when Massenet's opera *Hérodiade* was given at Covent Garden for Madame Calvé, that the management were compelled by the Censor to change the title of the opera. The title chosen was *Salome*, as likely to give less offence to public prejudice! Herod was renamed Moriame, roi d'Ethiope, and Herodias was also renamed. But it was difficult to make the illusion complete. In the scene in the Temple the seven-branched candlestick was seen, and Madame Calvé led a procession of girls carrying palms and singing "Hosanna." When the Roman prefect ap-

peared and began his address to the Ethiopian crowd, he mistook their nationality and addressed them as "Peuple juif"!

Talking about modern singers reminds me of the enormous fees which they—principally the sopranos—receive for singing at private parties, sometimes as much as 300, 400, and 500 guineas, while in former years such great artists as Grisi, Mario, Bosio, and the old Lablache only received 15 or 20 guineas for each entertainment. It is therefore difficult for hostesses to keep up the former custom of opening their salons to their friends and having the most renowned artists to sing for them. Unless they have an exorbitantly expensive star to attract their guests in the height of the London season they cannot give these private concerts. The guests who are invited to musical parties try to find out, before accepting, who is going to sing, and unless it is some great singer they stay away, which is very hard on hostesses who cannot afford to pay these high prices.

During my long musical career I have known many great violinists, and have already alluded to the famous ones of past days. In the present time M. Ysaye is, of course, one of the very first.

I remember, on one occasion, he gave a concert at Queen's Hall and played a Concerto by Vieuxtemps and the ever-popular Mendelssohn Concerto, which were so greatly applauded that he gave, as an encore, Saint-Saëns' "Rondo

Capriccioso." It was five o'clock, and he had to play the same evening at Birmingham, and was obliged to change into his evening clothes in the artists' room, so as to catch the six o'clock train. This was quick work, and artists, years ago, would not have dared to do such a thing, as they always rested hours before playing at a concert, and kept thoroughly quiet. Now they rush about, and if on tour where they have to sing or play every night in a different town, they sometimes arrive just as the concert begins, and I have known cases where they arrived so late that they had no time even to dress suitably beforehand, but had to appear in travelling dress, owing to their trains being delayed.

In recent years Herr Fritz Kreisler has maintained his great reputation here by introducing Elgar's First Violin Concerto to the public, which he plays magnificently. Mischa Elman, who came here from Russia as a boy, and is a most marvellous player, has the most faultless expression and fine technique. He is a real genius, and his career has been one long triumph. I have reason to be particularly grateful to him, as he played for me at my Jubilee Concert in 1908, and my benefit concert in 1911.

Of the 'cellists in the present day my old friend, M. Joseph Hollman, is one of the most popular. He plays here every season, and is in great request at private musical soirées. His tone is grand, and his execution splendid. He

has composed concertos for his own instrument, and his *Morceaux de Salon* are charming and full of melody. He has assisted me at my annual concerts for a great many years. He is a great favourite at At Homes. I remember, on one occasion, when he was playing, a footman entered the room bearing a tray with cups of tea. Seeing Hollman seated in the middle of the room playing his 'cello he walked up to him and offered him some. Hollman at once laid down his 'cello, drank off the tea, and then resumed his piece where he had left off. That fine 'cellist, Señor Casals, has proved himself one of the greatest living artists. M. Jean Gérardy, who came over from Liége and played on Madame Patti's concert tours, when I always accompanied him, already made his name here as a boy.

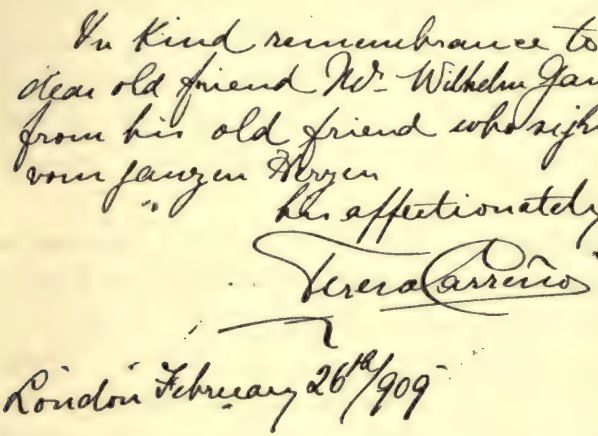
Among the modern pianists M. Paderewski continues to hold his high place as an artist of rare charm and poetical feeling.

Then there is Mr. Eugen d'Albert, the great Beethoven player, who reappeared here this summer, but rarely comes over since he settled in Berlin. I am told he does not like to be reminded that he was born in Great Britain. I knew his father when he lived at Newcastle, where he wrote popular dance-music in the fifties. Eugen d'Albert now goes in for composing operas, one of which—*Tiefland*—was lately performed at Covent Garden with con-

siderable success. His operas are very popular in Germany, the land of his adoption.

It is unnecessary for me to do more than mention the brilliant Chopin playing of Godowsky, Busoni's development of pianistic tone-painting, and Moritz Rosenthal's phenomenal feats of execution.

I have known Madame Teresa Carreño for many years, and we have always kept up our



friendship, ever since she first came over here. On my recent birthday she sent me two big bouquets of flowers and her signed photograph. She has travelled all over the world, and delighted many thousands of people with her playing, which is remarkable for its wonderful power. Carreño is full of charm, and a brilliant conversationalist. She has a beautiful smile, and speaking dark brown eyes. It is hard to believe that she has been fifty years before the

public and announced her Jubilee Recital last year.

One of the most brilliant critics I ever knew was Robert Hichens, the novelist, who for some years in the nineties used to contribute a weekly article in *The World* which was a wonderful medley of scintillating wit and humour and keenly appreciative. I recall such phrases, apropos of a pianist of the ultra-strenuous type who shall be nameless, "He will even hit a piano when it's down!" and of a modern string quartette of continuous *arpeggios*—"It seems as if the *arpeggios* would go on till the last trump turned the quartette into a quintette."

He also told me that his original intention in early life was to become an organist, and that he had studied with George Riseley at Bristol. "I never was able to master the organ. When sitting there, it always seemed so aloof, so far away. I never could get into any personal relation with it."

Of conductors I have known many, one of the greatest being undoubtedly Dr. Hans Richter, who has worked hard here for many years as conductor of the Charles Hallé Manchester Concerts and Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, and, above all, Wagner's musical dramas at Covent Garden. For many years he gave orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall, where he excelled in Beethoven's Symphonies,

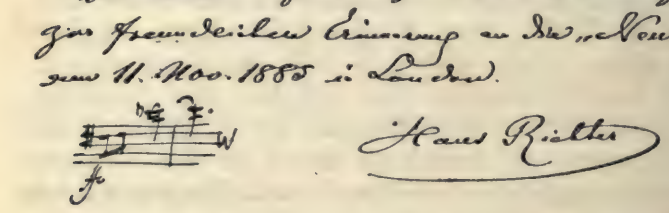
all of which he conducted from memory. I have already referred to him in writing of the first performances at Bayreuth, which he also conducted from memory; indeed, it is always said of him that, if all the Wagner scores were to be burnt, Richter could write them out from memory!

He has now retired into private life, and his many friends and admirers will wish him to enjoy his well-earned rest in good health, peace, and contentment.

In a letter he wrote me shortly after he had conducted *The Ring* at Covent Garden in 1903, he says:

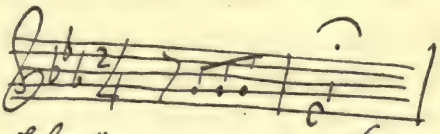
"Für mich war das Schönste und Erfreulichste das Publicum; welche weihevolle Stille *während* und welcher Enthusiasmus *nach* den Akten! Wenn man Wagner-Ehrungen erleben will, muss man wahrlich in's Ausland gehen. Noch immer werden die Schüler der Berliner Musikschule vor dem Besuche der Wagner'schen Werke gewarnt; selbst in der Zeit der tiefsten Verkennung Berlioz's hätte es kein Professor oder Director des Pariser Conservatoire gewagt, die Schüler von dem Besuche Berlioz'scher Aufführungen abzureden; aber in Deutschland ist es noch heute—20 Jahre nach des Meisters Tode—möglich, unehrerbietig über Richard Wagner reden zu hören. Ich bin froh, dass ich diesen unerfreulichen Verhältnissen entronnen bin, und diese letzten Aufführungen haben es mich recht fühlen lassen, wie richtig es war, mein Heim in England zu suchen *und auch zu finden*, darf ich hinzufügen."

("For me the finest and most delightful thing was the Public; what a solemn stillness *during* the acts, and what enthusiasm *afterwards*! To experience what honouring Wagner means one must really go abroad. The pupils of the Berlin Music-school are still warned against attending performances of Wagner's works; even in the time of the worst misjudgments of Berlioz, no Professor or Director of the Paris Conservatoire would have dared to warn the pupils against going to Berlioz performances; but in Germany it is still possible—twenty years after the Master's death—to hear disparaging remarks about Richard Wagner. I am happy that I have seen the last of this unhappy state of things, and these last performances have made me really feel how right it was to seek, and, if I may add, *to find* my Home in England.")



Of the conductors at Covent Garden, Signor Campanini in Verdi's and Puccini's operas proved himself as great as any of his Italian *confrères*, where previously my old friend, Luigi Arditi, composer of "Il Bacio," which Madame Patti has rendered so popular, Alberto Randegger, and Mancinelli were famous names, and latterly we had Thomas Beecham, who con-

ducted Richard Strauss's *Elektra* and *Salome* splendidly. The incomparable Arthur Nikisch won fresh laurels this year as conductor of Wagner's *Ring* at Covent Garden.



So wollt das Schicksal es unsere Pforte! –

Herrn Wilhelm Jang
den hochverdienstvollen Pionier
für musikalische Bildung in
England
zur freundlichen Erinnerung
Arthur Nikisch
London, 17. Juni 1913

I was deeply touched by a visit he paid to me recently. He came quite unexpectedly and stayed a long time. He knew all about the musicians from abroad I had known in earlier days, and talked about their various characteristics. When I showed him the programmes of my orchestral concerts with the performances of Berlioz's Symphonies and Liszt's *Divina Commedia*, he compared the difficulties I must have had in those days, when there were no permanent

orchestras, with the present time, when there are several, and spoke of my courage in giving those works over thirty years ago. I told him I remembered attending an afternoon concert in Queen's Hall, when he made his first appearance here and electrified every one by his rendering of Tschaikowsky's Fifth Symphony in E minor, then still a little-known work.

Among concert conductors of the front rank is Sir Henry J. Wood, who has made the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts so popular, and is acknowledged to be the greatest English conductor. Sir Edward Elgar has only recently entered the ranks of conductors. The youngest conductor of the present time is Mr. Landon Ronald, son of my dear old friend, the late Henry Russell. He has established some symphony concerts with a new orchestra of his own creation, and conducts at the Sunday Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall.

One day Mr. Henry Russell brought his little son to me and said he wished me to hear him play, and give my opinion about his talent. The boy played the " Moonlight Sonata " to me, and when he had finished I played it to him to correct some of his faults. I told his father that he had great gifts, and should continue to study under a good master, and he was quite satisfied with what I said. Many years afterwards, when Landon Ronald had risen to fame,

he spoke of the circumstance to me, and said he would never forget it. He has now become a first-rate accompanist and clever conductor, and has been engaged to conduct some of the symphony concerts in the principal cities on the Continent, while his songs and orchestral compositions have become very popular. He is now Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, the "right man in the right place."

Among the modern English composers whose name stands in the first rank is Sir Edward Elgar, who quickly rose to fame by his oratorios *Gerontius* and *The Apostles*, and by his First Symphony. Since then he has gained fresh laurels by his new Violin Concerto, which Herr Fritz Kreisler has played so often with enormous success, and which is a monumental work of its composer, and his Second Symphony, which has also been so much admired, and his charming "Sea Songs," which Madame Clara Butt sings at nearly all her concerts. England may well be proud of him, for his orchestral works are performed with great success and much appreciated on the Continent.

Well-established favourites among English composers are also Sir Hubert Parry, Director of the Royal College of Music, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, to whose operas and their performance by the Carl Rosa Opera Company I have alluded in a previous chapter. His cantata, *The Rose*

of Sharon, is a splendid work, and his "Benedictus" for the violin has been performed by all the leading violinists. It may not be generally known that Alexander Mackenzie settled some time ago in Florence, but returned at the instigation of the late Dr. Francis Hueffer, who advised him to come over to England, and recommended his opera *Columba* to Carl Rosa for production.

Another favourite British composer is Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, to whose well-known opera, *Shamus O'Brien*, written quite in the Irish style, I have also previously alluded. His symphonies and other works have had well-deserved success. Then I come to my old friend, Frederick Cowen, on whom King George has now bestowed a knighthood, that honour being highly deserved and much appreciated by his numerous friends and admirers. His compositions of all kinds are voluminous, including his many songs and symphonies. "The Better Land," his most popular song, was one of the favourites of Madame Antoinette Stirling, and "The Swallows" is sung by Miss Evangeline Florence. His latest cantata, *The Veil*, which was written for the Cardiff Musical Festival, was performed with great success.

I am glad that my friend Arthur Hervey has found more leisure since his retirement from his duties of musical critic to continue composing so admirably.

One evening, many years ago, I went to see Richard Mansfield, the American actor, in his fine performance of *Richard III.* He was, I believe, a nephew of Alberto Randegger. I was much struck by the incidental music, and went to ask one of the band, whom I knew, about the composer who was conducting. It was Edward German, who afterwards attained such great popularity with his charming music to *Henry VIII.*

I must also mention Mr. Norman O'Neill, a young composer who writes incidental music to dramas, his music for Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* being specially delightful, and Mr. Roger Quilter and Mr. Cyril Scott, who have composed many charming songs as well as more ambitious works. Mr. Balfour Gardiner is also a rising young composer, and so is Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, whose opera, *The Children of Don,* to the libretto of Lord Howard de Walden, was performed under Mr. Hammerstein's management at the New Opera-house; Herr Nikisch conducted two performances of it, and the composer conducted the third. Dr. Vaughan Williams has won a high place by works representing the best tendencies in modern English music. I have followed his career with interest since his undergraduate days at Cambridge.

The works of Dr. Walford Davies are well known, and considered very fine, and apart from this he is a wonderful organist, being

attached in that capacity to the Temple Church, where he has trained the choir to a high pitch of perfection, as I have noticed when attending services there, if it is permissible to say so.

CHAPTER XIX

MY BENEFIT CONCERT

Our golden wedding—Wilhelm Kuhe—Benefit concert at the Albert Hall.

I THINK I ought to mention our golden wedding day, which took place on August 3rd, 1909.

My wife and I had no end of handsome presents and telegrams from relations and friends, as well as bouquets of flowers and gilded laurel wreaths.

In the afternoon we had a garden party in the grounds opposite our house, and snapshots were taken of us and our children as well as photographic groups. In the evening we had a family dinner-party and some music afterwards, during which Madame Blanche Marchesi and Madame Zélie de Lussan charmed us and our friends with their singing. We spent a most delightful evening (though as host I ought not to say so!); and it was twelve o'clock when the festivities of this glorious day finished.

FROM THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE"

"The worst that anybody ever said of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz was that he was a German adverb

of emphasis; but that was in a humoursome speech proposing the toast of his health many years ago. To-day everybody is toasting Mr. and Mrs. Ganz with emphasis on the occasion of their golden wedding, and wishing them many more years of happiness. The man who has accompanied Madame Patti's songs for more than half a century needs no reminder that he is over seventy years of age, and has filled a busy life with many professional triumphs. But these achievements of his have been so varied that half of them are possibly forgotten, even by the genial impresario himself. His compositions include many favourite lyrics, and his pupils, at the Guildhall School of Music and elsewhere, include many famous professionals and amateurs. Few men have crowded so much music and friendship into the limits of an active public career, or have won and retained so many golden opinions from all sorts and conditions of men and women. Doubtless those who have known him longest will remember him oftenest as a courtier of the old school, leading the great Diva on to the platform amid thunders of applause; and then, with a touch of the piano, leading her off again into an ecstasy of song that left ineffaceable memories with all who heard it. To-day, the lady that Mr. Ganz leads down to the footlights of public acclamation is his life's partner—his own best 'accompanist'—and the song is 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

I cannot conclude my Reminiscences without giving an account of the wonderful concert which Madame Patti so generously gave for my benefit on Thursday, June 1st, 1911.

Some weeks previously Madame Patti asked

ADELINA PATTI

A Souvenir of the Concert.

my daughter Georgina to call on her, when she told her how concerned she was about my accident, which had quite incapacitated me from following my profession, and said that she intended that I should have a benefit concert, at which she would sing for me, in spite of the fact that she had already retired into private life.

Soon after she called, with Baron Rolf Cederström, to see me, and told me what she proposed to do. She said she had written a letter to Lord Blyth asking him to interest himself in the concert and assist her in getting it up, which he had kindly consented to do.

Lord Blyth formed an honorary committee, including many notable names. Their Majesties the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and the whole of the Royal Family gave their gracious patronage.

All the great artists who were asked by the committee to give their services at once complied. Madame Aïno Ackté, who had only a short time before arrived in England, promised at once to sing; also Miss Maggie Teyte, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Gregory Hast, and Mr. Robert Radford. Mischa Elman, who had only the previous day returned from America, said he would play. Mr. Harold Bauer came specially from Paris, and M. Jean Gérardy from Brussels. Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Cecilia Loftus, Mr. George Alexander, and Mr. Henry Ainley consented to recite, and the conductors were Messrs. F. A.

Sewell, Adolph Mann, Percy Kahn, and Alfredo Barili, Madame Patti's nephew. With such a splendid array of distinguished artists the success of the concert was assured. Much to my regret, I was compelled by my doctor's orders to stop at home; but I was not alone, as I had asked my old friend, William Kuhe, to come and take tea with me. He arrived, and we chatted pleasantly together, when presently my daughter Georgina, who had gone to the concert, arrived in a taxi to tell me the news that Madame Patti had just finished her last song and that she was in wonderful voice. Her reception by the enormous audience, said my daughter, was something to be remembered; they kept cheering and applauding for at least five minutes, and Madame Patti was quite overcome by the ovation. She sang in the first part Mozart's "Voi che Sapete," with Lotti's "Pur Dicesti" as an encore, and in the second part Tosti's "Serenata," and for the encore "Home, Sweet Home." Many people had tears in their eyes, for nobody has ever sung this simple ballad with greater pathos than Madame Patti, and every syllable was distinctly heard by the vast assembly. Even the wife of the composer, Sir Henry Bishop, who sang it often to my accompaniment many years ago, could not equal Patti in the singing of it.

The Diva received numerous bouquets, and I sent her a large laurel wreath, with the dates

1861 and 1911 on satin streamers, as a remembrance of her first appearance at Covent Garden fifty years before. She has indeed had a wonderful career, and has kept her voice as fresh and beautiful as when she first carried London by storm.

William Kuhe had known many great artists in his time, and it was always a delight to me to hear him speak of the golden days of fifty or sixty years ago, telling me stories about them. He had heard Chopin play at a concert he gave in Eaton Place, when he (Chopin) was so weak that he had to be carried up into the drawing-room to the piano, and yet his playing was unique and unforgettable. He had also heard Thalberg, Hummel, Rubinstein, Von Bülow, Madame Pleyel (whom I had heard frequently in 1852), and Moscheles, Mendelssohn, Madame Schumann, and many celebrities of bygone days. All these pianists I had heard play and knew them personally, with the exception of Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Hummel, who died before my time. Kuhe had also heard all the great singers, such as Jenny Lind, Sontag, Persiani, Patti, Grisi, Nilsson, Alboni, and a host of others, whom I had also heard and accompanied, and knew personally; so we could both talk about these stars and musical matters in general. We exchanged our impressions, and it was a special pleasure to me to be with my old friend. When he was alive I think he and I and John Thomas,

the harpist, and Alberto Randegger were the oldest musicians living in London.

So anxious was Madame Patti to sing her best for me and not to disappoint the public that, as I heard afterwards, for weeks she had taken care of her voice and health, not even going out of doors, to avoid risking a cold, and when she arrived in London, although invited out to innumerable dinners, etc., she would not accept any invitations, nor would she attend any theatres until the concert was over.

A striking incident occurred when Madame Tetrazzini left her seat to ascend the platform and present Madame Patti with a large bouquet of flowers. The two *prima donnas* embraced *coram populo* amid scenes of enthusiasm.

It will be news to my readers to hear that Madame Patti always felt very nervous before going on the platform, and has often said to me: "Ganz, what shall I do? I feel so dreadfully nervous; my heart is palpitating terribly." I always tried to reassure her, but as soon as she got on the platform and began to sing she forgot everything. This was also the case with Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, Thalberg, and other great artists.

Between the first and second parts Sir Herbert Tree addressed Madame Patti and the rest of the distinguished artists, and thanked them in my name for their valuable assistance, and said he hoped I would soon be well again.

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE'S SPEECH

He almost wished, he said, they had left the building with the sweet tones of that dear and wonderful lady ringing in their ears. But, alas! he had a duty to perform which must be done. He would be lacking in gratitude to Madame Patti if in the name of the committee he did not thank her for her generous thought in getting up this concert for her dear friend, Mr. Ganz, who, as they knew, was her faithful friend and accompanist. It was appropriate, for he had in his entire career done many acts of kindness for his comrades, and it was right that that great lady should show that act of friendship in which they joined that day.

Madame Patti had just celebrated her fiftieth anniversary. On May 14th, 1861, Madame Patti made her first appearance in *La Sonnambula* in Covent Garden Theatre. It remained for him to thank the artists.

"We all regret," he continued, "that Mr. Ganz, through ill-health, is sitting in 'his sweet home' with tears in his eyes, thinking of the friendship of Madame Patti to-day and the echoing shouts. He is not in the building, but we wish him many golden days to enjoy the golden proof of the esteem of the public and the esteem of his friends. It is a delight to them to see the great audience assembled on this occasion."

During the day I received no end of sympathetic letters from friends and relatives, and also many bouquets of beautiful flowers, one of which was sent by my sister, Marie Ganz. Madame Clara Butt and her husband, Mr.

Kennerley Rumford, sent me a wire from Southampton, and said how much they regretted not having been able to sing at my concert. Madame Kirkby Lunn also sent me her regrets at not being able to sing for me.

As I close these pages I am filled with a feeling of gratitude for the kindly thought which prompted Madame Patti to offer me yet another and most striking testimony of her valued friendship and affection, and I am no less proud to remember the loyal artists who rallied round her and all who helped to make the concert a success.

In placing on record these memories of musical events that have happened during my long career it has been a great pleasure to me to recall the many kindnesses that I have always received from my brother and sister artists, which will remain amongst the happiest of my recollections.

LIST OF MY COMPOSITIONS

Pianoforte Solos

Adelina Valse.
Allons Vite ! Galop.
En avant. Galop.
Grande Valse brillante.
Je me souviens. Mélodie.
La Ballerina. Mazurka.
La Vivacité. Polka.
Le Bonheur suprême.
Paroles d'amour. Romance.
La Voglia. Mazurka.
Qui Vive. Galop.
Souvenez-vous ? Mélodie chantante.
Souvenir de Wrest. Mazurka.
Souviens-toi ? Mélodie chantante.
Tyrolienne.
Vision du passé. Rêverie.

Pianoforte Duets

Adelina Valse.
Allons Vite ! Galop.
La Vivacité.
Qui Vive ! Galop.
Souvenir de Wrest. Mazurka
En avant. Galop.

Songs

A Damsel Fair was singing.
Camelia and Rose.
Dear Bird of Winter.
Forget me not.
Faithful Echo.
God save the Prince of Wales.
I seek for thee in every Flower.
Kindred Spirits.
Love shall never die.
Love hailed a little Maid.
My Mother's Song.
Since Yesterday.
Sing, Birdie, sing.
Sing, Sweet Bird.
The Fisherman's Wife.
The Mountain Flower.
The Murmuring Sea.
The Nightingale's Trill.
When thou wilt be my Bride.
When we went a-gleaning.
When the Thrush sings.

Vocal Tutor

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